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An Illustrated Monthly

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GEORGE NEWNES

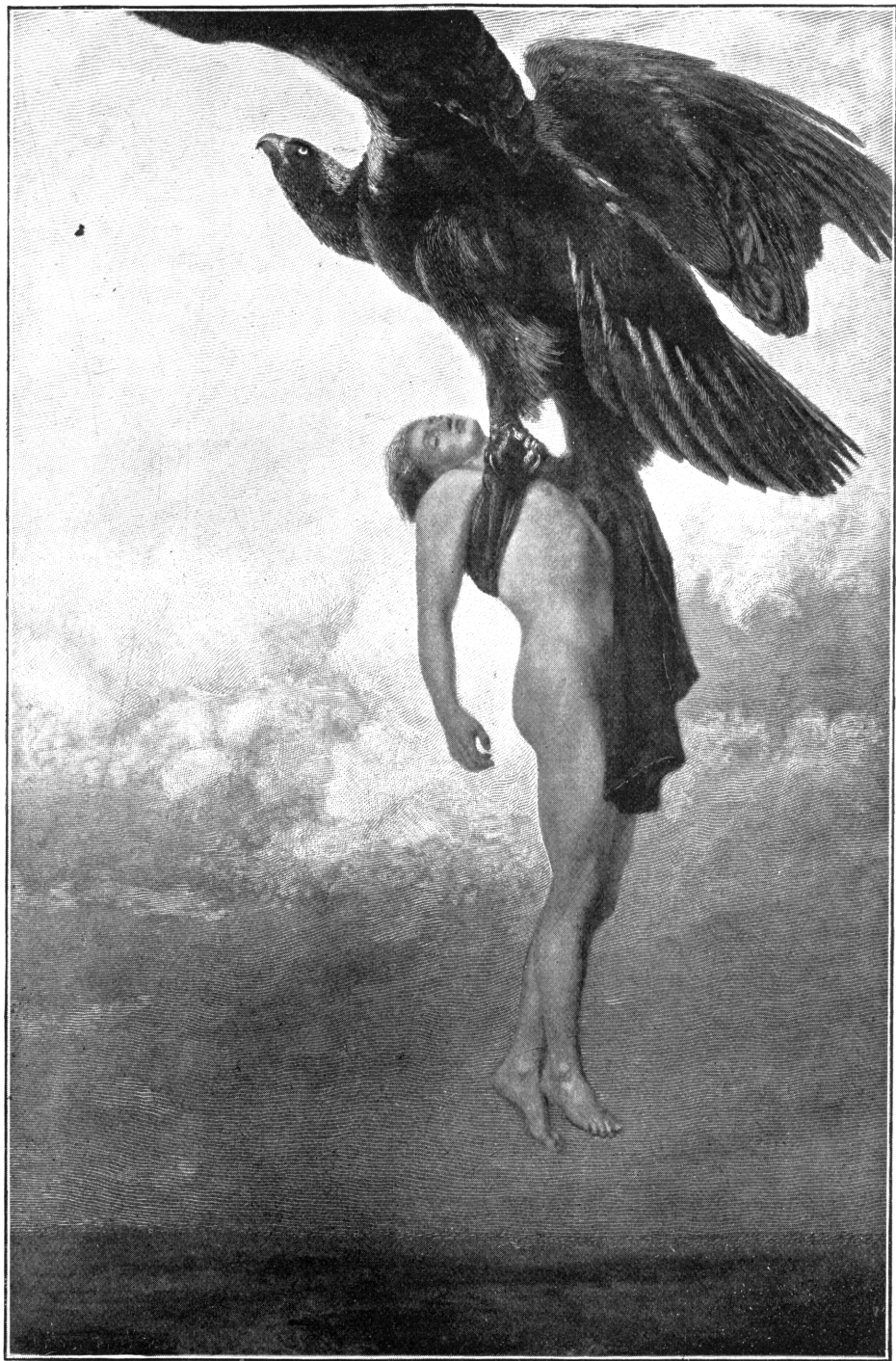
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"GANYMEDE."

(From the Picture by Briton Riviere, R.A.)

Illustrated Interviews.

XLVI.—MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

BY HARRY HOW.



R. BRITON RIVIERE justly occupies the position of being our premier animal painter of to-day. He has not only singled out the noblest of animals upon which to exercise his skill, but has also turned his genius in the direction of the more insignificant though by no means less familiar.

When I made my first call at "Flaxley," Finchley Road, where Mr. Riviere resides, I was received in a very appropriate manner. I rang the bell and, like the proverbial flash of lightning, a fine fox-terrier, "Speed" by name, flew down the stairs leading into the hall and endeavoured to get at me through the glass windows. I rang the bell again, and inwardly thought that I preferred the Royal Academician's dogs on the canvas rather than on my track. The appearance of the artist himself, however, and the kindly way in which he greeted me seemed to reassure my young barking friend. Briton Riviere is of medium height—his hair is grey. He is a rapid, though very deliberate, and convincing, speaker. If you ask him a question, he just fixes his eyes on you, and tells you exactly what you want to know, without any embellishment or unnecessary words, which somebody has designated "flowery." During the time that I spent with him, I came to the conclusion that he was an exceedingly modest man—he would prefer to speak generously about other men and their work rather than "look back" upon his own. He tries to expel from your mind the conviction which one cannot possibly fail to possess, that his work is the work of a genius.

It is only reasonable to suppose that

painters, like other folk, work for a living; but as one sits chatting with Briton Riviere, it soon becomes apparent that there is a huge undercurrent of irrepressible and lasting love for his art and those who have helped him—the dumb creatures. To hear him speak of the dogs, sheep, and horses which have posed as models to him, is to discover what an affectionate corner our four-footed friends have in a heart that sees something to admire in them.

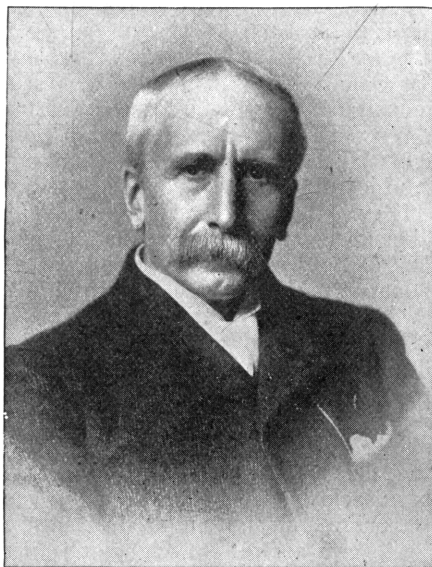
"Rather a lively dog, Mr. Riviere," I said, referring to "Speed," whose paws only a moment ago were beating against the window-pane.

"Ah," he said, "he won't hurt you. He never bites anyone except myself and the members of my own family! He bit me a few months ago and one of my sons a few days after, but I have never known him bite a stranger. These are only the eccentricities of genius. He is a dog who thinks, and we are all very fond of him and accept him gladly with these few little failings."

This pleasant assurance regarding "Speed's" partiality for strangers helped to make the task which lay before me a very happy one.

At the far end of the hall is the billiard-room. The walls of the apartment given up to the board of green cloth are covered with engravings of the artist's works. Briton Riviere's works have been engraved by such men as Stacpoole, Atkinson, Chant, Lewis, Murray, and Pratt, whilst "Imprisoned" was converted into black and white by Samuel Cousins. Mr. Riviere paid a magnificent compliment to his engravers, as we paused for a moment in this room.

"Do you know," he said, "I much



MR. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
From a Photo. by Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

prefer looking upon an engraving of one of my pictures to gazing at the original canvas itself. I have been very fortunate in my engravers, especially in my friend Stacpoole."

Just beyond the billiard-room is the studio. The door is opened by Mr. Riviere, who, beckoning me, in a peculiarly happy sort of way, pleasantly invites me to "come into my workshop."

"Workshop" is an exceedingly applicable name for the studio which has seen the birth of many of Mr. Riviere's pictures. It may at once be said that it is not the studio of a Leighton or an Alma Tadema. The floor is utterly devoid of luxurious and costly carpets and rugs. Dogs and horses, sheep and pigs, are not calculated to improve the quality of an expensive carpet, or to add to its lasting capabilities. The floor is elaborately decorated with scratches from many a dog's paw and horse's hoof. The walls are covered with beautiful tapestry. In a corner is the skeleton of one of the largest leopards ever housed at the Zoo; it was articulated at Oxford for its present owner. Casts of animals are everywhere, including one of a very fine black wolf; whilst at the far end of the studio is the skeleton of a deerhound, which the artist contemplates affectionately. "Beyis"—for so the hound was christened—belonged to one of Mr. Riviere's brothers-in-law, and obtained prizes in his day; he was one of the best models Mr. Riviere ever had.

One obtains a very good idea from Mr. Riviere's plaster study of "The Last Arrow" as to his abilities as a modeller, though perhaps the most interesting object in the "workshop" is the anatomical lion. Mr. Riviere has been at work on this for over eight years. Bit by bit he has developed the sinews and muscles of his favourite animal, and when it is complete it will form a rare example of patience and skill.

On one of the easels rests the unfinished



WOLF'S HEAD.

Drawn at Zoological Gardens by Briton Riviere, R.A., at 8 years of age.

portrait of a gentleman, on which the artist has only been at work for three days. It is quite characteristic of the painter, for the sitter, whose portrait is being slowly developed on the canvas, has his three favourite dogs with him—a Blenheim, a pug, and a black-and-tan setter. A second easel bears on its pegs the original canvas of "An Old-World Wanderer," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1887—a creation which is at once impressive, picturesque, and dramatic. The central figure is that of an ancient Greek,

who has stopped his galley and swum through the water to the shore, where are a crowd of sea-gulls. The birds do not appear the least afraid. As the picture was originally painted, the "Old-World Wanderer" was standing by a boulder covered with seaweed. The artist now has altered his figure with very much better effect, and has made the half-clad barbarian in the act of walking out of the water. As we look at this work the man who conceived it tells me that animals and birds have no fear of man if they have never seen a human being before. Hence the sea-gulls are in no way afraid at the approach of this stranger—this Old-World wanderer. If one could only find a corner of the British coast frequented by the birds of the sea who had never seen a human being before, one could approach the members of the feathered tribe in the same way as the ancient Greek in the picture, and could smooth their backs and feed them from the hand. One must see the original picture and the re-creation to realize how much more telling the alteration makes the idea.

We sat down by the fire for a chat; and Mr. Riviere, in reply to my questions, gave me much interesting information with regard to his dumb friends who have, at various times, been in his studio. "At one time," he said, "I used to watch for my dogs in the



KITTEN AND TOM-TIT.

From the first exhibited Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

streets, when I wanted some particular kind of dog that I could not get in the ordinary manner, and if I saw a likely animal, I would introduce myself to its owner, and ask him to allow me to paint it. My best models, however, have been animals which have been lent to me by friends. Years ago I used to have them from a dog dealer, paying him so much a morning. Of course, I need hardly say that the dog is always held by a skilled hand whilst I am making my studies. The best dog to sit is an animal which I am afraid I must admit I thoroughly dislike—an intelligent poodle. Many dogs are a long time before they grasp what is wanted of them, and one has to go through no small amount of patience to get them to behave themselves. The most restless sitters are the collie and the deerhound. Still, notwithstanding their restlessness, I am very fond of both, and have frequently painted them. Perhaps the dog I admire most is the bloodhound; but, as a matter of fact, I am fond of all short-haired dogs. I like a dog which *shows its form*; and I have had dogs here which one could make as careful and elaborate studies from as could be done with a nude figure.

"Some dogs are very difficult to manage, but however awkward and ill-tempered a dog

may be, in time he gets used to the studio. I have watched a dog for hours at a time, until I have been able to get exactly what I wanted, for however troublesome an animal may be, it is only a question of waiting, when you will be sure to get what you want. I assure you that there are times when I would willingly have paid a guinea a minute to get the dog into the right position."

I hinted that probably Mr. Riviere had had one or two adventures with his

dumb friends in the studio. "No," he replied, "I have not, curiously enough—though I was perhaps very near one once, with a fine bloodhound. One morning the animal was brought into my studio, and I thought it showed strange symptoms. I told the man in charge of it to take it away at once, and it was a fortunate thing I did so, for that night the dog died raving mad.

"I never paint away from home, and only do black and white studies at the Zoo. I was always very fond of the Zoo, and well remember the old keeper, who was there before Sutton, the present man in charge. He was always exceedingly kind to me, when I used to go there as a child to draw. Of course, I never went alone, although I had a ticket like an artist. As a child, I liked the lions best. There were some famous animals there in those days; but you must not run away with the idea that it was anything very great on my part, drawing so early as I did. My eldest boy has totally eclipsed any small efforts of mine. He drew a bird when he was two years of age which is far and away better than any of *my* early efforts."

Mr. Riviere comes of a family of French descent, and was born in London on the 14th August, 1840. No fewer than four

generations of Rivieres have been on the books of the Royal Academy.

The first eight years of his life were spent in London. Soon after he was eight years old he had to say "good-bye" to the Zoo and the many friends he had made there, a "good-bye" which, Mr. Riviere assured me, cost him many a tear—and he went with his father to live at Cheltenham. Here he remained for nine years. He painted a good deal out of doors at Cheltenham, while at college there. He assured me with much fervour that he owed a great deal to his father.

"I had great advantages at Oxford," said Mr. Riviere, "and made many life-long friendships there. I had no painter friends at Oxford. I did not go in for class at college, I was painting all the time; and I only took my B.A. by reading in spare time. After leaving college I came to Kent, married, and lived at Keston. I kept myself by illustrating novels, poems, etc., for various publications; drawing all my illustrations on the wood with a brush, and working mostly by gas-light. I have never recovered from this, for the night work has injured my eyes, probably beyond repair."

"What was the first picture you sold, Mr. Riviere?" I asked.

"'Robinson Crusoe.' I was about twelve when I painted it. I represented Crusoe

sitting in a cave surrounded by birds and animals; I think I got £20 for it. I had, however, exhibited two pictures before this, when I was eleven. They were both studies in oil; one was called 'Love at First Sight,' and the other 'Kitten and Tom-tit.' Both of these were shown at the British Institute. I was seventeen when I had a couple of works at the Royal Academy—'Sheep on the Cotswolds' and 'Tired Out.'"

From that time, with intervals, Mr. Riviere continued exhibiting; some years only a single picture, whilst in other years as many as ten works came from his brush.

I had taken with me to "Flaxley" a complete catalogue of all Mr. Riviere's paintings; and, at my suggestion, I went through its pages, reading out picture by picture, asking the artist to kindly stop me when I mentioned any work which had a peculiar interest attached to it.

"'Monkey and Grapes, 1858,'" I read; "'Cattle going to Gloucester Fair, 1859.'"

"Ah!" said Mr. Riviere, "that was a canvas 7ft. long. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, sold, and never paid for."

"'Elaine on the Barge, 1860.'"

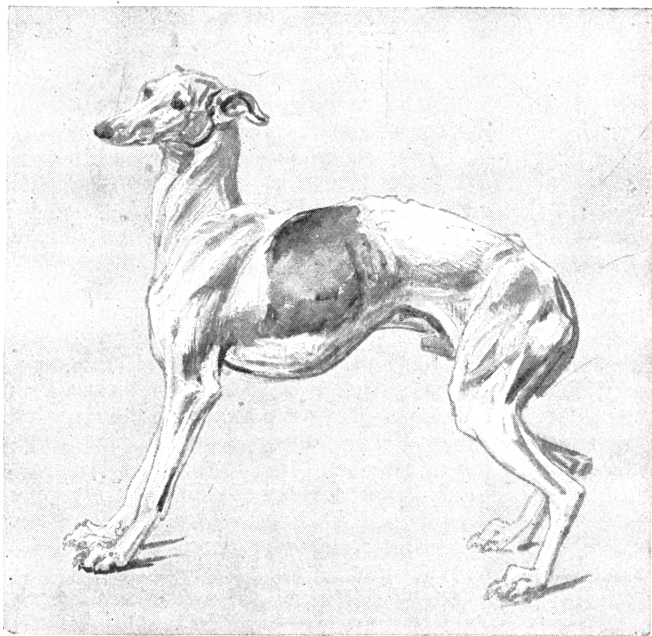
"That," said the artist, "was painted just when, for a time, I had turned away from animals. I did not paint any animals for a period of five years; I was much influenced by pre-Raphaelite ideas. I am sorry to say that 'Elaine' was rejected at the Academy. Elaine, by-the-bye, was one of my sisters."

"'Hamlet and Ophelia'?"

"Yes, oh, yes; this was an extraordinary mixture of pre-Raphaelism and Maclise. It was very elaborate. This, too, was rejected at the Academy. It came into my hands at my father's death. I was so disgusted with it that I tore it in strips, and watched 'Hamlet and Ophelia' disappear in the flames."

"'Girl under the Sea, from 'Lalla Rookh'?'"

"I painted that chiefly for two things: the figure, and those beautiful sea-anemones with the starfish. I cut this picture to pieces, too, later on; but kept a few pieces, as I thought the study of the anemones would be



STUDY OF A WHIPPET, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

useful. I painted 'The Spanish Armada—Drake Playing at Bowls,' with thirty or forty figures in it; this was when I was twenty-three, and I went to Plymouth to get a good point of view and a suggestive background.

"I had two pictures at the Academy in 1864—'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Prison Bars'; and then I dropped the pre-Raphaelistic idea and returned to my old love, the friends that I had made at the Zoo. I painted 'The Sleeping Deerhound' and 'The Poacher's Nurse.' The latter was the first picture which was really well hung at the Academy and well noticed."

It was a very simple idea. The figure of the poacher in the picture is not seen, save his hand stretched over the bedside, which his faithful lurcher is licking affectionately, and offering its master its dumb sympathy.

Although I should like to chronicle in this paper a complete catalogue of all the pictures which have come from the brush of Mr. Riviere, want of space forbids. As we sat in the studio together I continued reminding him of the work he had done in the

forget "Spilt Milk" and "Going to be Whipped," "Prisoners," "The Empty Chair," and "The Saint." The "Saint" was an old raven, perched on the top of some volumes on the ledge of one of the windows of the old library at Merton College. We spoke of "Charity," a picture painted in 1870. Not only was this the first picture exhibited at the Academy with undeniably distinct success, but the first of Mr. Riviere's pictures to be engraved. It showed a poorly-clad little girl with bare feet, giving away a portion of her scanty meal, only a crust of bread, to a couple of half-starving dogs. This was hung in a corner of Room No. 8, and it brought about the meeting of Mr. Riviere with Sir John Millais. So pleased was Millais with this picture that he sought out the artist and said many pleasant things to him. This picture is now in the possession of Lord Wantage.

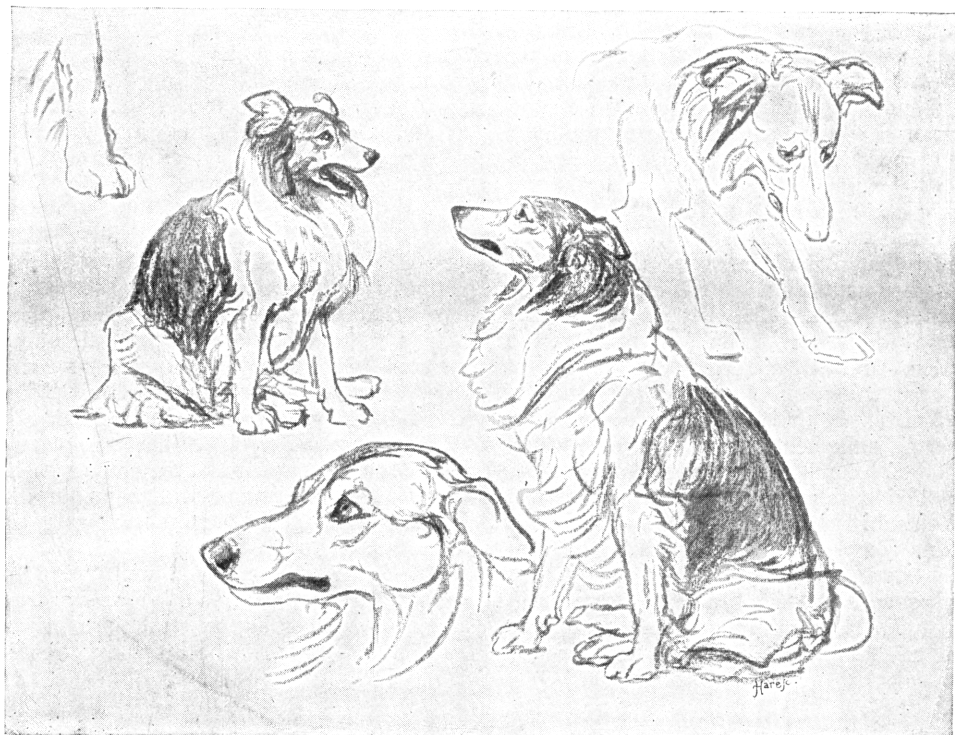
Mr. Riviere remembered well "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a title for a suggested subject—a fox coming to steal the chickens out of a hen-house. The artist experienced



STUDIES OF A BEDLINGTON TERRIER, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

past, and the artist thoughtfully remembered canvas after canvas. Perhaps it would be as well just to mention those works about which we specially talked. We did not

great difficulty in obtaining a suitable fox, but, eventually, he succeeded in procuring a fine-coated, though dead, Reynard, with brush complete.



STUDIES OF A COLLIE, BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

It was not until 1871 that Mr. Riviere painted a picture which, at one bound, brought him into the very front rank of artists. This was "Circe," a creation as brilliant in conception as daring in originality. Smith thus speaks of the heroine of the Homeric legend: "She was a daughter of Helios, by Perse, and sister of Æetes, distinguished for her magic arts. She dwelt in the Island of Ææa, upon which Ulysses was cast. His companions, whom he sent to explore the island, tasted of the magic cup which Circe offered them, and were forthwith changed into swine, with the exception of Eurylochus, who brought the sad news to Ulysses. The latter, having received from Hermes the root *moly*, which fortified him against enchantment, drank the magic cup without injury; and then compelled Circe to restore his companions to their former shape. After this he tarried a whole year with her, and she became by him the mother of Telegonus, the reputed founder of Tusculum." In the picture, Circe is represented sitting on the tessellated pavement nursing her knees. The swine are in front of her, and endeavouring to raise themselves over the steep step. It is a striking picture, and one which did very much for its painter.

Mr. Riviere, in reply to my inquiries regarding Circe, said, "I was living in Kent at the time I painted it, and I kept pigs there; as a matter of fact, three of them. I had styes made at the end of the garden. By-the-bye, pigs are remarkably good sitters. I have had a pig in this very room. They are very easy to manage, and will do anything you require; they really become quite sociable in time. I painted the figure of Circe in London, having by that time moved to the Addison Road. I put in the figure two or three times from a model, but could never get it to my liking. At last I found a lady friend who suggested the long-haired daughter of Helois admirably, and I got her to sit."

The following year brought what many consider Mr. Riviere's masterpiece. This was "Daniel." Daniel's back is turned to the spectator. It is a ghastly-looking cell in which the great prophet stands with his hands bound behind his back. The bones which are scattered about the ground suggest their own terrible story. The lions are in a group in front of the man who would not bow his knee to the gods set up by the Babylonian monarch. As one looks at the picture it is not difficult to imagine the face of Daniel. He stands there as calm

as the still waters of a lake, and as firm as the great rocks which Nature has set up as her monuments. The lions have come to a stand-still. They appear cowed in the presence of this marvellous figure. They show their teeth and roar, but they seem to realize that the man of God is not for them. It is simply a marvellous conception of the Biblical story.

"The hieroglyphics on the wall," said Mr. Riviere, "are Ninevehian; I obtained them from marbles at the British Museum, a frieze from one of the Assyrian marbles. I first painted Daniel in profile, but I soon found it far more effective to blot out his face and paint him with his back to the spectator. Daniel is clothed in a robe of black—an Assyrian costume—which has a pattern in it of white and light green. I need hardly say that the lions were painted from those housed at that time at the Zoo.

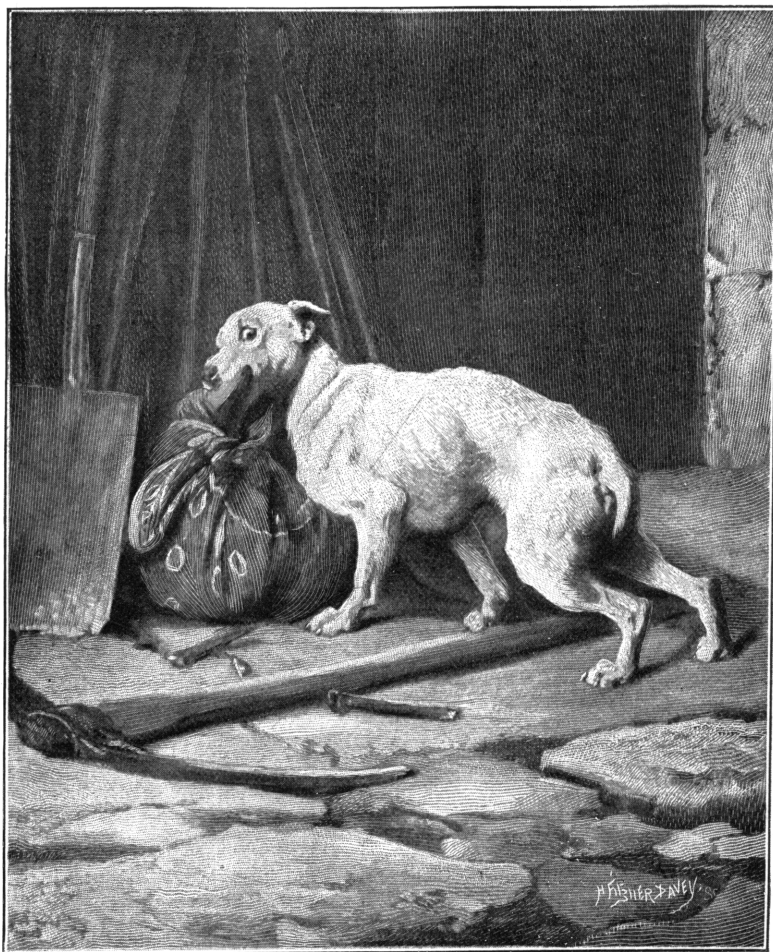
I was living at Kensington, some little distance from the Zoo, and as I could not paint there when the people were about, I used to get up at half-past five in the morning and drive over, arriving there at seven, and I would go on making my studies till nine. They had a fine lot of lions then. There are seven in the picture, and I made my studies from four. One was a fine Persian lion, and another, one of the grandest old beasts I ever met, a black-maned African—this latter is the centre lion in the group of the picture. It is now in the possession of Mr. Ismay, chairman of the White Star line of steamers."

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We passed over the pictures which he had painted after Daniel till we remembered "Genius Loci," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874.

"This represented a dead lioness which—a thing I very seldom do—I painted right away. It was a life-sized figure, and I got through it in three or four days. The beast was sent up unexpectedly from the Zoo. It was a young animal, but a remarkably beautiful one. I remember when it was brought in and thrown down upon my 'throne,' I found it just lying in the exact position I required. It was a great temptation to paint it right away, and I succumbed, stopping all my other work for this purpose.

"This kindness on the part of the Zoo authorities has been of many years' standing. They frequently inform me now if any animal dies, which they think I might like to make studies



PETTY LARCENY.

From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.



THE MOST DEVOTED OF HER SLAVES.
From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

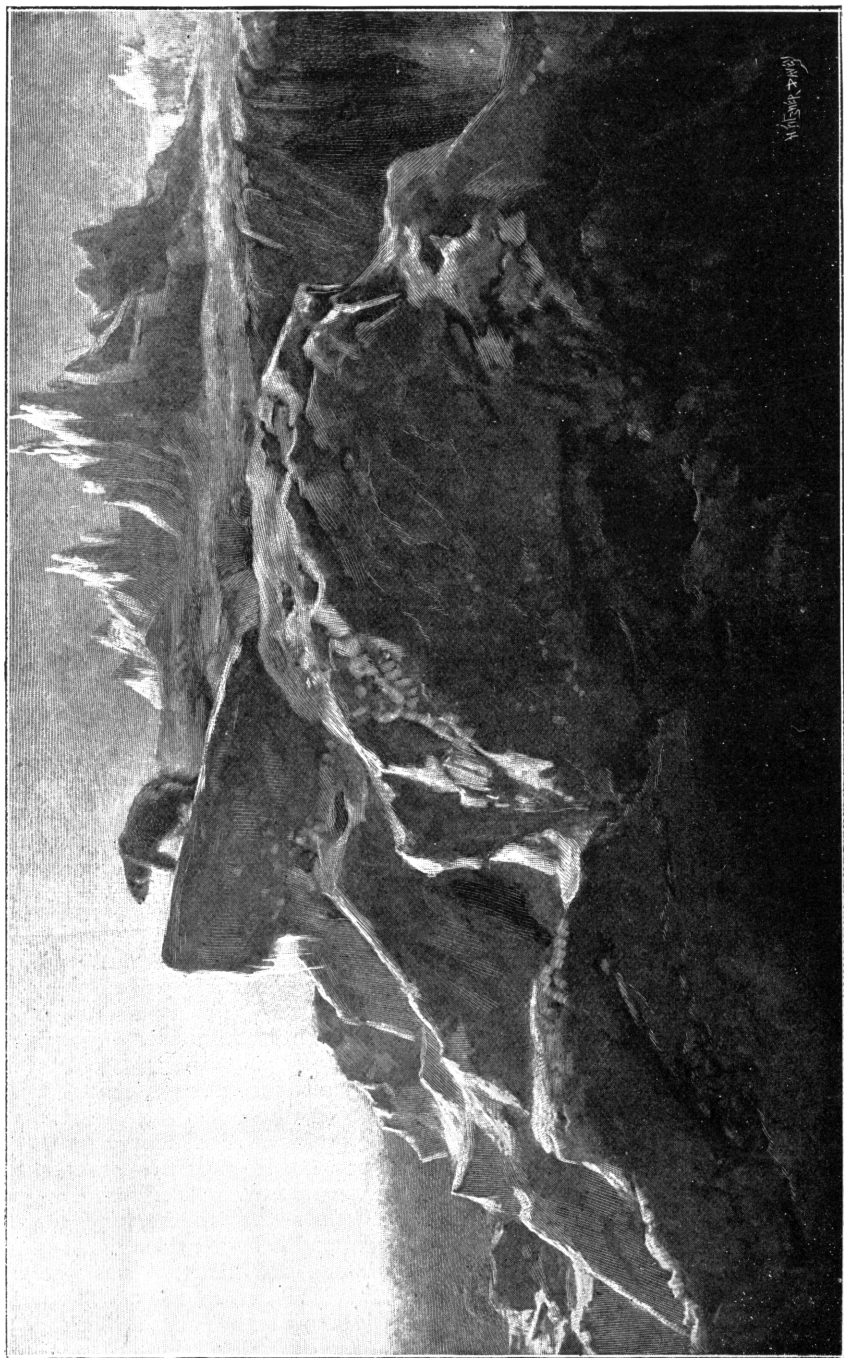
from: When, lately, I wanted materials for my anatomical lion, I received word from the Zoo that an old lion had just died there, and I went along and got a cast of the parts I wanted."

"Pallas Athene and the Swineherd's Dogs" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1876. This work has been considerably altered. Two years ago the artist obtained it back

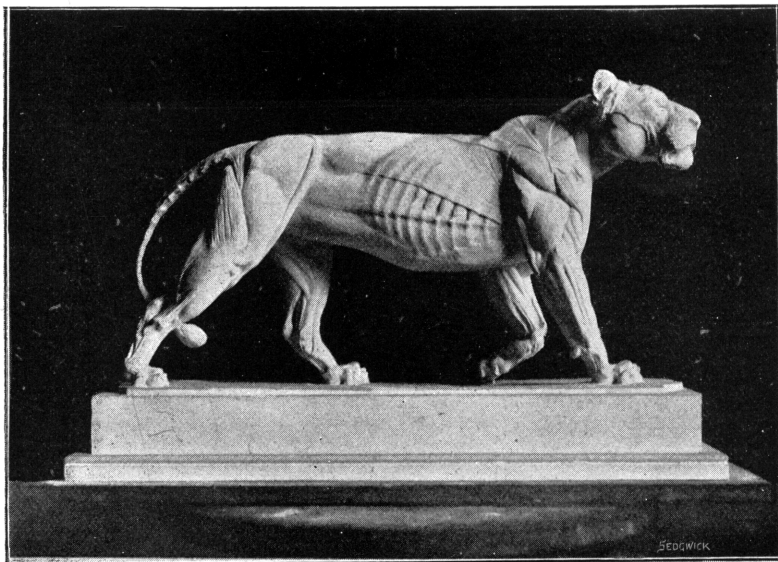
from Mr. Alexander Henderson, and painted in a new figure.

This year also found "The Poacher" at the Dudley Gallery, a picture now in the possession of Sir Joseph Pulley. It is a most suggestive work. The poacher, at whose side are a number of dead rabbits and his gun, has just heard approaching footsteps. He has crept behind the trunk of a tree, and is holding up a warning finger to his dog not to budge an inch, or to utter a sound which would betray him. The figure of the poacher was painted from a gardener in Gloucestershire, a very worthy old gentleman; and the artist assured me that he must have felt no small amount of pain from the position in which he had to pose, inasmuch as he had to remain in a crouching attitude, and, like most gardeners, suffered from rheumatism.

In the next year there were three pictures at the Academy: "A Legend of St. Patrick," "Lazarus," and "Sympathy." The latter is now in the Royal Holloway College collection, and is, perhaps, one of the most popular that Mr. Riviere ever painted. There sits a little girl on the stairs; she is evidently in trouble. She rests her chin in her hands and looks very, very thoughtful for her years.



BEYOND THE REACH OF MAN'S FOOTSTEPS.
From the Pictures by B. Rintere, R.A.



ANATOMICAL LION.
Modelled by B. Riviere, R.A.

A kindly-natured terrier is cuddling up close to her, with his head on her shoulder and an expression of sympathy on his face, which only an artist such as Mr. Riviere could create on those canine features. The dog was supplied by a dog-dealer, while the little one in disgrace on the stairs is no other than Mr. Riviere's own little girl.

We did not forget "Persepolis," exhibited in 1878, a wonderfully weird and vivid picture, and one suggested to the artist by two lines from Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyâm":—
They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep.
It might be remarked that, curiously in the original, the word "Fox" was substituted for "Lion." The picture is well known. The ruined columns standing out against the starlit sky; the remains of the rock-built hall where Jamshyd held his revels; the lizards creeping out of the crevices; the lions and their mates wandering stealthily in search of prey around all that remains of a once royal habitation.

"The lions in the picture," said Mr. Riviere, "I obtained from the Zoo. I made exhaustive studies of the drawings of Persepolis in order to get my surroundings true and exact. I discovered an old book which had illustrations giving the large stones which compose the background of my picture. I was ill at the time, but I got a man to trace these for me. You will notice how shallow the steps are up which the lions are walking to the ruins above. I think they are correct,

for, from materials I gathered; I may say that I painted stone for stone."

The Royal Academician painted two other pictures in a similar vein to this — "The Night Watch" and "The King's Gateway." "The King Drinks" was his diploma picture when made a Royal Academician in 1881.

"The Poacher's Widow" was another very admirable work.

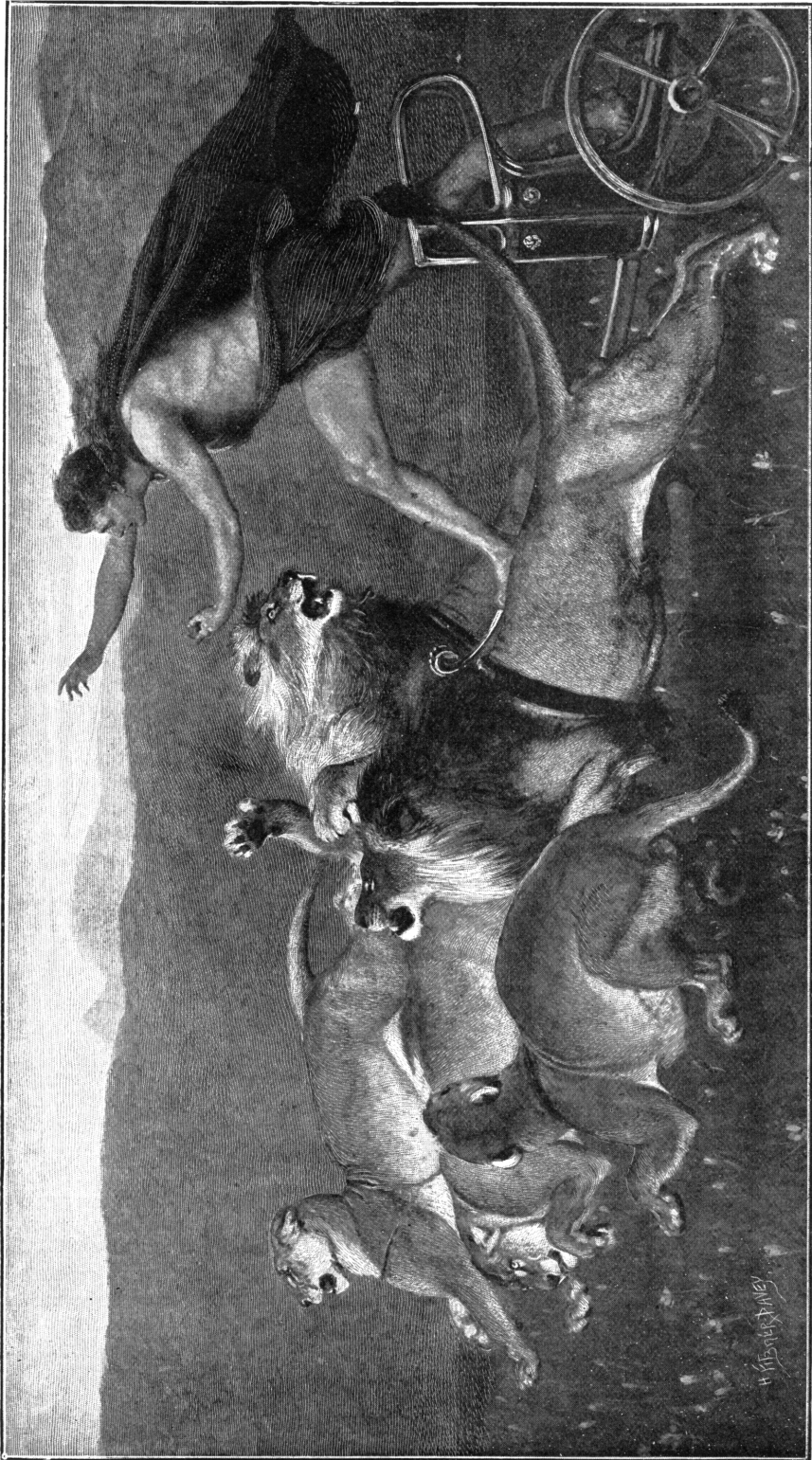
It was suggested to the artist by the game-keeper's story in "Yeast":—

The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the crest of the hill,
Where the clover and corn lay sleeping
Under the moonlight still.
Leaping late and early,
Till under their bite and their tread
The swedes and the wheat and the barley
Lay cankered and trampled and dead.
The poacher's widow sat sighing
On the side of the white chalk bank,
Where under the gloomy fir woods
One spot in the ley throve rank.
She watched a long tuft of clover,
Where rabbit or hare never ran,
For it's black sour haulm covered over
The blood of a murdered man.

"The Magician's Doorway" was his principal work for 1882, whilst "The Miracle of the Swine," painted in 1883, is another picture in which swine play a prominent part.

Amongst many other works of the year 1884, the most striking is that of "The Eve of St. Bartholomew," a life-size picture. Quite a number of models sat for the woman who is to be seen in the corner with a face which tells its own tale, wondering when it will be her turn to die, and her faithful bloodhound is by her side.

"Union is Strength" was one of four pictures exhibited in 1885. The artist said his idea was to paint a flock of sheep, each one of which possessed a distinct individuality about its face. Sheep were brought into the studio; and a recollection of the picture in which a flock of some fifty



PHAEBUS APOLLO.

From the Picture by E. Riviere, R.A.



THE KING'S GATEWAY.

From the Picture by B. Riviere, R.A.

or sixty fleecy-coated animals are positively ignoring the barking of a particularly insignificant small dog will show how admirably the artist has realized his original intention.

"Prometheus" and "Ganymede" were both telling pictures. The eagle in the latter was painted from the skin of the bird, and not from a stuffed one; and the drawings used were from those monarchs of the air which sit in state within their prisons at the Zoo. Prometheus is hanging on a cliff above the Caspian Sea, and the sated eagle is seated above him. It was not easy work for the models to pose for the two pictures just referred to. A pulley was fixed in the roof of the studio, by which the model was supported, in order that the artist might be correct in all his details.

Other pictures painted in the same year as "Prometheus" was exhibited were "Pale Cynthia"; "Of a Fool and His Folly, there is no End"; a portrait of Mr. Lewis's dog; and "Res Augusta." "Daniel's Answer to the King" came in 1890, and is as dramatic as its predecessor. "A Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" was his most important picture for 1891; and in the following year, 1892, "Dead Hector," "A Master of Kings," "Cupid Riding on a Lion," "A Day of Mortification," and "The Haunted Temple."

"The King's Libation," showing an Assyrian King pouring a libation of wine in front of the altar of some god, whilst at his feet lay the lions which he had slain in the chase, was painted in 1893.

"Beyond the Reach of Man's Footsteps" was Mr. Riviere's picture for 1894; the solitary bear in the Arctic regions having been painted from two Polar bears which were then at the Zoo. The grand old bear has since died.

Mr. Riviere's most important picture at the Academy of last year was "Apollo's Car." In a paper such as this it is impossible to refer to all the works which this famous Royal Academician has painted. It is interesting, however, to record what I learnt from the lips of Mr. Riviere himself regarding his methods, as we sat together in the studio through that chilly November afternoon. We had just been looking back upon "The Miracle of the Swine," and after the artist had remembered that he painted it whilst he had an exceedingly capital pig—that is, from a sitting point of view—he turned to me and said:—

"The real pleasure of painting is in the work itself; when done, that pleasure is at an end. Painting is like the chase: who cares for the hare or the fox when the run is over? You are almost inclined to throw them away.

"The picture which was to be so beautiful, which really was beautiful before it was worked out into a concrete form by one's own unskilful hands, becomes almost hateful, and what was a Belief becomes a Doubt, a Disbelief!

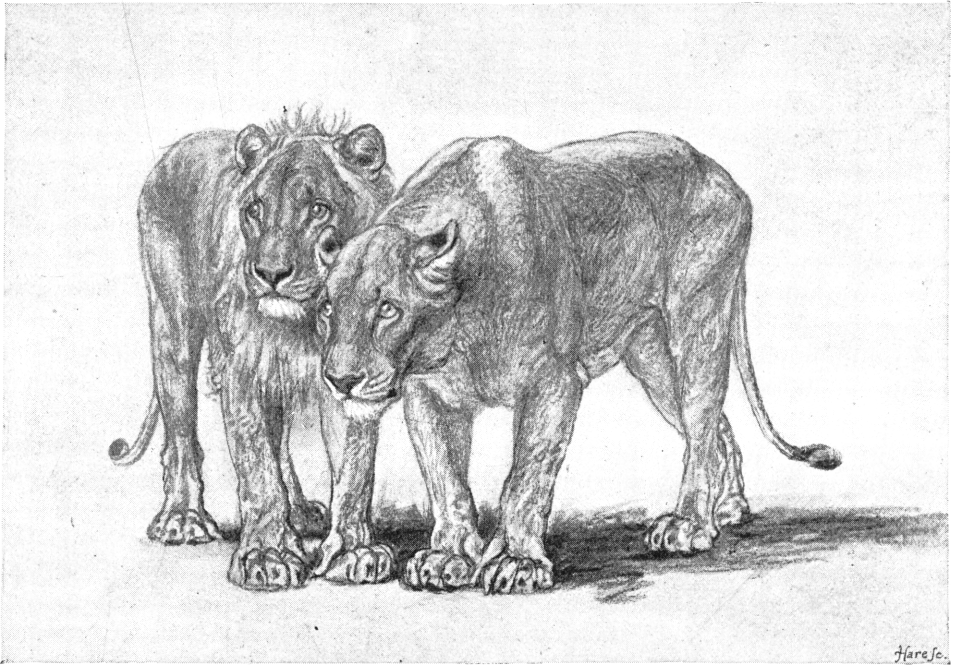
"I have already told you that I like the reproductions of my works: I really enjoy



STUDY OF LIONS FOR "THE KING'S LIBATION," BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

looking at them. You see your own idea filtered through another mind, which gives it a touch of novelty which is not to be obtained for the original artist by any other means. You are always uneasy before your own work. I do not care how easily a picture is going when it is in the process of painting: a time comes when it becomes a battle between the painter and the picture, and a fight takes place

the sense of novelty, a very important thing! You begin your subject full of hope, and sometimes by losing sight of it for a time you recover some measure of this hope and become more enthusiastic about it. It is a most difficult thing to paint a solitary picture, at least I have found it so. A man must have a very strong belief in his own abilities if he can stick at the same picture



STUDIES OF LIONS FOR "DANIEL'S ANSWER TO THE KING," BY B. RIVIERE, R.A.

as to which is to be the master. I have seldom known a case where this did not happen. I have worked on a picture for months, altered it and altered it a dozen times, and then gone back and returned to my first impressions. I generally have two or three pictures going at the same time, working at one for some days, and then going on with another canvas. By so doing I keep up

every day for a long period without becoming tired of it and finally disgusted with it.

"I have before now taken out fairly good work on a canvas, simply because I had grown tired of it. By keeping two or three canvases going at the same time all this is remedied, and I strongly advise the young painter to adopt this method, which he will find a fairly safe one."

Rodney Stone.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

Chap. I. *

Juan's Oak

On this, the first of January of the year 1850 the nineteenth century has reached its midway term, and many of us who shared its youth have already warnings which tell us that it has outworn us. We put our grizzled heads together, we older ones, and we talk of the great days that we have known, but we find that when it is with our children that we talk it is a hard matter to make them understand.

We and our fathers before us lived much the same life, but they with their railway trains and their steamboats belong to a different age. It is true that we can put history-books into their hands, and they can read from them of our weary struggle of two-and-twenty years with that great and evil man. They can learn how Freedom fled from the whole broad continent, and how Nelson's blood was shed, and Pitt's noble heart was broken in striving that she should not pass us for ever to take refuge with our brothers across the Atlantic. All this they can read, with the date of this treaty or that battle, but I do not know where they are to read of ourselves, of the folk we were, and the lives we led, and how the world seemed to our eyes when they were young as theirs are now.

If I take up my pen to tell you about this, you must not look for any story at my hands, for I was only in my earliest manhood when these things befell, and although I saw something of the stories of other lives, I could scarce claim one of my own. It is the love of a woman that makes the story of a man, and many a year was to pass before I first looked into the eyes of the mother of my children. To us it seems but an affair of yesterday, and yet those children can now reach the plums in the garden whilst we are seeking for a ladder, and where we once walked with their little hands in ours, we are glad now to lean upon their arms. But I shall speak of a time when the love of a mother was the only love I knew, and if you seek for something more, then it is not for you that I write. But if you would come

out with me into that forgotten world; if you would know Boy Jim and Champion Harrison; if you would meet my father, one of Nelson's own men; if you would catch a glimpse of that great seaman himself, and of George, afterwards the unworthy King of England; if, above all, you would see my famous uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, the King of the Bucks, and the great fighting men whose names are still household words amongst you, then give me your hand and let us start.

But I must warn you also that, if you think you will find much that is of interest in your guide, you are destined to disappointment. When I look over my bookshelves, I can see that it is only the wise and witty and valiant who have ventured to write down their experiences. For my own part, if I were only assured that I was as clever and brave as the average man about me, I should be well satisfied. Men of their hands have thought well of my brains, and men of brains of my hands, and that is the best that I can say for myself. Save in the one matter of having an inborn readiness for music, so that the mastery of any instrument comes very easily and naturally to me, I cannot recall any single advantage which I can boast over my fellows. In all things I have been a half-way man, for I am of middle height, my eyes are neither blue nor grey, and my hair, before Nature dusted it with her powder, was betwixt flaxen and brown. I may, perhaps, claim this: that through life I have never felt a touch of jealousy as I have admired a better man than myself, and that I have always seen all things as they are, myself included, which

* Facsimile of the MS. of the opening sentences of "Rodney Stone."
Vol. xi.—3.

should count in my favour now that I sit down in my mature age to write my memories. With your permission, then, we will push my own personality as far as possible out of the picture. If you can conceive me as a thin and colourless cord upon which my would-be pearls are strung, you will be accepting me upon the terms which I should wish.

Our family, the Stones, have for many generations belonged to the Navy, and it has been a custom among us for the eldest son to take the name of his father's favourite commander. Thus we can trace our lineage back to old Vernon Stone, who commanded a high-sterned, peak-nosed, fifty-gun ship against the Dutch. Through Hawke Stone and Benbow Stone we came down to my father, Anson Stone, who in his turn christened me Rodney, at the Parish Church of St. Thomas at Portsmouth in the year of grace 1786.

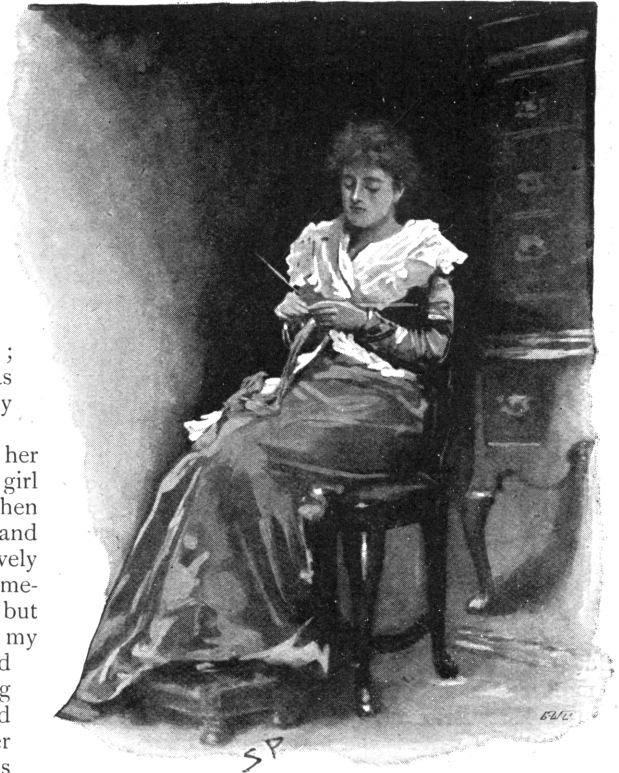
Out of my window as I write I can see my own great lad in the garden, and if I were to call out "Nelson!" you would see that I have been true to the traditions of our family.

My dear mother, the best that ever a man had, was the second daughter of the Reverend John Tregellis, Vicar of Milton, which is a small parish upon the borders of the marshes of Langstone. She came of a poor family, but one of some position, for her elder brother was the famous Sir Charles Tregellis, who, having inherited the money of a wealthy East Indian merchant, became in time the talk of the town and the very particular friend of the Prince of Wales. Of him I shall have more to say hereafter; but you will note now that he was my own uncle, and brother to my mother.

I can remember her all through her beautiful life, for she was but a girl when she married, and little more when I can first recall her busy fingers and her gentle voice. I see her as a lovely woman with kind, dove's eyes, somewhat short of stature it is true, but carrying herself very bravely. In my memories of those days she is clad always in some purple shimmering stuff, with a white kerchief round her long white neck, and I see her fingers are turning and darting as she works at her knitting. I see

her again in her middle years, sweet and loving, planning, contriving, achieving, with the few shillings a day of a lieutenant's pay on which to support the cottage at Friar's Oak, and to keep a fair face to the world. And now, if I do but step into the parlour, I can see her once more, with over eighty years of saintly life behind her, silver-haired, placid-faced, with her dainty ribboned cap, her gold-rimmed glasses, and her woolly shawl with the blue border. I loved her young and I love her old, and when she goes she will take something with her which nothing in the world can ever make good to me again. You may have many friends, you who read this, and you may chance to marry more than once, but your mother is your first and your last. Cherish her then, whilst you may, for the day will come when every hasty deed or heedless word will come back with its sting to live in your own heart.

Such, then, was my mother; and as to my father, I can describe him best when I come to the time when he returned to us from the Mediterranean. During all my childhood he was only a name to me, and a face in a miniature which hung round my mother's



"HER FINGERS ARE TURNING AND DARTING AS SHE WORKS AT HER KNITTING."

neck. At first they told me he was fighting the French, and then after some years one heard less about the French and more about General Buonaparte. I remember the awe with which one day in Thomas Street, Portsmouth, I saw a print of the great Corsican in a bookseller's window. This, then, was the arch enemy with whom my father spent his life in terrible and ceaseless contest. To my childish imagination it was a personal affair, and I for ever saw my father and this clean-shaven, thin-lipped man swaying and reeling in a deadly, year-long grapple. It was not until I went to the Grammar School that I understood how many other little boys there were whose fathers were in the same case.

Only once in those long years did my father return home, which will show you what it meant to be the wife of a sailor in those days. It was just after we had moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak whither he came for a week before he set sail with Admiral Jervis to help him to turn his name into Lord St. Vincent. I remember that he frightened as well as fascinated me with his talk of battles, and I can recall as if it were yesterday the horror with which I gazed upon a spot of blood upon his shirt ruffle, which had come, as I have no doubt, from a mischance in shaving. At the time I never questioned that it had spurted from some stricken Frenchman or Spaniard, and I shrank from him in terror when he laid his horny hand upon my head. My mother wept bitterly when he was gone, but for my own part I was not sorry to see his blue back and white shorts going down the garden walk, for I felt with the heedless selfishness of a child that we were closer together, she and I, when we were alone.

I was in my eleventh year when we moved from Portsmouth to Friar's Oak, a little Sussex village to the north of Brighton, which was recommended to us by my uncle, Sir Charles Tregellis, one of whose grand friends, Lord Avon, had had his seat near there. The reason of our moving was that living was cheaper in the country, and that it was easier for my mother to keep up the appearance of a gentlewoman when away from the circle of those to whom she could not refuse hospitality. They were trying times those to all save the farmers, who made such profits that they could, as I have heard, afford to let half their land lie fallow, while living like gentlemen upon the rest. Wheat was at 110 shillings a quarter, and the quartern loaf at one and ninepence. Even in the quiet of

the cottage of Friar's Oak we could scarce have lived, were it not that in the blockading squadron in which my father was stationed there was the occasional chance of a little prize-money. The line-of-battle ships themselves, tacking on and off outside Brest, could earn nothing save honour; but the frigates in attendance made prizes of many coasters, and these, as is the rule of the service, were counted as belonging to the fleet, and their produce divided into head-money. In this manner my father was able to send home enough to keep the cottage and to send me to the day school of Mr. Joshua Allen, where for four years I learned all that he had to teach. It was at Allen's school that I first knew Jim Harrison, Boy Jim as he has always been called, the nephew of Champion Harrison of the village smithy. I can see him as he was in those days with great, floundering, half-formed limbs like a Newfoundland puppy, and a face that set every woman's head round as he passed her. It was in those days that we began our lifelong friendship, a friendship which still in our waning years binds us closely as two brothers. I taught him his exercises, for he never loved the sight of a book, and he in turn made me box and wrestle, tickle trout on the Adur, and snare rabbits on Ditchling Down, for his hands were as active as his brain was slow. He was two years my elder, however, so that, long before I had finished my schooling, he had gone to help his uncle at the smithy.

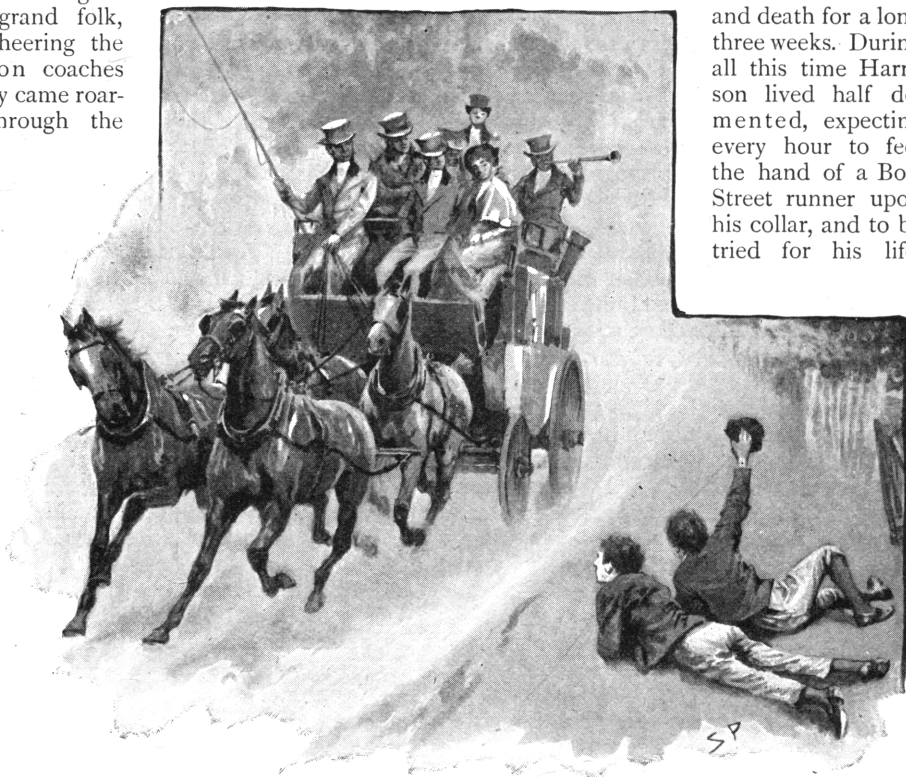
Friar's Oak is in a dip of the Downs, and the forty-third milestone between London and Brighton lies on the skirt of the village. It is but a small place with an ivied church, a fine vicarage, and a row of red-brick cottages each in its own little garden. At one end was the forge of Champion Harrison with his house behind it, and at the other was Mr. Allen's school. The yellow cottage, standing back a little from the road, with its upper story bulging forward and a criss-cross of black woodwork let into the plaster, is the one in which we lived. I do not know if it is still standing, but I should think it likely, for it was not a place much given to change.

Just opposite to us, at the other side of the broad, white road, was the Friar's Oak Inn, which was kept in my day by John Cummings, a man of excellent repute at home, but liable to strange outbreaks when he travelled, as will afterwards become apparent. Though there was a stream of traffic upon the road, the coaches from Brighton were too fresh to stop, and those

from London too eager to reach their journey's end, so that if it had not been for an occasional broken trace or loosened wheel, the landlord would have had only the thirsty throats of the village to trust to. Those were the days when the Prince of Wales had just built his singular palace by the sea, and so from May to September, which was the Brighton season, there was never a day that from one to two hundred curricles, chaises, and phaetons did not rattle past our doors. Many a summer evening have Boy Jim and I lain upon the grass, watching all these grand folk, and cheering the London coaches as they came roaring through the

was the Friar's Oak blacksmith, and he had his nickname because he fought Tom Johnson when he held the English belt, and would most certainly have beaten him had the Bedfordshire magistrates not appeared to break up the fight. For years there was no such glutton to take punishment and no more finishing hitter than Harrison, though he was always, as I understand, a slow one upon his feet. At last, in a fight with Black Baruk the Jew, he finished the battle with such a lashing hit that he not only knocked his opponent over the inner ropes, but he

left him betwixt life and death for a long three weeks. During all this time Harrison lived half demented, expecting every hour to feel the hand of a Bow Street runner upon his collar, and to be tried for his life.



"CHEERING THE LONDON COACHES."

dust clouds, leaders and wheelers stretched to their work, the bugles screaming and the coachmen with their low-crowned, curly-brimmed hats, and their faces as scarlet as their coats. The passengers used to laugh when Boy Jim shouted at them, but if they could have read his big, half-set limbs and his loose shoulders aright, they would have looked a little harder at him, perhaps, and given him back his cheer.

Boy Jim had never known a father or a mother, and his whole life had been spent with his uncle, Champion Harrison. Harrison

This experience, with the prayers of his wife, made him forswear the ring for ever and carry his great muscles into the one trade in which they seemed to give him an advantage. There was a good business to be done at Friar's Oak from the passing traffic and the Sussex farmers, so that he soon became the richest of the villagers; and he came to church on a Sunday with his wife and his nephew, looking as respectable a family man as one would wish to see.

He was not a tall man, not more than 5ft. 7in., and it was often said that if he had

had an extra inch of reach he would have been a match for Jackson or Belcher at their best. His chest was like a barrel, and his forearms were the most powerful that I have ever seen, with deep grooves between the smooth-swelling muscles like a piece of water-worn rock. In spite of his strength, however, he was of a slow, orderly, and kindly disposition, so that there was no man more beloved over the whole country side. His heavy, placid, clean-shaven face could set very sternly, as I have seen upon occasion; but for me and every child in the village there was ever a smile upon his lips and a greeting in his eyes. There was not a beggar upon the country side who did not know that his heart was as soft as his muscles were hard.

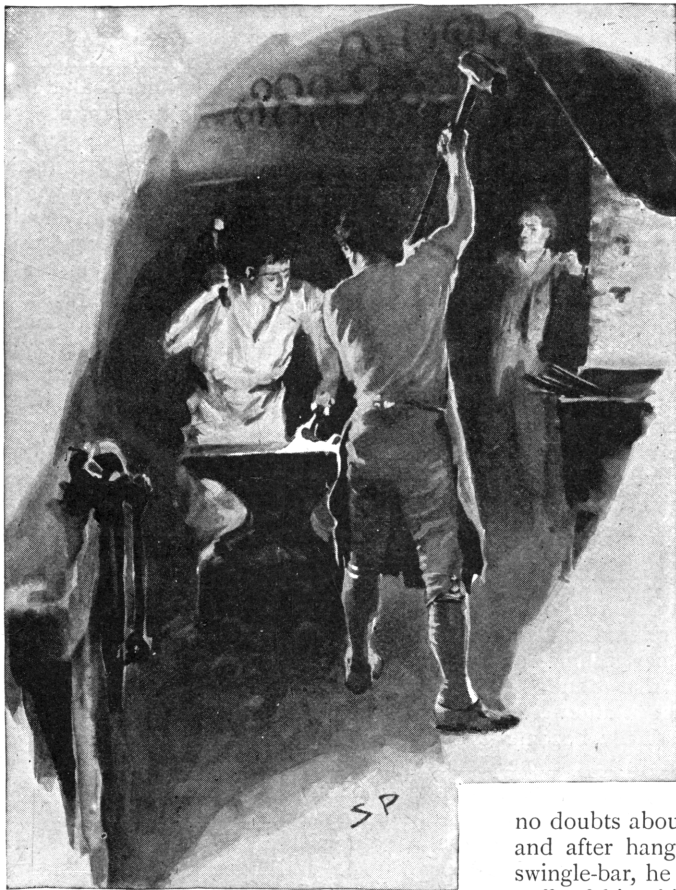
There was nothing that he liked to talk of more than his old battles, but he would stop if he saw his little wife coming, for the one great shadow in her life was the ever-present fear that some day he would throw down sledge and rasp and be off to the ring once more. And you must be reminded here once for all that that former calling of his was by no means at that time in the debased condition to which it afterwards fell. Public opinion has gradually become opposed to it for the reason that it came largely into the hands of rogues, and because it fostered ringside ruffianism. Even the honest and brave pugilist was found to draw villainy round him, just as the pure and noble race-horse does. For this reason the Ring is dying in England, and we may hope that when Caunt and Bendigo have passed away, they may have none to succeed them. But it was different in the days of which I speak. Public opinion was then largely in its favour, and there were good reasons why it should be so. It was a time of war, when England with an Army and Navy composed only of those who volunteered to fight because they had fighting blood in them, had to encounter, as they would now have to encounter, a power which could by despotic law turn every citizen into a soldier. If the people had not been full of this lust for combat, it is certain that England must have been overborne. And it was thought, and is on the face of it reasonable, that a struggle between two indomitable men with thirty thousand to view it and three million to discuss it, did help to set a standard of hardihood and endurance. Brutal it was, no doubt, and its brutality is the end of it; but it is not so brutal as war, which will survive it. Whether it is logical

now to teach the people to be peaceful in an age when their very existence may come to depend upon their being warlike, is a question for wiser heads than mine. But that was what we thought of it in the days of your grandfathers, and that is why you might find statesmen and philanthropists like Windham, Fox, and Althorp at the side of the Ring.

The mere fact that solid men should patronize it was enough in itself to prevent the villainy which afterwards crept in. For over twenty years, in the days of Jackson, Brain, Cribb, the Belchers, Pearce, Gully, and the rest, the leaders of the Ring were men whose honesty was above suspicion; and those were just the twenty years when the Ring may, as I have said, have served a national purpose. You have heard how Pearce saved the Bristol girl from the burning house, how Jackson won the respect and friendship of the best men of his age, and how Gully rose to a seat in the first Reformed Parliament. These were the men who set the standard, and their trade carried with it this obvious recommendation, that it is one in which no drunken or foul-living man could long succeed. There were exceptions among them, no doubt; bullies like Hickman and brutes like Berks; in the main I say again that they were honest men, brave and enduring to an incredible degree, and a credit to the country which produced them. It was, as you will see, my fate to see something of them, and I speak of what I know.

In our own village I can assure you that we were very proud of the presence of such a man as Champion Harrison, and if folks stayed at the inn, they would walk down as far as the smithy just to have the sight of him. And he was worth seeing, too, especially on a winter's night when the red glare of the forge would beat upon his great muscles and upon the proud, hawk-face of Boy Jim as they heaved and swayed over some glowing plough coulter, framing themselves in sparks with every blow. He would strike once with his thirty-pound swing sledge, and Jim twice with his hand hammer; and the "Clunk—clink, clink! Clunk—clink, clink!" would bring me flying down the village street, on the chance that since they were both at the anvil, there might be a place for me at the bellows.

Only once during those village years can I remember Champion Harrison showing me for an instant the sort of man that he had been. It chanced one summer morning, when Boy Jim and I were standing by the smithy door, that there came a private coach



CHAMPION HARRISON.

from Brighton, with its four fresh horses, and its brass-work shining, flying along with such a merry rattle and jingling, that the Champion came running out with a half-fullered shoe in his tongs to have a look at it. A gentleman in a white coachman's cape—a Corinthian, as we would call him in those days—was driving, and half-a-dozen of his fellows, laughing and shouting, were on the top behind him. It may have been that the bulk of the smith caught his eye, and that he acted in pure wantonness, or it may possibly have been an accident, but as he swung past, the twenty-foot thong of the driver's whip hissed round and we heard the sharp snap of it across Harrison's leather apron.

"Halloa, master!" shouted the smith, looking after him. "You're not to be trusted on the box until you can handle your whip better'n that."

"What's that?" cried the driver, pulling up his team.

"I bid you have a care, master, or ther'

will be some one-eyed people along the road you drive."

"Oh, you say that, do you?" said the driver, putting his whip into its socket and pulling off his driving gloves. "I'll have a little talk with you, my fine fellow."

The sporting gentlemen of those days were very fine boxers for the most part, for it was the mode to take a course of Mendoza, just as a few years afterwards there was no man about town who had not had the muffers on with Jackson. Knowing their own prowess, they never refused the chance of a wayside adventure, and it was seldom indeed that the bargee or the navigator had much to boast of after a young blood had taken off his coat to him.

This one swung himself off the box-seat with the alacrity of a man who has no doubts about the upshot of the quarrel, and after hanging his caped coat upon the swingle-bar, he daintily turned up the ruffled cuffs of his white cambric shirt.

"I'll pay you for your advice, my man," said he.

I am sure that the men upon the coach knew who the burly smith was, and looked upon it as a prime joke to see their companion walk into such a trap. They roared with delight, and bellowed out scraps of advice to him.

"Knock some of the soot off him, Lord Frederick!" they shouted. "Give the Johnny Raw his breakfast. Chuck him in among his own cinders! Sharp's the word, or you'll see the back of him."

Encouraged by these cries, the young aristocrat advanced upon his man. The smith never moved, but his mouth set grim and hard, while his tufted brows came down over his keen, grey eyes. The tongs had fallen, and his hands were hanging free.

"Have a care, master," said he. "You'll get pepper if you don't."

Something in the assured voice, and something also in the quiet pose, warned the young lord of his danger. I saw him look

hard at his antagonist, and as he did so his hands and his jaw dropped together.

"By Gad!" he cried, "it's Jack Harrison!"

"My name, master!"

"And I thought you were some Sussex chaw-bacon! Why, man, I haven't seen you since the day you nearly killed Black Baruk, and cost me a cool hundred by doing it."

How they roared on the coach.

"Smoked! Smoked, by Gad!" they yelled. "It's Jack Harrison the bruiser! Lord Frederick was going to take on the ex-champion. Give him one on the apron, Fred, and see what happens."

But the driver had already climbed back into his perch, laughing as loudly as any of his companions.

"We'll let you off this time, Harrison," said he.

"Are those your sons down there?"

"This is my nephew, master."

"Here's a guinea for him! He shall never say I robbed him of his uncle." And so, having turned the laugh in his favour by his merry way of taking it, he cracked his whip and away they flew to make London under the five hours; while Jack Harrison, with his half-fullered shoe in his hand, went whistling back to his forge.

CHAPTER II.

THE WALKER OF CLIFFE ROYAL.

So much for Champion Harrison! Now, I wish to say something more about Boy Jim, not only because he was the comrade of my youth, but because you will find as you go on that this book is his story rather than mine, and that there came a time when his name and his fame were in the mouths of all England. You will bear with me, therefore, while I tell you of his character as it was in those days, and especially of one very singular adventure which neither of us are likely to forget.

It was strange to see Jim with his uncle



"I SAW HIM LOOK HARD AT HIS ANTAGONIST."

and his aunt, for he seemed to be of another race and breed to them. Often I have watched them come up the aisle upon a Sunday, first the square, thick-set man, and then the little, worn, anxious-eyed woman, and last this glorious lad with his clear-cut face, his black curls, and his step so springy and light that it seemed as if he were bound to earth by some lesser tie than the heavy-footed villagers round him. He had not yet attained his full six foot of stature, but no judge of a man (and every woman at least is one) could look at his perfect shoulders, his narrow loins, and his proud head that sat upon his neck like a flower upon its stalk, without feeling that sober joy which all that is beautiful in Nature gives to us—a vague self-content, as though in some way we also had a hand in the making of it.

But we are used to associate beauty with softness in a man. I do not know why they should be so coupled, and they never were with Jim. Of all men that I have known, he was the most iron-hard in body and in mind. Who was there among us who could walk with him, or run with him, or swim with him? Who on all the country side, save only Boy Jim, would have swung himself over Wolstonbury Cliff, and clambered down a hundred feet with the mother hawk flapping at his ears in the vain struggle to hold him from her nest? He was but sixteen, with his gristle not yet all set into bone, when he fought and beat Gipsy Lee, of Burgess Hill, who called himself the "Cock of the South Downs." It was after this that Champion Harrison took his training as a boxer in hand.

"I'd rather you left millin' alone, Boy Jim," said he, "and so had the missus; but if mill you must, it will not be my fault if you cannot hold up your hands to anything in the south country."

And it was not long before he made good his promise.

I have said already that Boy Jim had no love for his books, but by that I meant his school-books, for when it came to the reading of romances or of anything which had a touch of gallantry or adventure, there was no tearing him away from it until it was finished. When such a book came into his hands, Friar's Oak and the smithy became a dream to him, and his life was spent out upon the ocean or wandering over the broad continents with his heroes. And he would draw me into his enthusiasms also, so that I was glad to play Friday to his Crusoe when he proclaimed that the Clump at Clayton was a desert island, and that we were cast upon it for a week. But when I found that we were actually to sleep out there without covering every night, and that he proposed that our food should be the sheep of the Downs (wild goats—"he goats," he called them) cooked upon a fire, which was to be made by the rubbing together of two sticks, my heart failed me, and on the very first night I crept away to my mother. But Jim stayed out there for the whole weary week—a wet week it was, too!—and came back at the end of it looking a deal wilder and dirtier than his hero does in the picture-books. It is well that he had only promised to stay a week, for, if it had been a month, he would have died of cold and hunger before his pride would have let him come home.

His pride!—that was the deepest thing in all Jim's nature. It is a mixed quality

to my mind, half a virtue and half a vice: a virtue in holding a man out of the dirt; a vice in making it hard for him to rise when once he has fallen. Jim was proud down to the very marrow of his bones. You remember the guinea that the young lord had thrown him from the box of the coach? Two days later somebody picked it from the roadside mud. Jim only had seen where it had fallen, and he would not deign even to point it out to a beggar. Nor would he stoop to give a reason in such a case, but would answer all remonstrances with a curl of his lip and a flash of his dark eyes. Even at school he was the same, with such a sense of his own dignity, that other folk had to think of it too. He might say, as he did say, that a right angle was a proper sort of angle, or put Panama in Sicily, but old Joshua Allen would as soon have thought of raising his cane against him as he would of letting me off if I had said as much. And so it was that, although Jim was the son of nobody, and I of a King's officer, it always seemed to me to have been a condescension on his part that he should have chosen me as his friend.

It was this pride of Boy Jim's which led to an adventure which makes me shiver now when I think of it.

It happened in the August of '99, or it may have been in the early days of September, but I remember that we heard the cuckoo in Patcham Wood, and that Jim said that perhaps it was the last of him. I was still at school, but Jim had left, he being nigh sixteen and I thirteen. It was my Saturday half-holiday, and we spent it, as we often did, out upon the Downs. Our favourite place was beyond Wolstonbury, where we could stretch ourselves upon the soft, springy, chalk grass among the plump little Southdown sheep, chatting with the shepherds, as they leaned upon their queer old Pyecombe crooks, made in the days when Sussex turned out more iron than all the counties of England.

It was there that we lay upon that glorious afternoon. If we chose to roll upon our right sides, the whole weald lay in front of us, with the North Downs curving away in olive-green folds, with here and there the snow-white rift of a chalk-pit; if we turned upon our left, we overlooked the huge blue stretch of the Channel. A convoy, as I can well remember, was coming up it that day, the timid flock of merchantmen in front; the frigates, like well-trained dogs, upon the skirts; and two burly drover line-of-battle ships rolling along behind them. My fancy

was soaring out to my father upon the waters, when a word from Jim brought it back on to the grass like a broken-winged gull.

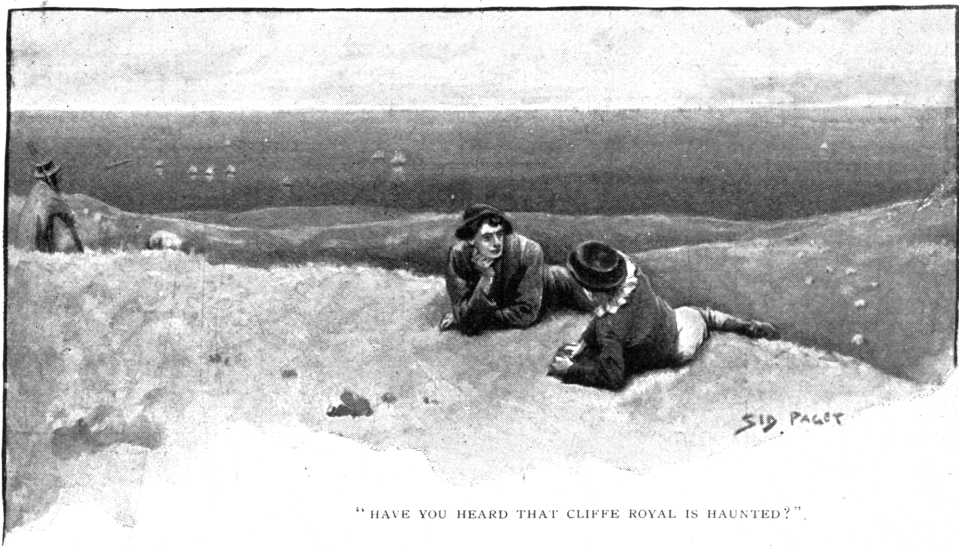
"Roddy," said he, "have you heard that Cliffe Royal is haunted?"

Had I heard it? Of course I had heard it. Who was there in all the Down country who had not heard of the Walker of Cliffe Royal.

"Do you know the story of it, Roddy?"

"Why," said I, with some pride, "I ought

Lord Avon the fourth. They are fond of playing cards for money, these great people, and they played and played for two days and a night. Lord Avon lost, and Sir Lothian lost, and my uncle lost, and Captain Barrington won until he could win no more. He won their money, but above all he won papers from his elder brother which meant a great deal to him. It was late on a Monday night that they stopped playing. On the Tuesday morning Captain Barrington was



"HAVE YOU HEARD THAT CLIFFE ROYAL IS HAUNTED?"

to know it, seeing that my mother's brother, Sir Charles Tregellis, was the nearest friend of Lord Avon, and was down at his card party when the thing happened. I heard the vicar and my mother talking about it last week, and it was all so clear to me that I might have been there when the murder was done."

"It is a strange story," said Jim, thoughtfully; "but when I asked my aunt about it, she would give me no answer; and as to my uncle, he cut me short at the very mention of it."

"There is a good reason for that," said I, "for Lord Avon was, as I have heard, your uncle's best friend; and it is but natural that he would not wish to speak of his disgrace."

"Tell me the story, Roddy."

"It is an old one now—fourteen years old—and yet they have not got to the end of it. There were four of them who had come down from London to spend a few days in Lord Avon's old house. One was his own young brother, Captain Barrington. Another was his cousin, Sir Lothian Hume; Sir Charles Tregellis, my uncle, was the third, and

found dead beside his bed with his throat cut."

"And Lord Avon did it?"

"His papers were found burned in the grate, his wristband was clutched in the dead man's hand, and his knife lay beside the body."

"Did they hang him, then?"

"They were too slow in laying hands upon him. He waited until he saw that they had brought it home to him, and then he fled. He has never been seen since, but it is said that he reached America."

"And the ghost walks?"

"There are a hundred who have seen it."

"Why is the house still empty?"

"Because it is in the keeping of the law. Lord Avon had no children, and Sir Lothian Hume—the same who was at the card party—is his nephew and heir. But he can touch nothing until he can prove Lord Avon to be dead."

Jim lay silent for a bit, plucking at the short grass with his fingers.

"Roddy," said he at last, "will you come with me to-night and look for the ghost?"

It took me aback, the very thought of it.

"My mother would not let me."

"Slip out when she's abed. I'll wait for you at the smithy."

"Cliffe Royal is locked."

"I'll open a window easy enough."

"I'm afraid, Jim."

"But you are not afraid if you are with me, Roddy. I'll promise you that no ghost shall hurt you."

So I gave him my word that I would come, and then all the rest of the day I went about the most sad-faced lad in Sussex. It was all very well for Boy Jim! It was that pride of his which was taking him there. He would go because there was no one else on the country side that would dare. But I had no pride of that sort. I was quite of the same way of thinking as the others, and would as soon have thought of passing my night at Jacob's gibbet on Ditchling Common as in the haunted house of Cliffe Royal. Still, I could not bring myself to desert Jim; and so, as I say, I slunk about the house with so pale and peaky a face that my dear mother would have it that I had been at the green apples, and sent me to bed early with a dish of camomile tea for my supper.

England went to rest betimes in those days, for there were few who could afford the price of candles. When I looked out of my window just after the clock had gone ten, there was not a light in the village save only at the inn. It was but a few feet from the ground, so I slipped out, and there was Jim waiting for me at the smithy corner. We crossed the John's Common together, and so past Ridden's Farm, meeting only one or two riding officers upon the way. There was a brisk wind blowing and the moon kept peeping through the rifts of the scud, so that our road was sometimes silver-clear, and sometimes so black that we found ourselves among the brambles and gorse-bushes which lined it. We came at last to the wooden gate with the high stone pillars by the roadside, and, looking through between the rails, we saw the long avenue of oaks, and at the end of this ill-boding tunnel, the pale face of the house glimmering in the moonshine.

That would have been enough for me, that one glimpse of it, and the sound of the night wind sighing and groaning among the branches. But Jim swung the gate open, and up we went, the gravel squeaking beneath our tread. It towered high, the old house, with many little windows in which the moon glinted, and with a strip of water running

round three sides of it. The arched door stood right in the face of us, and on one side a lattice hung open upon its hinge.

"We're in luck, Roddy," whispered Jim.

"Here's one of the windows open."

"Don't you think we've gone far enough, Jim?" said I, with my teeth chattering.

"I'll lift you in first."

"No, no, I'll not go first."

"Then I will." He gripped the sill and had his knee on it in an instant. "Now, Roddy, give me your hands." With a pull he had me up beside him, and a moment later we were both in the haunted house.

How hollow it sounded when we jumped down on to the wooden floor! There was such a sudden boom and reverberation that we both stood silent for a moment. Then Jim burst out laughing.

"What an old drum of a place it is!" he cried; "we'll strike a light, Roddy, and see where we are."

He had brought a candle and a tinder-box in his pocket. When the flame burned up, we saw an arched stone roof above our heads, and broad deal shelves all round us covered with dusty dishes. It was the pantry.

"I'll show you round," said Jim, merrily, and, pushing the door open, he led the way into the hall. I remember the high, oak-panelled walls with the heads of deer jutting out, and a single white bust, which sent my heart into my mouth, in the corner. Many rooms opened out of this, and we wandered from one to the other—the kitchens, the still-room, the morning-room, the dining-room, all filled with the same choking smell of dust and of mildew.

"This is where they played the cards, Jim," said I, in a hushed voice. "It was on that very table."

"Why, here are the cards themselves!" cried he; and he pulled a brown towel from something in the centre of the sideboard. Sure enough it was a pile of playing-cards—forty packs, I should think, at the least—which had lain there ever since that tragic game which was played before I was born.

"I wonder whence that stair leads," said Jim.

"Don't go up there, Jim!" I cried, clutching at his arm. "That must lead to the room of the murder."

"How do you know that?"

"The vicar said that they saw on the ceiling—Oh, Jim, you can see it even now!"

He held up his candle, and there was a great, dark smudge upon the white plaster above us.

"I believe you're right," said he; "but anyhow I'm going to have a look at it."

"Don't, Jim, don't!" I cried.

"Tut, Roddy! you can stay here if you are afraid. I won't be more than a minute. There's no use going on a ghost hunt unless—oh, lor'! there's something coming down the stairs!"

upon the stairs. Jim sprang after it, and I was left half-fainting in the moonlight.

But it was not for long. He was down again in a minute, and, passing his hand under my arm, he half led and half carried me out of the house. It was not until we



"THERE'S SOMETHING COMING DOWN THE STAIRS."

I heard it too—a shuffling footstep in the room above, and then a creak from the steps, and then another creak, and another. I saw Jim's face as if it had been carved out of ivory, with his parted lips and his staring eyes fixed upon the black square of the stair opening. He still held the light, but his fingers twitched, and with every twitch the shadows sprang from the walls to the ceiling. As to myself, my knees gave way under me, and I found myself on the floor crouching down behind Jim, with a scream frozen in my throat. And still the step came slowly from stair to stair.

Then, hardly daring to look and yet unable to turn away my eyes, I saw a figure dimly outlined in the corner upon which the stair opened. There was a silence in which I could hear my poor heart thumping, and then when I looked again the figure was gone, and the low creak, creak was heard once more

were in the fresh night air again that he opened his mouth.

"Can you stand, Roddy?"

"Yes, but I'm shaking."

"So am I," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "I ask your pardon, Roddy. I was a fool to bring you on such an errand. But I never believed in such things. I know better now."

"Could it have been a man, Jim?" I asked, plucking up my courage now that I could hear the dogs barking on the farms.

"It was a spirit, Rodney."

"How do you know?"

"Because I followed it and saw it vanish into a wall, as easily as an eel into sand. Why, Roddy, what's amiss now?"

My fears were all back upon me, and every nerve creeping with horror. "Take me away, Jim! Take me away!" I cried.

I was glaring down the avenue, and his eyes

followed mine. Amid the gloom of the oak trees something was coming towards us.

"Quiet, Roddy!" whispered Jim. "By heavens, come what may, my arms are going round it this time."

We crouched as motionless as the trunks behind us. Heavy steps ploughed their way through the soft gravel, and a broad figure loomed upon us in the darkness.

Jim sprang upon it like a tiger.

"You're not a spirit, anyway!" he cried.

The man gave a shout of surprise, and then a growl of rage.

"What the deuce!" he roared, and then, "I'll break your neck if you don't let go."

The threat might not have loosened Jim's grip, but the voice did.

"Why, uncle!" he cried.

"Well, I'm blessed if it isn't Boy Jim! And what's this? Why, it's young Master Rodney Stone, as I'm a living sinner! What in the world are you two doing up at Cliffe Royal at this time of night?"

We had all moved out into the moonlight, and there was Champion Harrison with a big bundle on his arm, and such a look of amazement upon his face as would have brought a smile back on to mine had my heart not still been cramped with fear.

"We're exploring," said Jim.

"Exploring, are you? Well, I don't think you were meant to be Captain Cooks, either of you, for I never saw such a pair of peeled turnip faces. Why, Jim, what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid, uncle. I never was afraid; but spirits are new to me, and——"

"Spirits?"

"I've been in Cliffe Royal, and we've seen the ghost."

The Champion gave a whistle.

"That's the game, is it?" said he. "Did you have speech with it?"

"It vanished first."

The Champion whistled once more.

"I've heard there is something of the sort up yonder," said he; "but it's not a thing as I would advise you to meddle with. There's enough trouble with the folk of this world, Boy Jim, without going out of your way to mix up with those of another. As to young Master Rodney Stone, if his good mother saw that white face of his, she'd never let him come to the smithy more. Walk slowly on, and I'll see you back to Friar's Oak."

We had gone half a mile, perhaps, when the Champion overtook us, and I could not but observe that the bundle was no longer under his arm. We were nearly at the smithy before Jim asked the question which was already in my mind.

"What took you up to Cliffe Royal, uncle?"

"Well, as a man gets on in years," said the Champion, "there's many a duty turns up that the likes of you have no idea of. When you're near forty yourself, you'll maybe know the truth of what I say."

So that was all we could draw from him; but, young as I was, I had heard of coast smuggling and of packages carried to lonely places at night, so that from that time on, if I had heard that the preventives had made a capture, I was never easy until I saw the jolly face of Champion Harrison looking out of his smithy door.



"WE'RE EXPLORING," SAID JIM.

Charles Dickens's Manuscripts.

By J. HOLT SCHOOLING.



N these days of literary outpouring, when there is so much "realistic literature" that is not real, but which for the most part is only nauseous, it is a relief to turn back to Dickens. We will, on the present occasion, briefly glance over the original manuscripts of Charles Dickens's works, which I have been allowed to freely handle partly by the kindness of Miss Georgina Hogarth, the sole surviving executrix of Charles Dickens, partly by the courtesy of the guardians of these most fascinating treasures—to this lady, and to these guardians, I tender my sincere thanks for the privilege granted to me.

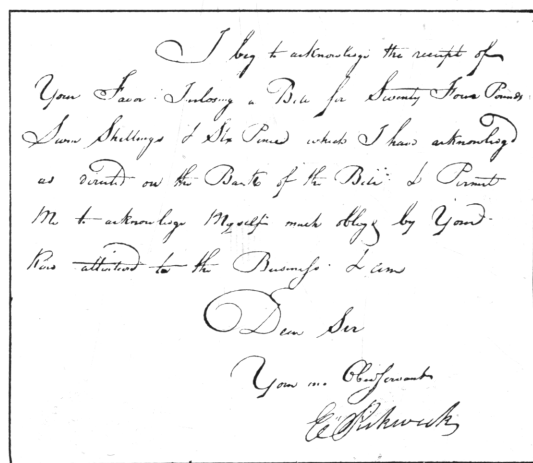
My first intention was to show here only facsimiles of chosen pieces of the original manuscripts, but, as most of them measure $8\frac{3}{4}$ in. by $7\frac{1}{2}$ in., and as, with few exceptions, the writing is too small to bear a reduction

is from the original document signed by "E. Pickwick," a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom, or from whose coaches, Dickens derived the name of his hero in "Pickwick." No. 1 reads:—

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of Your Favor Inclosing a Bill for Seventy Four Pounds Seven Shillings and Six Pence—which I have acknowledg'd as directed on the Back of the Bill—and Permit Me to acknowledge Myself much oblig'd by Your Kind attention to the Business, and am, Dear Sir, Your mo[st] Obed' Servant, E. Pickwick.

During my search for the manuscript of "Pickwick," I heard from one source that the original was in America. The Americans are zealous collectors of Charles Dickens's letters and writings, and one day when I was examining volume after volume of the original manuscripts, their keeper told me that many Americans go to him every year, and beg permission "just to touch" one of the bound volumes of manuscript. Later inquiry about the MS. of "Pickwick"

brought the following information from Miss Hogarth: ". . . The MS. of 'Pickwick' was never preserved in its entirety at all! Stray fragments of it have turned up—and are dispersed about the world, I believe. But it



No. 1.—Facsimile of a receipt signed by E. Pickwick, dated Bath, January 5, 1802.

in size, there being also many corrections in all the later works, I have decided to show fewer specimens of the original manuscripts, and to include some curious and interesting pieces of Dickensiana, relating to Charles Dickens's manuscripts, which I found among the large quantity of material which has been placed at my service.

Curious as to the present sale of Dickens's works, I put some questions to Mr. George Etheredge (of Messrs. Chapman and Hall), and I learnt that the yearly sales show no falling off as regards number.

The facsimile in No. 1 is a curiosity. It

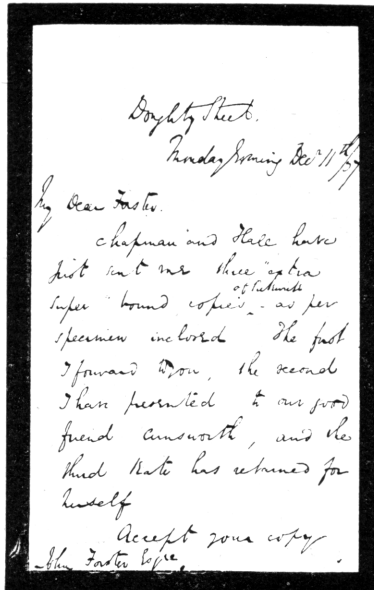


No. 2.—Title-page of a curious American "Pickwick," published at Philadelphia in 1838, designed by Sam Weller. This copy of the book was given by Charles Dickens to John Forster in 1838 or 1839.

was not given by its author to *anyone*. I don't think he attached much importance to his MSS. in those early days. . . . So we must go without this manuscript. It is, of course, impossible for us of the present generation to realize what a godsend to the people of sixty years ago were the light green monthly parts of "Pickwick." It came out in heavy days, when people had solid mahogany sideboards, weighing tons (more or less), and when the vogue of the black horse-hair-covered shiny sofa was supreme: they had arm-chairs, but no easy ones, and this remark applies to the literature of the period as well as to its furniture. Thomas Carlyle wrote in a letter to a friend: "An archdeacon, with his own venerable lips, repeated to me the other night, a strange profane story of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person; having finished, satisfactorily as he thought, and got out of the room, he heard the sick person ejaculate: 'Well, thank God! "Pickwick" will be out in ten days, any way!'—This is dreadful." The binder prepared 400 copies of Part I. of "Pickwick"; and of Part XV., his order was for more than 40,000! In No. 3, by the way, is part of a pretty little note from Charles Dickens to John Forster, dated December 11th, 1837:—

Chapman and Hall have just sent me three "extra super" bound copies of "Pickwick"—as per specimen inclosed. The first I forward to you, the second I have presented to our good friend Ainsworth [Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist], and the third Kate [Mrs. Charles Dickens] has retained for herself. . . .

The Philadelphia "Pickwick" from which Nos. 2, 4, 5, and 7 have been taken, was probably a pirated copy of the English book, but it contains many very interesting and clever illustrations, some of which are signed "Sam Weller," others being by "Alfred Crowquill" (A. H.



No. 3.—Facsimile of a part of Charles Dickens's letter to John Forster, sending him the first "extra super" bound copy of "Pickwick." Written December 11, 1837.

Forrester), subsequently the first illustrator of *Punch*. Of those shown here, Nos. 2 and 7 are by "Sam Weller," and No. 4 by "Alfred Crowquill." The title-page in No. 2 is a clever piece of work.

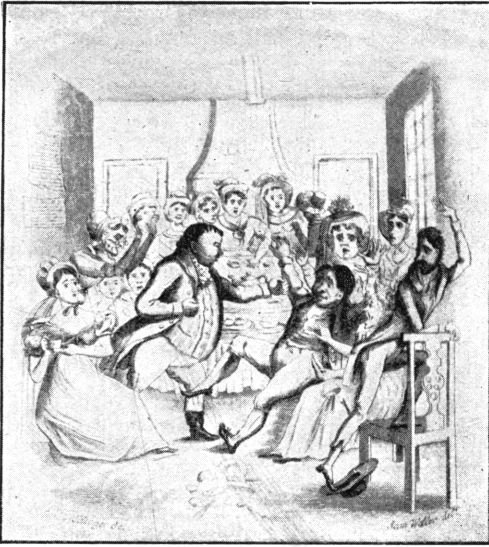
In No. 4, Mr. Pickwick and his friend Winkle are depicted in a condition that was more jocularly treated sixty years ago than it is now, and "Sam Weller's" sketch in No. 7 shows the incident at the tea-party concerning old Weller's chastisement of the canting gentleman. The book which contains these curious pictures was given to John Forster by Dickens; and No. 5 shows the inscription on the fly-leaf. The paper of the book is very bad and

porous, and the ink of this signature—now more than half a century old—has spread into the texture of the paper, and blurred the outlines of the writing.

The extraordinary popularity of "Pickwick" not only caused the name to be applied to hats, coats, confectionery, cigars, and hosts of other things—even the pen I am writing with is called "Pickwick"—but in the *Times* of many years ago a gentleman



No. 4.—"Pickwick Drunk" and "Winkle Drunk." From the Philadelphia "Pickwick."



No. 7.—An illustration of the "Stiggins" tea-fight, designed by Sam Weller, from the Philadelphian "Pickwick."

"He called me a vessel, Sammy—a vessel of wrath—and all sorts o' names. So my blood being regularly up, I first gave him two or three for himself, and then two or three more to hand over to the man with the red nose, and walked off."

—*what a delicious thing is a oyster*—is printed on page 202. Part V., altered from "that gentleman" to "Mr. Giles," is contained in Chapter xxviii., and refers to the burglary, where Oliver is pushed by Bill Sikes through the pantry-window, and is shot by Giles, the butler, who subsequently remarks in his account of the affair: "I says at first, 'this is a illusion.'" Parts VI. and VII. of No. 6 occur in Chapter xxxvii., when the unhappy Bumble has discovered the real nature of his wife and her fighting quality; the sentence—*is that the voice as called me a irresistable duck in the small one-pair?*—was struck out of the proof-sheets, for it is not in the printed book on page 271, where it occurs in the MS. The words, *If she stands such a eye as that, etc.*, are on page 271, and Bumble's exclamation, *If the paupers knew of this, I should be a parochial bye-word*, is another sentence struck out, on the proof-sheets, from its place on page 275, where Bumble has been signally and for ever defeated by his wife. The last specimen in No.

6 was altered from: "*Pale!*" echoed the girl, looking at him without the least trace of emotion in her features, and the altered version of this sentence is on page 298, where Fagin is giving some money to Nancy.

The piece of manuscript in No. 8 is part of the last chapter of "Oliver Twist" which exists—Chapter xliii.—and the Dodger's comic defiance of the Bench was written, as we see, very nearly as it reads in the printed book. The three insertions here facsimiled are: Line 3, *the palm of*, and *to the Bench*; line 7, *to fall down on your knees and*. . . . The only erasure is the word *out*, line 11.

The end of the letter shown in No. 9 refers to the "Life of Grimaldi," the famous clown, which was edited by Charles Dickens, and published in 1838. The thirty notes of exclamation which follow the words, "1,700 Grimaldis have been already sold, and the demand increases daily," are notes of astonishment at the rapid sale of a book whose contents the editor himself described as "twaddle." Except the preface, Charles Dickens did not write a line of the "Life of Grimaldi."

The manuscript of "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of those which have vanished, but in No. 10 there is part of the revised proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," which shows a long passage struck out by Charles Dickens—nearly the whole of No. 10 was thus cancelled.

Here is a chance for the book-hunter who turns over the odd volumes on a roadside stall or in an outside box marked "All these

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"Come on," said the jailer.

"Oh ah, I'll come on," replied the Dodger, bushy his hat with ^{the palm of} his hands. "Oh, ^{the Dodger bushy} no use your looking frightened - I won't show you no more, not a bit of it. ^{the Dodger bushy} I'll pay for this my fine feller I wouldn't ^{to tell the truth, you know} be you for something. I wouldn't be free now if you was, it asks me. Now, carry me off to prison. Take me away."

With these last words the Dodger suffered himself to be led off by the collar threatening him he got ^{the Dodger bushy} into the yard to make a *Saturday* business of it, and then gurning in the officer's face with sweat ^{the Dodger bushy} and self-approval.

No. 8.—Facsimile of the original manuscript of "Oliver Twist," where "the Dodger" "cheeks" the magistrate: Chapter xliii.

2d. each." The little book from which Nos. 11 and 12 have been copied consists of three very rare and early productions of Charles Dickens—"Sketches of Young Couples," "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," and "Sunday Under Three Heads." The volume containing these three slight things, which are not now included among Charles Dickens's works, is worth, so my informant told me, about £25. It is quite possible that someone who reads these words may possess one or more of these three little pieces by Dickens, and if so let him count his possession as a valuable one. These "finds" do still happen.

Only a few weeks ago, and within my own knowledge, an original copy of the first edition of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was included by a local auctioneer among a miscellaneous and rubbishy "lot" of other books, which sold—to his amazement—not

*delivered upon it, except by
means of his glossary
Faintly yours
Charles Dickens*

*Note is better, I think, this
morning. 1700 Grimaldi's
have been already sold, and
the demand increases daily!!!*

/ / / / / / / / / /
/ / / / / / / / / /
/ / / / / / / / / /

No. 9.—Facsimile of part of an early letter written by Charles Dickens to John Forster, announcing the quick sale of the "Life of Grimaldi" (the famous clown), which was edited by Dickens, and published in 1838.

for the three or four shillings expected by the auctioneer, but for £43! So be on the look-out for the little volume containing the originals of Nos. 11 and 12.

We have all read in "David Copperfield" of Charles Dickens's own difficulties when he was learning shorthand, and in No. 13 there is a "copy" in shorthand, written by Dickens, of a letter that he sent to Mr. Bentley, his publisher, on July 14th, 1837—nearly sixty years ago. Application to experts in modern shorthand failed to obtain a solution of No. 13, but ultimately I ascertained that this interesting specimen of

PREFACE.

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that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the Author's brain; but are prompting every day (and oftentimes by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour."

"It only now remains for the writer of these passages, with that feeling of regret with which we leave almost any pursuit that has for a long time occupied us and engaged our thoughts, and which is naturally augmented in such a case as this, when that pursuit has been surrounded by all that could animate and cheer him on,—it only now remains for him, before abandoning his task, to bid his readers farewell."

"The author of a periodical performance," says Mackenzie, "has indeed a claim to the attention and regard of his readers, more interesting than that of any other writer. Other writers submit their sentiments to their readers, with the reserve and circumspection of him who has had time to prepare for a public appearance. He who has followed Horace's rule, of keeping his book nine years in his study, must have withdrawn many an idea which in the warmth of composition he had conceived, and altered many an expression which in the hurry of writing he had set down. But the periodical essayist commits to his readers the feelings of the day, in the language which those feelings have prompted. As he has delivered himself with the freedom of intimacy and the cordiality of friendship, he will naturally look for the indulgence which those relations may claim; and when he bids his readers adieu, will hope, as well as feel, the regrets of an acquaintance, and the tenderness of a friend."

With such feelings and such hopes the periodical essayist, the



No. 11.—One of the illustrations in "Sketches of Young Couples"—*The Couple Who Dote Upon their Children*. This book, now very rare, was written by Charles Dickens in 1838-39.

Charles Dickens's shorthand was written by Gurney's method, and Messrs. Gurney and Sons, shorthand writers, of No. 26, Abingdon

No. 10.—Facsimile of part of the proof of the Preface of "Nicholas Nickleby," struck out by Charles Dickens when revising the proof-sheets.
Vol. xi.—5.



No. 12.—One of the illustrations in another very rare and valuable book written by Charles Dickens in 1838: "Sketches of Young Gentlemen." This sketch, by "Phiz," represents some "Out-and-Out Young Gentlemen" of fifty-five to sixty years ago.

Street, Westminster, have very kindly sent me the following translation of the facsimile in No. 13, whose meaning has hitherto been hidden by the shorthand:—

MY DEAR SIR,—I did intend writing to say that through the kindness of a friend, who posts to Brighton and back next Sunday, I could see you for two hours on that day. I am so terribly behindhand, however, that I am compelled to give up all thoughts of leaving town this month, even for a day. As I shall not see you then until you return to town, I state in this short letter the alterations I propose in our Agreement, with the view of facilitating the dispatch of business when we meet.

First, that you should give me £600 for permission to publish 300 copies of my first novel, "B. R.," this number to be divided into as many editions as you think well, and the whole of the manuscript to be furnished by the 1st March, 1838, at the latest.

Second, that for permission to publish the same number of copies of my second novel, "O. T.," you should give me £700, deducting from that amount all you may have been made to pay for the appearance of the different portions of it in the Miscellany up to the time of my finishing the whole manuscript, which I promise, at the very latest, shall be Midsummer next.

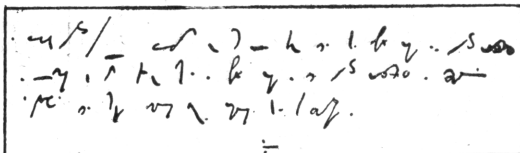
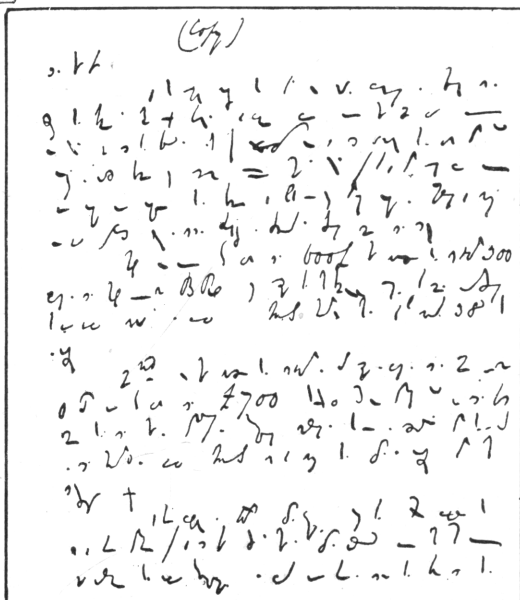
I have considered the subject very carefully, and this is the fixed conclusion at which I have arrived. I am sure it is a fair and very reasonable one, but if you are resolved to think differently, of course you have the power to hold me to the old agreement. However, if you hold me to the strict letter of the agreement respecting the novels, I shall abide by the strict letter of my agreement respecting the Miscellany, and arrange my future plans with reference to it accordingly.

Messrs. Gurney and Sons, not knowing certainly who wrote No. 13, told me: "Although evidently written by an expert, there are a few idiosyncrasies in the

shorthand. It does not strictly follow the Gurney system." The mention—in this unique specimen of Charles Dickens's skill as a shorthand writer—of "my first novel, 'B. R.," referred to "Barnaby Rudge," the subject and title of which were selected in 1837, but which was not published until four years later. The mention of "my second novel, 'O. T.," meant "Oliver Twist."

During my examination of the most interesting lot of matter that it has ever been my good fortune to handle—not excepting even Carlyle's school-books, see THE STRAND MAGAZINE for October, 1894—I found several jottings by Charles Dickens about the outlines of his works. For example, No. 14 is a facsimile of one of these memoranda which relates to "The Old Curiosity Shop."

Here, then, is the slender thing upon which Dickens built up "The Old Curiosity Shop": one is reminded of a curious dream—common, I believe, to many people—where one sees a tiny speck in space, and as one gazes at the speck, it suddenly grows and grows to a vast mass, extending itself in every direction, until the dreamer is well-nigh



No. 13.—Facsimile of a shorthand copy—all written by Charles Dickens—of a letter he sent to Mr. Bentley (one of his publishers) on July 14, 1837.

Single gentleman and old man both -
 loved the same girl - she married the elder
 brother, had a daughter, and died. ~~After~~
 this daughter, the father's affections were
 transferred. He married a profligate, and
 spent money, had a son and daughter, and
 died too. The grandfather - nearly ruined by
 his husband - takes them both to rear. The
 son turns out like the father; the daughter
 like the mother. The old man devotes his
 whole soul to the picture of his favourite
 child; the other runs wild and idle.

To the old man and child in opening of story.

The younger brother when the elder married and
 went abroad, and then remained, commencing
 with the idea from time to time, but not often, till
 length years brought for hours. Dreams of his father
 of the old days - settles his affairs, and retired.
 Brother and child have disappeared.

To the single gentleman when he first appeared.

No. 14.—Facsimile of part of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes re the plot of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

overwhelmed and awed by this sudden extension and great volume of the tiny speck he first saw. A trick of the brain, probably, but which serves to illustrate the intentioned growth in Charles Dickens's brain of "The Old Curiosity Shop" out of the "speck" shown in No. 14.

Several facsimiles of the manuscript of "Barnaby Rudge" were prepared for this account of Charles Dickens's manuscripts, but the writing was so small and the corrections so numerous that space-limits have caused these facsimiles to be omitted, because in reduced size they were not satisfactory. But, in No. 15, there is the famous letter written by Daniel Maclise, R.A., to John Forster, at Charles Dickens's request, telling Forster

about the death of "Grip," the Raven which figures so prominently in "Barnaby Rudge." The pen-and-ink sketch, signed "D. M.," that forms part of No. 15, was drawn by Maclise, to picture the apotheosis of the raven—shown, stiff and stark, at the bottom of the sketch, and thence arising in more ethereal shape to receive

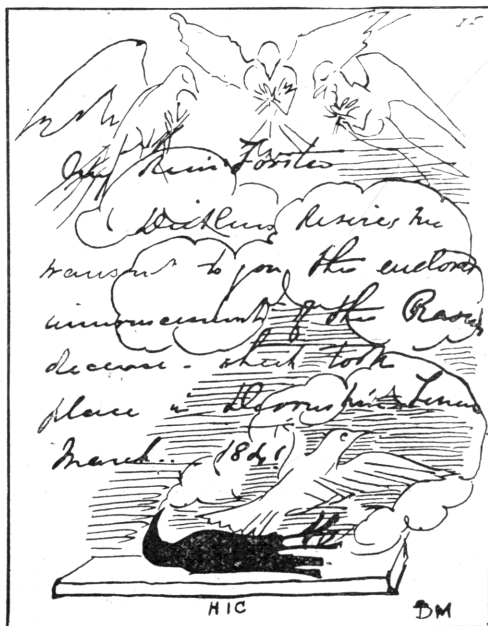
Martin Chuzzlewig
 Martin Sweezleden
 Martin Chuzzletoe
 Martin Sweezleback
 Martin Sweezlewig

No. 16.—Facsimile of some of Charles Dickens's manuscript notes re the name of his hero for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

the welcome of the three angel-birds awaiting him above. At the sale of his property, which, by Charles Dickens's directions, took place "within a month of death" (June 9th, 1870), this raven, stuffed and in a shabby case, was sold at Christie and Manson's for 120 guineas. The picture of Dolly Varden,

the blacksmith's pretty daughter, painted by Frith, and sold to Dickens for £20 in the year 1843, fetched at the sale in 1870 no less a sum than 1,000 guineas.

Some of Dickens's attempts to fix the name of his hero in "Martin Chuzzlewit" are shown in No. 16. In none of these, five attempts — "Martin Chuzzlewig," "Martin Sweezleden," "Martin Chuzzletoe," "Martin Sweezleback," "Martin Sweezlewig" — was the name hit upon, although some of these run close to the name finally chosen. A rather interesting question arises in connection with these names, which now seem in-



No. 15.—Facsimile of the letter—which also contains a sketch of "the apotheosis of the raven"—written and drawn in 1841 by Daniel Maclise, the Royal Academician, at Charles Dickens's request, to acquaint John Forster with the death of "Grip," the raven which plays a prominent part in "Barnaby Rudge."

ferior to "Martin Chuzzlewit": would habit, and the association of a name with a clever book, have rendered "Martin Sweezlewig," for example, as acceptable to us now as "Martin Chuzzlewit" is? Certainly, when we first hear the name, "Sweezlewig," it sounds an altogether impossible name to be used. And so, indeed, with most of the others shown in No. 16; but perhaps "Chuzzlewit" would have now sounded equally impossible, if long association with the book had not made it so familiar to us. However, these attempts were all rejected by Charles Dickens himself, so perhaps they really are intrinsically bad names.

The curious title-page facsimile in No. 17, all written by Charles Dickens, is a very good specimen of his care in setting out his titles. This whimsical title-page was, I believe, written seriously, although it was not used for the book.

No. 18 shows a part of the corrected proof of page 27 [in the third chapter of Vol. I.] with Charles Dickens's alterations scattered about the page. The name Pecksniff, that quintessence of odious hypocrisy, is here written in twice by Dickens. Is there anyone, I wonder, who, reading about this wretch, has not, over and over again, longed to get at him and beat him and expose him? Even now, although I know what's coming, I always wait and gloat awhile when I get to Chapter xxvii. of the second volume, where, at last, Pecksniff is exposed and beaten. We, as a nation, are sometimes credited with hypocrisy as our national vice; but, perhaps, we are not so far gone in this direction as our detractors say, for the detestation of Pecksniff may almost be termed a national detestation. Could anything be more odious—and yet it can be

*The
Life and Adventures
of
Martin Chuzzlewit
his family, friends, and enemies.
comprising all
his wills and his ways
with an historical record of
what he did, and what he didn't.
Shewing moreover
who inherited the Family Plate;
who came in for the silver spoons
and who for the wooden ladles.
The whole forming a complete key
To The House of Chuzzlewit.
Edited by 'Box.'
With Illustrations by 'Phiz.'*

No. 17.—Facsimile of one of the title-pages written by Charles Dickens for "Martin Chuzzlewit."

matched in real life—than Pecksniff's false friendship to Tom Pinch, where, for example, he says, over the currant wine and captain biscuits, "if you spare the bottle, we shall quarrel"?

That Pecksniffs do exist cannot, unhappily, be doubted. The gentleman to whose courtesy I am indebted for this very illustration, No. 18, told me that a certain lecturer has earned the nickname of Pecksniff; and even to-day Pecksniffs may be found in the ranks of "professional" men and elsewhere, although, happily, the days are fast disappearing when pomposity plus ignorance can pose as the equal of simplicity plus knowledge. One hates the pomposity

of the hypocrite Pecksniff as much as the false 'umbleness of the hypocrite Heep. It has been truly said that comic art has never more successfully fulfilled its highest task after its truest fashion than in this picture of the rise and fall of a creature who never ceases to be laughable, and yet never ceases to be loathsome. But "Martin Chuzzlewit" is a work of genius, produced at or near the high-water mark of its author's power. As

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 27

objection the young lady urged to Mrs. Lupin went no further, for nothing more was said to ~~him~~, and he said nothing more to anybody else. *W Pecksniff*

Full half an hour elapsed before the old man stirred, but at length he turned himself in bed, and, though not yet awake, gave tokens that his sleep was ~~drawing~~ drawing to an end. By little and little he removed the bed-clothes from about his head and turned still more towards the side where Mr. Pecksniff sat. In course of time his eyes opened; and he lay for a few moments as people newly roused sometimes ~~do~~ gaze indolently at his visitor, without any distinct consciousness of his presence. *1, 8 to*

There was nothing remarkable in these proceedings, except the influence they worked on Mr. Pecksniff, which could hardly have been surpassed by the most marvellous of natural phenomena. Gradually his hands became tightly clasped upon the elbows of the chair, his eyes dilated with surprise, his mouth opened, his hair stood more erect upon his forehead than its custom was, until, at length, when the old man rose in bed, and stared at him with scarcely less emotion than he showed himself, the Pecksniff doubts were all resolved, and he exclaimed aloud: "You are Martin Chuzzlewit!" *2 9*

His consternation of surprise was so genuine, that the old man, with all the disposition that he clearly entertained to believe it assumed, was convinced of its reality.

"I am Martin Chuzzlewit," he said, bitterly, "and Martin Chuzzlewit wishes you had been hanged, before you had come here to disturb him in his sleep. Why, I dreamed of this fellow!" he said, lying down again, and turning away his face, "before I knew that he was near me!" *:/*

"My good cousin—" said Mr. Pecksniff, ~~standing~~ *9*

"There! His very first words!" cried the old man shaking his grey

No. 18.—Facsimile of a piece of the revised proof of "Martin Chuzzlewit," showing alterations made by Charles Dickens.

*Sketch of Dombey - Mother confined with long-
expected boy. Boy born to die. Neglected girl,
Florence - a child
Mrs. Chick - common-minded family humbug
Wet nurse - Polly Toodle
Tootle a stoker
Lots of children
Wooden midshipman
Uncle - adventurous nephew
Captain Cuttle*

No. 19.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's manuscript "Sketch of Dombey": showing, among other things, that Paul Dombey was to be "born to die."

concerns its reality, even the grotesque Mrs. Gamp has been traced to an original in real life, and this character of Dickens's has actually been the death of her injurious sisterhood in our hospital wards and sick rooms. Even her extraordinary utterances are merely an emphasized version of the fatuous verbosity of charwomen, laundresses, and inferior housekeepers of to-day. An old woman who at one time kept my rooms dirty for me was a true Mrs. Gamp in her oddities of speech and mental grotesqueness. R.I.P.

Hostile critics have picked holes in "Dombey and Son," and some of them have said it was bad art to bring in little Paul Dombey and then make him die. However this may be, it is interesting to find, by reading No. 19—Dickens's sketch of the plot of "Dombey"—that Paul was intended to die. Read it:—

Sketch of Dombey.—Mother confined with long-expected boy. Boy born to die. Neglected girl, Florence—a child.

Mrs. Chick—common-minded family humbug.

Wet Nurse—Polly Toodle.

Tootle, a stoker.

Lots of children.

Wooden Midshipman.

Uncle—adventurous nephew
—Captain Cuttle.

But we are not here to discuss the critic's opinions of these works, we are only peeping behind the scenes of their production—a much more pleasant occupation. Nor will we attempt

to compare Dickens and Thackeray—not even after the fashion of the after-dinner orator who delivered himself thus:—

It's in the wonderful insight into 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on t'other hand, it's in the brilliant shafts o' satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humour, that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray. It's just this: Thackeray is the humorist; Dickens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dickens and Thackeray.

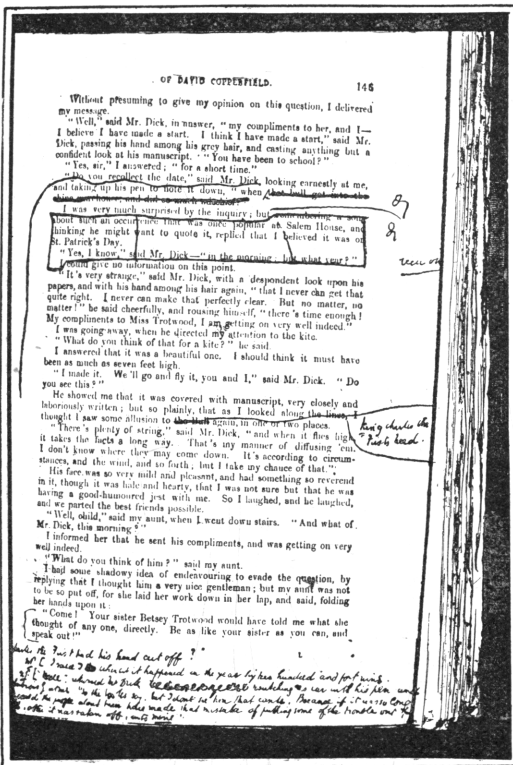
In No. 20 there is the original title-page of "Dombey," written with much neatness by Charles Dickens himself. A simple test of the general admiration for and pleasure in reading "Dombey and Son" may be applied by asking oneself: "Do I wish that the book was unknown to me, so that I might read it as a new book?" A pretty general chorus of "Yes's" goes up, and I find the "Ayes" have it without proceeding to a division.

With reference to hostile criticisms of Charles Dickens's works, it is interesting to recall some words spoken by Mr. Pinero at the Royal Academy dinner on the evening of May 4th, 1895, in connection with the opinion held in some quarters that popular success is not always thought to be quite creditable. Mr. Pinero said:—

Not very long ago I met at an exhibition of pictures a friend whose business it is to comment in the public journals upon painting and the drama. The exhibition was composed of the works of two artists, and I found myself in one room praising the pictures of the man who was exhibiting in the other. My friend promptly took me to task. "Surely," he said, "surely you notice that two-thirds of the works in the next room are already sold?" I admitted having observed that many of the pictures were so ticketed. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "But," said I, anxiously, "do you really regard that circumstance as reflecting disparagingly upon the man's work in the next room?" The reply was, "Good work rarely sells." I shall simply beg leave to acknowledge freely, to acknowledge without a blush, that what is known as popular success is, I believe, eagerly coveted, sternly sought for, by even the most earnest of those writers who deal in the commodity labelled modern British drama. And I would, moreover, submit that of all the affectations displayed by artists of any craft, the affectation of despising the approval and support of the great public is the most mischievous and misleading. Speaking . . . of dramatic art, I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power

Somerset
Dealings with the Firm
of
Dombey and Son
By Charles Dickens.
Wholesale, Retail, and for Typographical

No. 20.—Facsimile of Charles Dickens's title-page for "Dombey and Son."



No. 23.—Facsimile of the page of "David Copperfield" where—during his revision of the proof-sheets—Charles Dickens put into Mr. Dick's imagination his fantastic notion about "King Charles the First's head," in place of Mr. Dick's original hallucination about "the bull in the china shop."

which show the extraordinary care that Dickens bestowed upon "his favourite child" when correcting the proof-sheets, notwithstanding the fact that the original manuscript was altered and touched up to an extent that would have made the writing almost indecipherable, but for Charles Dickens's extreme care when making alterations in his manuscript. No. 23 shows that the famous passage about King Charles the First's head was put into Mr. Dick's crazy brain during the revision of the proofs, and the passage written in at the bottom of No. 23, and which was to be inserted at line 9 of this facsimile, where "that bull got into the china warehouse, and did so much mischief?" is struck out—reads:—

"... King Charles the First had his head cut off?"

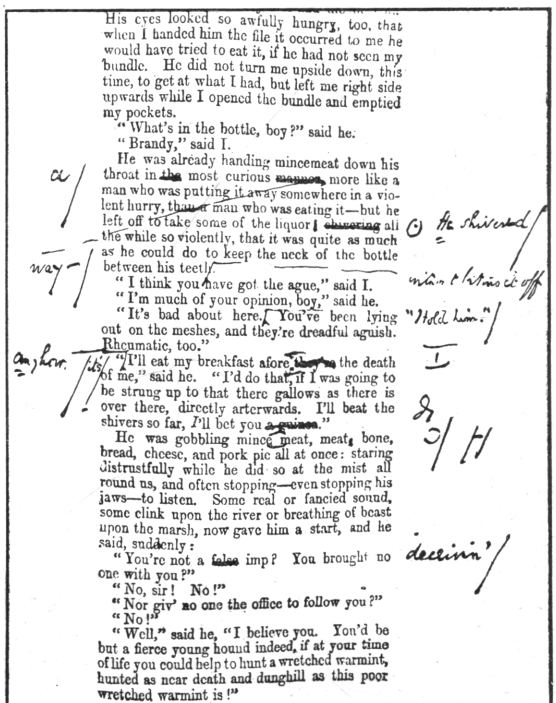
"I said I believed it happened in the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine."

"Well," returned Mr. Dick, scratching his ear with his pen, and looking dubiously at me,

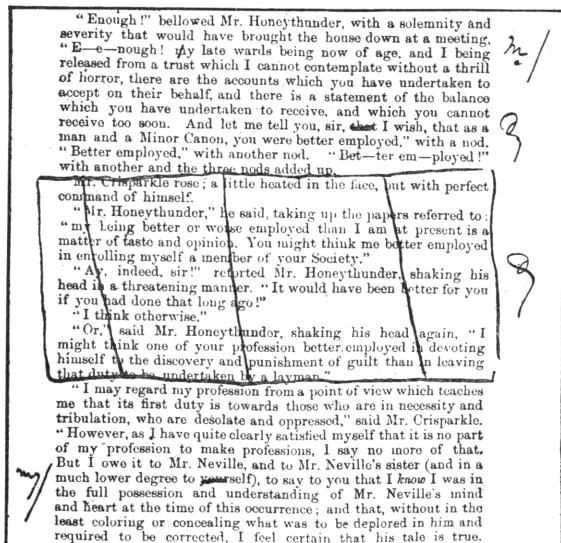
"so the books say, but I don't see how that can be, because if it was so long ago, how could the people about him have made that mistake of putting some of the trouble out of his head, after it was taken off, into mine?"

This alteration, like many others, has become so faint by the lapse of time, that it is feared much of Charles Dickens's original manuscript will ultimately become illegible owing to fading of the ink and to its corrosion of the paper, some of which is already very fragile and needs most careful handling. For this reason, pressure could not be applied to the bound volumes of manuscript and of corrected proofs, in order to press quite flat the bulky masses of leaves which, as in No. 23, were left to take the natural curve in which the volume opened. A small part of the alterations in No. 23 is hidden, because the margin at the left of the page is not wide enough to fully expose all the writing, except under pressure that would have been injurious to the book.

No. 24 shows a facsimile of an interesting page of "Great Expectations," corrected by its author—see Chapter iii. of the printed book, where "Pip" takes food and brandy to the escaped convict,



No. 24.—Facsimile of part of a page of "Great Expectations," showing Charles Dickens's alterations in the proof.



No. 25.—Facsimile of part of the proof of "Edwin Drood," showing a passage struck out by Charles Dickens, and minor alterations.

who subsequently becomes "Pip's" unknown patron.

The piece of "Edwin Drood" shown in No. 25 occurs in Chapter xvii. A peculiarity about the considerable passage here seen to have been struck out by Charles Dickens, is that during a later revision the whole of this passage was re-inserted, and it is printed in the copies of "Edwin Drood" which are sold to-day.

This specimen from Charles Dickens's last work completes the series over which we have been briefly glancing, and which, for one reason or another, cannot include examples from every book that Dickens wrote. Some of the manuscripts do not exist, and others are not in this country. With reference to "Our Mutual Friend," I have the recent and direct authority of Charles Dickens's executrix to make this statement:—

The manuscript of "Our Mutual Friend" was given by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas (the husband of Miss Glyn, the well-known actress). Mr. Dallas, at the time "Our Mutual Friend" was published, was a writer in the *Times*, and he wrote a very sympathetic and pleasant review of the book in the *Times*, which pleased Charles Dickens, who very seldom read reviews. When the manuscript was bound up, he gave

it to Mr. Dallas. Shortly after Charles Dickens died Mr. Dallas sold the manuscript, and it was bought by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for a large sum. Mr. Childs is dead, and, presumably, his widow now possesses this manuscript. Some of the American papers said that it had been sold by Charles Dickens to Mr. Dallas, and afterwards re-sold by him. When this false statement reached Charles Dickens's executrix, that lady asked Mr. Childs to contradict the statement in America, and this was at once done. "As for Charles Dickens to have sold any manuscript of his own," wrote Miss Hogarth to me, "this was simply an impossibility."

Last, here is the desk used by Charles Dickens on the day before his death, when at work upon "Edwin Drood." It is a plain slab of dark mahogany with a well-worn leather pad let in. There are two silver plates fastened to it, one inside and underneath the writing slab, which says:—

This desk, which belonged to Charles Dickens, and was used by him on the day before his death, was one of the familiar objects "of his study" which were ordered by his will to be distributed amongst "those who loved him," and was accordingly given by his executrix to Edmund Yates.

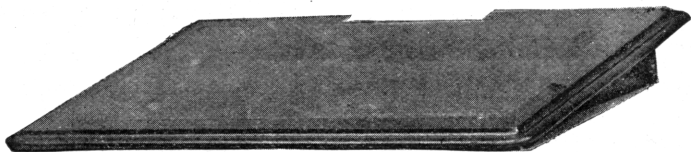
The other plate, which can be seen at the head of the slab, bears the inscription:—

This desk belonged for many years to Charles Dickens, and was last used by him a few hours before he died, on June 9th, 1870. His executrix afterwards gave it to Edmund Yates, at whose death it was sold by public auction on January 21st, 1895, and bought by S. B. Bancroft, who presented it to the South Kensington Museum.

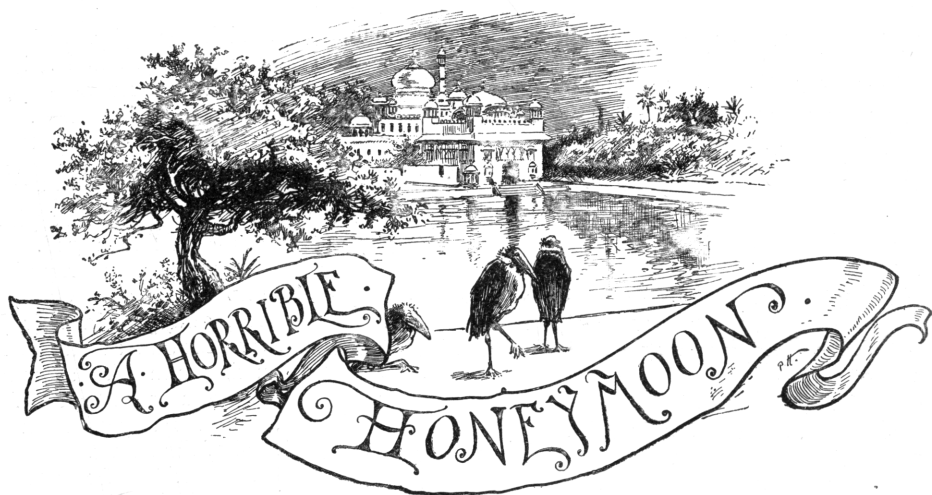
The *Times*, January 22, 1895, contained the following notice:—

Sale of the Late Mr. Edmund Yates's Library. [Charles Dickens's desk.]—This was put up at 50 guineas, and, after brisk bidding, some of it on American account, was knocked down at £105 to Mr. Bancroft amidst cheers.

The wood of this desk is still marked with the many drops of ink that, too eager to be fashioned by the cunning brain and deft hand of a master-craftsman, fell in their haste and became dull stains on this bit of mahogany—leaving their less eager fellows to meet the better fate that chance denied to them.



No. 26.—A photograph of Charles Dickens's mahogany writing slab, or desk, last used by him at Gad's Hill on the day before his death on June 9, 1870.



BY MRS. EDITH E. CUTHELL.



WHAT a thing it is to have married a mighty hunter! I ought to have known that the moment Jim set eyes on the flying horns of that vanishing herd of black-buck, he would be pining to be after them!

We were having such a delightful ride, in the cool of the morning—the first morning after our marriage! The air was crisp, the sun yet low over the eastern hills, the world still fresh and fair. The bare, sun-baked hillocks, the arid waters, that surround the green oasis of “Hearts’ Delight,” the Mahara-jah’s summer palace, where we were spending our honeymoon, seemed almost beautiful in our eyes, as we sauntered leisurely along, our ponies as close together as the evenness of the ground permitted. The attendant and ubiquitous grooms we had told to await our return—we wanted this first ride all to our own little selves! Already it seemed as if years separated us from all the fuss of yesterday—the marigold-garlanded veranda; the smart bonnets, which had replaced the *solar-toppes* at the unwonted hour of noon; the venerable tall hats, exhumed for the auspicious occasion; the gay uniforms, and, finally, the driving off, in Jim’s little bamboo cart, “over the hills and far away,” to this out-of-the-way nook of “Hearts’ Delight.”

If Jim the lover had been delightful, what were not my views about Jim the husband, as I looked up at his dear, tanned face, and bleached moustache, as he rode so close by my side!

And just then, his keen hunter’s eye espied

that unlucky herd of black-buck, alarmed by our unexpected appearance, bounding away over the horizon! Not that the sight told upon him yet, though.

“One—two—four—five—” counted Jim, screwing up his eyes, “and a fine head, by Jove!” he added, as the horned lord of the family brought up the rear, driving his harem before him.

When the sun grew hot we turned back to the palace. The servants had laid breakfast for us in the beautifully carved white marble garden-house, where we had slept. In front shimmered an artificial tank of water, where fat fish basked in the shadow of the stone steps. Around were bosky alleys of mango and orange trees, with here and there open sunny spaces, gay with purple bougainvillea and yellow alamanda, and sweet with roses. The ring-doves cooed unseen in the branches; the pert hoopoes strutted about the paths. Behind, on a wide terrace, and faced by a huge portico, rose the palace of “Hearts’ Delight,” a dream of delicate tracery of salmon-coloured stone. Surrounded by an obsequious group of servants, my prince by my side, I felt like a fairy heroine out of the Arabian Nights!

Then the spell was broken.

“Those black-buck!” muttered Jim, his mouth full of tinned salmon. “I *should* like to have a try for them this evening. On that ground, with those hillocks, I believe I could get up to them beautifully!”

Already, with my superior woman-instinct, I knew better than to thwart even the most devoted of twenty-four-hours-old husbands, when his sporting tendencies were aroused.

"Oh! do have a try!" I exclaimed; but I fancy my tone belied my words.

"And leave you, little woman?" tenderly.

"Oh, I don't mind! I'd like you to get a nice buck."

"You might ride out with me," he demurred, "as far as that dry jheel——"



"'YOU MIGHT RIDE OUT WITH ME,' HE DEMURRED."

"And get in the way and spoil sport!" I laughed, "and have to ride back alone! I'd sooner be left here in the garden!"

"Well, I'll talk it over with Mohun!" Jim added, and then we returned to a subject that interested us both much more deeply—namely, our own two selves, and all we had ever thought or felt concerning each other, from the very first moment that Jim was introduced to me. The gentle reader will understand the style of conversation, disjointed, unconnected, eyes and hands playing their part in it, and, doubtless, lips, too, might have had their share, did not the presence of the ubiquitous servants, and of Mohun the faithful, hovering in the rear, forbid.

Mohun is Jim's familiar, his *shikari* or

hunter, tall, straight, swarthy, and wiry, with a beaked nose and eyes like a hawk. Not a shot has Jim fired these many years, but Mohun has been in at the death. He is a premier of woodcraft, a hunter to the very tips of his bony, claw-like hands. What I admire about Mohun, however, is the fact that Jim is unto him like a god. He adores the very ground his sahib treads on. Once, indeed, away in Kashmir, Jim avers, Mohun saved his life, nursing him like a woman, through a bad attack of fever up in his tiny tent on the edge of the snows.

I sometimes fancy Mohun is a shade jealous of me over our Jim. In the former's eyes I am but a poor thing. I cannot stalk, and to shoot I am afraid. I feel, on the other hand, that in the life of Jim *cum* Mohun, I have neither part nor lot.

The morning passed away like a beautiful dream. After breakfast we strolled about the garden; then, when the sun grew unbearable, we explored the cool depths of the palace.

"Hearts' Delight" is one wealth of delicate stone carving—portico, loggia, oriel, balcony, and turret; the product of a land where labour is a drug in the market. The present Maharajah,

brought up by English tutors, affects the place but little, preferring Simla and Calcutta. The palace was built by his old uncle, the late Maharajah, whom we deposed, a rather grim personage of the true Oriental type, and of evil, Mutiny, notoriety. His successor keeps the place up well, and is always ready to lend it to any English officials of the neighbouring frontier districts, and certainly it is an ideal place for a honeymoon.

We wandered through the halls, the floors of which were mostly innocent of soap and water. In the dim arches of the vast portico hung flying foxes, snoozing through the mid-day heat. The great hall was chiefly remarkable for huge gilt French mirrors and great glass candelabra, for which the late

Maharajah had a true native's passion, but which contrasted ill with the Moorish arches and the stone carving.

At the back of the palace, as we stepped out on to a hanging balcony of stone, we came unexpectedly on a large artificial pond, washing the very walls.

"Not a very delightful addition to the place!" I exclaimed, sniffing disdainfully as I gazed down into its pea-soup-like depths. "And what is that? A rock? Mud? Rocks?"

In the shade of the walls, half in the water, half in the mud, were dark masses.

"Rocks?" laughed Jim. "Wait and see!"

And he signed to a native who had followed us; carrying, I had wondered why, large pieces of raw meat. These he threw down among my "rocks."

Instantly there was a stir, an upheaval of the water, and a vision of crawling feet, of yellow-white bellies, of gaping jaws, and of rows upon rows of gleaming teeth. The pond was alive with crocodiles! I thought they would snap off each other's hideous heads as they fought for the dainty morsels!

"There are both sorts there," remarked Jim, calmly looking down upon the fray. "The long-nosed, fish-eating 'mugger,' and the bottle, or snub-nosed gentleman, who devours the unwary washerman, when he ventures too far out into the stream."

"Ugh!" I shuddered, turning away in disgust. "It's horrible! I can't bear to watch them. I wish you hadn't——"

Jim apologized, abjectly, all the way back through the great hall. I forgave him. After tiffin, as we sat on the terrace in the shade of the portico, a native juggler came and performed his tricks to us. He did the most marvellous things then and there, on the bare stone, with scarcely a rag upon him in which to conceal his apparatus—quite putting a many-pocketed European conjuror to shame. We beheld mango trees grow under a flower-pot from a mere leaf to a shrub some feet high. We saw a man, shut up in a basket much too small for him, and stabbed through and through till the sword was gory, suddenly reappear intact from the hall behind us. The juggler swallowed knives and vomited burning tow, and when we were weary of him we adjourned to an open space beyond the lake, where they spread a carpet and brought chairs, and wild beasts came and

fought before us. There were rams that butted each other with their horns, elephants that wrestled with their trunks, and swarthy-maned wild Brahmin bulls that charged bellowing. All these shows to do honour to my Jim, as representing Her Majesty across the frontier in Pugreepoor.

I fancy it was the fighting rams that turned Jim's thoughts back to the black-buck of the morning.

He called Mohun to him. There was a brief consultation. Then he turned to me, and of course, I let him go! There were yet two good hours of daylight before dinner-time. Before then Jim might secure a fine head. Mohun was forthwith sent forward with coolies and the rifle. The pony was hurriedly brought round, and Jim trotted away under the carved gateway. I must say that I felt a little sad as his knickerbockers and brown *putties* vanished round the corner of the mud huts which clustered round the palace gate.



"JIM TROTTED AWAY UNDER THE CARVED GATEWAY."

Left to my own devices, I returned to our Pearl Garden House. Causing a chair and a table to be brought to me out on a *chabuttra*, or raised stone platform among the rose trees, I sat down to indite a long epistle to Ethel.

Ethel! my very dearest school chum! Ethel, who, if promises counted for anything, and miles of ocean had not intervened, should have been "best girl" at my wedding! And now, after all, here I had been married with ne'er a bridesmaid at all! There were but four girls in all Pugreepoor, and, of these, one was whity-brown and impossible, and the other three none too friendly with me on account of the failure of their designs upon Jim, the eligible assistant magistrate.

So, naturally, there were reams to write to Ethel. I wrote, and I wrote, till the short Indian twilight fell over the garden, and the servants came to say dinner was ready, and would I wait for the sahib?

I awoke from writing all about Jim, to miss him. How late he was! I wandered disconsolately about the gardens on the look-out for him. But he came not. Instead, came the night, alone. The bats began to skim under the branches. The flying foxes emerged from the portico, and the distant cry of a jackal, weird, blood-curdling, replaced the ring-dove's coo of the morning.

After waiting an hour, I yielded reluctantly to the old bearer's persuasion, and toyed with a solitary meal which choked me. In vain Ali Boxus assured me that there was no counting upon the sahib's return when once he set off shooting. That was poor comfort! How different had been our snug little dinner of the night before!

Darkness fell: under the shadow of the mango trees, a darkness that might be felt. The moon would not rise till midnight; with the darkness came all sorts of fears, real and imaginary; fears of snakes and toads and jackals; fears of accident, if not of death, to Jim; recollections of horrid guns going off unawares, of ponies falling down and breaking their riders' necks!

I no longer dared go out as far as the gateway and listen for his horse's hoofs. Even the strange, dark garden had mysterious terrors. I huddled in the centre octagonal room of our Pearl Kiosque, sitting miserably on my little camp bed, Jim's empty one beside me.

I think that I must have cried a little, at last, I felt so utterly lonely. Then the ayah came and persuaded me to let her undress me and put me to bed, as was her wont.

She gently massaged my limbs, crooning the while softly to herself. The dim light of a wick in a saucer of oil on the ground in one corner faintly lit up the beautiful tracery of the arches, and the form of the old bearer stretched on guard in the veranda. Insensibly I dozed.

But fitfully. Every now and again I awoke starting, fancying Jim had returned. Then I began to dream, horrid dreams: I was out shooting with Jim, and wild beasts, huge and fierce, beset us. Mohun was there, but would not help us. He kept on saying that the sahib was in my charge now. Then a great sort of wolf attacked Jim. I threw myself between them—I could see its fangs—the creature's mouth slobbered over me—I awoke with a shriek!

There, between me and a little lamp, *was* a beast—huge—gaunt—hairy—with a big mouth wide open! I could hear it eating—lapping! I sat up in terror. Was my dream true? Was it eating Jim? But my scream scared it. It slunk away—a poor, starved wretch of a pariah dog, driven to lapping the oil out of the lamp. I sprang out of bed. There was no Jim! I was still alone in this open, unprotected garden-house! I shouted for the ayah and the bearer, who woke up, frightened at my fright.

Not another moment, I exclaimed, would I remain without the sahib in this place where all sorts of things could roam in. I could not sleep a wink! I ordered them to find me out some other room at once, and I shivered with the night air and with terror.

The bearer, still half-asleep, joined his hands in supplication. Of course, my High-Mightiness could go where I liked; but the Maharajah's sahib guests always had their beds laid in the Pearl Garden House. The palace was doubtless unwashed and mosquito-y, but if it was safer, I would sleep there. No, not in the big hall—that would give me the blues. Were there no little rooms?

The bearer departed to investigate, through some of the Rajah's myrmidons, lying asleep about the place. He returned with the information that my High-Mightiness could rest in the *Bebi-Khana*, the women's apartments, over the great hall. So we set forth—they do these things so easily in India—I and my servants, my bed, my bag, and my tea-basket.

The huge mirrors of the great hall, by the dim light of the bearer's lantern, reflected a very woebegone little white face. By a

narrow little dirty stairs in the thickness of the wall we climbed to a suite of rooms high up. I chose the least and innermost, as the securest, as well as the airiest, with the night breeze blowing in through a glassless window opening on to a small arched balcony of stone. The servants quickly arranged my little bed, and in a few minutes I had lain down again, while the ayah, her head muffled in her white shawl, after the manner of her kind, stretched herself on the floor of the adjoining room.

Despite my gnawing anxiety about Jim, the change, the cooler air, soon made me drowsy, and I quickly fell asleep, this time soundly and dreamlessly. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was suddenly awoke by the sound of a voice, near at hand.

I opened my eyes. Straight in front of me, through the carved arches of the balcony, was a brilliant patch of light. The moon had risen, but, inside, the room was in dense shadow. By the dim light of the flickering lamp on the floor, when I turned my head, I saw a figure in the doorway.



"I SAW A FIGURE IN THE DOORWAY."

I sprang up in bed as it advanced slowly towards me and resolved itself into that of a wizened old scarecrow of a native woman, quite half-naked, and simply a mass of wrinkles and bones, crowned with a few stray

grey locks. It might have been a hundred years old; it looked scarcely human, till it opened its toothless jaws and spoke.

"Ha! here you are, Shahzadi," it quavered, grimly. "I have sought you everywhere, and I have found you at last!" it added, with a grin so fiendish that I sat up in bed too transfixed with terror even to scream or move.

"The beautiful white Princess!" it croaked, sidling nearer, "with the yellow hair and the pale face! Ha! Salaam! the beautiful new Maharanee! Salaam! The Maharajah's Heart's Delight. The beautiful prisoner—all the white men killed! Only the white Shahzadi left, and left to be the Maharajah's *Bebi*! Ha!" she hissed. "I have found you at last!"

She seemed about to spring upon me. I saw her eyes glitter in the gloom. For a moment I shrank up against the wall, and then I jumped over the end of the bed, and glanced round for a means of escape. But the old madwoman had got between me and the door! I tried to scream. But my

tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. Besides, ayahs asleep, and swaddled up like mummies, are stone deaf. Then it all happened so quickly. She advanced upon me, nearer and nearer, still with that horrible grin and jabbering wildly.

"Found! found! You white *Bebi*! Beautiful? Faugh! Once I was beautiful too, and his Highness the Maharajah loved my long black hair and my fat white neck."

I edged away—back—back. She drew upon me like a baleful old snake, fascinating me with her horrible glower.

"I was the Maharajah's Heart's Delight. I was the Maharanee, till you came, you white Shahzadi! Yah!"

I was against the pillar through the archway—in the balcony—on she came!

"Wah! wah!" she croaked. "Beautiful? I will make you beautiful—I'll dim those beautiful eyes of yours——"

A long, bony arm, bangle laden, hovered in the air. A knife gleamed in the moonlight as she swooped down upon me. Whether she pushed me, whether I let myself fall, I cannot say. But the next moment I was over the edge of the balcony and down, thirty feet, into the pond below!

There was a yell of maniacal laughter, the shadow of a figure following me as I fell! I struck the water and sank. A struggle brought me to the surface again. In front of me the sheer walls of the palace glittered white in the moonlight. A few strokes, and I felt the ground under my feet: soft, slimy ooze and mud, under the very walls.

I leant against the stone to fetch my breath, and looked up and around. Not a buttress or a prop to climb up by within reach. Under the sheer wall a narrow strip of mud. At the end of the pond, could I reach it, stone steps. I took a step forward. But, ah! what was that dark shadow in the moonlight—and another—and yet another? I had reckoned without the muggers! Muggers to right, to left, in front—basking, half-asleep in the moonlight—frightful—loathsome—evil——

I clung to the wall, paralyzed with terror, not daring to move a step. How could I hope to escape those sharp eyes, those greedy jaws? But I was young, and the instinct of self-preservation is strong. I thought, if indeed at such a moment I could be said to think at all, that my only slender chance of safety lay in creeping stealthily along the tiny strip of ooze and reaching the steps at the other end. But was it possible, without waking those slumbering monsters?

Nerving myself to the utmost, I made an effort. Luckily, my bare feet and my scanty garments enabled me to move quietly and with as little disturbance as possible of the water. I crept slowly, hardly daring to put one foot before the other. The moonlight

was so fearfully searching. At every step it revealed fresh horrors—a gruesome head slowly peeping out of the water, a loathly, claw-like paw lying on the mud. The horrid monsters lay so thick together, some half-atop of the others, that even my stealthy movements rippling the water caused them to stir. My night-dress flicked some horny back, or swept over a black snout, which, when I had passed by, slowly opened and snapped to behind me.

Once I trod on a great, fat, horny-eared toad, and I nearly collapsed with terror as it flopped into the water, arousing the dreaded sleepers. Around me in the moonlight I seemed to see hundreds of eyes opening, hundred of gleaming jaws full of white teeth!

The palace wall seemed interminable. Should I never gain the steps? Just, however, when they appeared within reach, and I had just begun to breathe freely, one monster, larger than all the rest, seemed to bar my way. I clung helplessly to the wall,



"I CLUNG HELPLESSLY TO THE WALL."

and gave myself up for lost. For he was sleeping badly. Perhaps he had indigestion, or the mosquitoes annoyed him! Anyhow, ever and anon his long tail moved a little and his jaws slowly opened and shut. I remember standing there, staring terror-stricken at him, wondering if I should take long to die, if Jim——

But the mere thought of Jim nerved me to a fresh effort. Could I not hazard a wild leap over the monster's back—a step backwards, a steady take-off, the mud permitting? What was the use of all my training, my golf, my tennis, if now, in this desperate hour of need, I could not leap for my life?

I drew back to make the attempt, feeling hopelessly the while that the mud would prevent a fair start; that the creature, snapping at my clothes, would pull me down—when, just as I had nerved myself to try, it slowly sank down beneath the water and disappeared!

A moment later and, more dead than alive, I had staggered up the steps, pursued by a horrible sound of disturbed water and snapping jaws. There was a sort of path of clear, dry, unbaked ground; beyond, a stone seat. I just reached it, and then Nature revenged herself for the prolonged tension, and I fainted. When I came to myself, the moonlight was struggling with the dawn. I still lay upon the seat, but my head was pillowed on something soft, and over me bent—my husband!

"Thank God!" I heard his voice. It was no dream, then.

"Jim! Back all right?"

My eyes spoke what my voice had not strength to utter.

"Hush! My darling! Drink this. Now, let me carry you——"

"Not back to *that* room!" I gasped, shudderingly, clinging to him.

"No, no, my darling. Lie quiet; do not talk. I'll take you to our own little Pearl Garden House."

And there he laid me. It was all clear and fair now—scented with roses, and full of ring-doves, too, cooing. Then a fit of hysterical tears relieved my overstrained nerves, and I sobbed myself to sleep, holding Jim's hand.

When I awoke it was high noon in the world outside. I felt myself once more, and was able to hear Jim's story. He was dreadfully penitent. Only to look at him, my Jim, with the iron nerves, who had faced charging tigers and mad elephants, you could

see that he had had almost as great a fright as myself.

As for himself, this was what had occurred: Mohun, slipping down a ravine, had cut an artery in his leg with his hunting-knife, and wrenched his ankle badly.

"I felt I could not leave him there alone to bleed to death. I wish I had, now," muttered Jim.

"Jim!"

"If I had known, my own—fifty Mohuns—but never mind that now! Well, I tied him up, and waited till all the danger was over. It was quite dark by then; the stalk had been such a long one."

"You got a fine head?"

"Yes—no. I really can't remember. The deer—I've forgotten all about it!"

"You? Oh, Jim! And what next?"

"Well, you see, Mohun couldn't move, and I had to go off and get help to carry him. The nearest village was a couple of miles off, and I kept losing my way among the hills, and all the time I was worried to pieces wondering what you would think, how anxious you'd be."

"Not many sahibs would have taken all that trouble for a 'nigger,' Jim," I murmured, proudly.

"It was nothing, but for *you*! Besides, I owe Mohun something always for that time in Kashmir. However, I got him back all right in time. But I returned to find the Garden House empty! Then they sent me to the *Bebi-Khana*. There I found Ali Boxus and the ayah off their heads with terror. Your bed in the inner room was empty—you had utterly disappeared!"

"My poor Jim!"

"We hunted all over the palace," he continued, "and, of course, in vain! Then—then suddenly—I remembered—the—the muggers!"

He stopped abruptly, grew pale beneath his tan, and the hand holding mine shook.

"We turned to the lake, and there I found you—wet—cold—I thought dead—but I *found* you!"

He could not go on. But I nestled my head upon his shoulder, and he, feeling me close to him, alive and warm, clasped me as if he could never let me go again, and thus, gradually, and in broken sentences, I told him the story of *my* night.

Ere we left "Hearts' Delight" that evening—bringing, at my urgent pleading, our honeymoon to an abrupt conclusion, for nothing would have induced me to spend another night in the place—Jim inflicted

summary vengeance. While men in punts beat the lake, he from the bank shot every bottle-nosed or man-eating mugger as soon as it showed its hideous snout above water. The hide of the largest, a hideous monster, the patriarch of all the evil tribe, he wished to preserve as a trophy, and, at its skinning, two strange things came to light. In its stomach were found a silver amulet of native manufacture, and a gold ring, evidently English. The stones had dropped out, but on rubbing it up we were enabled to read the inscription inside :—

"Ethel Clayton, from Jack Joyce. Till death do us part."

"Ethel Clayton!" I exclaimed. "Why, that was the name of mamma's poor sister! Jack Joyce! Why, surely that was the name of the man she was engaged to—he was killed at the forlorn hope at Delhi—volunteered for it, mamma said, he was so broken-hearted about her death——"

"Her death?" repeated Jim. "But this ring?"

"Poor Aunt Ethel! She was killed in the massacre at Guramghur, you know, when the treacherous old Maharajah——"

I stopped short, a horrible light breaking in upon me as I stared at the ring, and the mad jabberings of the old crone in the night burst into my mind again.

"Unless—unless—oh! Jim, you don't think—it can't be possible?"—and I covered my face with my hands as if to shut out some horrible sight.

Whether our terrible surmise was true we were never able to discover. Jim made every investigation, but in vain. With the wicked old Maharajah had vanished all his myrmidons and the old régime. Either through ignorance or fear, not a soul about the place could or would say anything about any white woman brought to the palace forty years before, after the terrible massacre at Guramghur.

Only one person, they all agreed, could have told us anything about it: that was the late Maharajah's favourite wife—now a haggard old crone, with failing wits—through the kindness of his successor allowed to end her days at "Hearts' Delight."

But she had not been seen since last evening. Only the amulet found inside the mugger, and which was at once identified as hers, corroborated the mad laugh and the falling figure which had followed me as I fell, and left us in no doubt as to her fate.

For my part, when I recall her frenzied words, and recollect that mamma has often told me how like I am to

poor Aunt Ethel, I see plainly that my sudden appearance at "Hearts' Delight" must have aroused in the miserable maniac's distraught mind a fit of the jealousy of forty years back, and feel no doubt that somehow or other (how, we shall never know this side the grave) my poor young aunt fell a victim to the awful death I so narrowly escaped.



"I STOPPED SHORT AS I STARED AT THE RING."

Yarns from Captains' Logs.

I.

BY ALFRED T. STORY.



SAILORS' yarns are proverbially interesting. This arises largely from the element of mystery which envelops the whale's bath, as the ocean is named in the oldest English epic, and from the spirit of adventure which attaches to all who go down to the sea in ships.

It was the boldest and most daring spirits who in the earliest of early times ventured from land in the frail coracle or simple dug-out canoe. And yet these must have seemed but timid seafarers in comparison with the adventurous souls who yoked the wind to their tiny keels, and, emulating the strong-winged sea-birds, made the waves their home, and ploughed its furrows for their food. But what was the taking of a coracle or an ancient galley out to sea in comparison with the running of the passenger steamers that ply between Liverpool or Southampton and New York, or between London and the Australian Colonies or India?

Hence it is that the sailor's story is as full of charm as ever to the landsman, and that, if well told, it rarely palls upon the taste. It is not every seaman, however, who has got a yarn to tell like that of the Ancient Mariner or the Flying Dutchman, although there are still living numberless old salts who are ready to take their affidavit on the fact of having seen the redoubtable Mynheer's phantom ship.

Science and steam have effected much for those who do business in the great deep, but they have not yet killed the sea-serpent; neither have modern enlightenment and the School Board altogether exorcised the Spirit of Evil from the face of the waters—or, perhaps, we should say that they have not as yet quite enfranchised the mind of the sailor from the superstitions that formerly were as prevalent as the tang of the salt in the air we breathed, and that so largely influenced his actions and conduct. Of this the following incident is a witness. The amusing little drama was narrated to the writer by the wife of one of the actors therein, and though the event did not appear in the captain's log, that circumstance arose simply from the fact that he could not write.

On a dark and dismal night a few years ago a small coasting schooner was tossing about off the south-east coast. The wind whistled ominously, telling in its own unmis-

takable language of a rapidly approaching storm. The skipper, a seasoned old salt, felt, with a knowledge that had become instinct, that they were going to have a dirty night. He knew that there was not a moment to be lost if he would have his vessel put in readiness to meet the coming tempest. The first thing to be done was to get in the topsail, and he accordingly gave the order to a man standing near him:—

"Jack, go aloft and furl the tops'el!"

To the master's astonishment, the man he addressed, though a sailor of undoubted bravery, hesitated to obey. The skipper rapped out an oath, and bade him do as he was bid. But the sailor still held back, and when reproached for a coward and a poltroon, the poor fellow blurted out the reason of his extraordinary conduct by saying:—

"A darn't, sir. A've 'eard queer sounds in th' riggin' as a don't much care for. It strikes me there's somethin' unnat'ral 'bout it."

"Rubbish!" cried the skipper, now well-nigh boiling with rage. "Do as I tell ye this moment, or it'll be the worse for ye."

Jack, fearing the rough treatment he would inevitably bring down upon himself if he persisted in his disobedience, made up his mind to dare the terror that lurked in the pitch darkness enshrouding the rigging, and began to ascend towards the topsail yard. But he had not gone far aloft ere he came to a sudden stop. Then with a precipitancy which he had not shown in going up, he tumbled down to the deck again.

"Now, then, you lubber! What's taken possession of you now?" demanded the skipper.

"Oh, Cap'n!" cried the terrified fellow, as soon as his agitation would permit him to speak, "the bad un's in the riggin'. I ain't agoin' t' furl that ere tops'el with 'im a lurkin' there."

The skipper ground his teeth, but vouchsafed not a word to the scared man. With a look of contempt he pushed past him, and commanded a young Irishman to perform the task, adding: "And look smart about it, d'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, skipper!" responded Paddy, who, glad to show his superiority to danger and fear, swung himself aloft with the alacrity of a monkey. But no sooner had he reached the top than, like Jack, Paddy

became transfixed with horror. Not another step did he venture to take, but instead went helter-skelter downwards, reaching the deck even quicker than his shipmate had done. Nor did he attempt to hide the white feather either.

"Och, sure!" cried he, "an' if it ain't the foul fiend himself that has got into the tops'el."

"Get along, you cowardly lubber!" cried the incensed skipper.

"Faix, mas-ther, but I heerd him say, 'Rough weather, mates,' as plain as plain could be—an' as fur furling the sail in face of that imp of sin—you may do it yourself, for, begor, I won't."

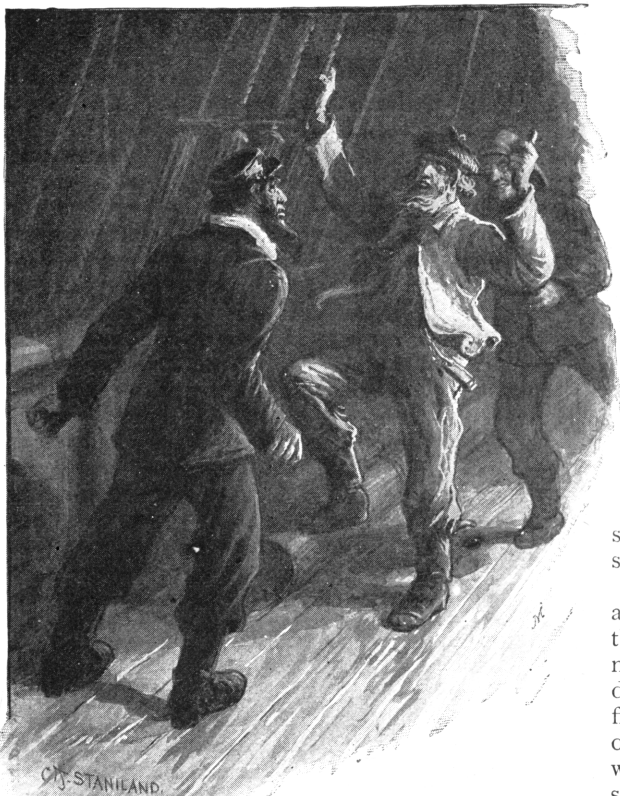
"Fiend or no fiend," shouted the captain, who was now in a towering rage, "I'll have that topsail down"; and seizing a knife, he proceeded to climb the rigging.

But no sooner had he reached the top than he received, in a harsh, rancous voice, the same greeting as his men:—

"Rough weather, mates—rough weather!"

Needless to say that, like Jack and Paddy, the skipper was terribly scared; and if he did not get down to the deck as quickly as they, it was because he was less supple in the joints, not because his hurry was less.

There was now no doubt as to the ship being, for the time, the abode of a demon. The only question was what to do with the schooner with such an unwelcome visitor on board. A hasty council of war was held, with the resulting unanimous feeling that their prospects of ever seeing daylight again were very small. All were of opinion that the



"NOW, THEN, YOU LUBBER! WHAT'S TAKEN POSSESSION OF YOU?"

only chance they had lay in being very good, and doing nothing to anger the Evil One. Accordingly they steered the ship to the best of their ability, and kept very quiet, fearing all the time lest the grim terror in the rigging should lead them to destruction upon a treacherous sand, or against some sunken rock.

In this state of anxiety and fear they passed the night; and gladly did they hail the first faint gleam of returning day, which also brought some mitigation of the tempest. Then the eyes of the crew were strained

as they gazed up into the rigging to see if perchance the demon was still there. Nothing as yet could they descry, for the mist continued to cling about the masts and shrouds; but the Irish sailor vowed that he could make out a pair of eyes a-gleam near the mast-head; and there was no mistake about the voice that suddenly cried down to them, making Jack almost jump overboard with fright:—

"Now, then, you lubbers, belay, there, belay!"

Everybody expected next moment to see the grim monster show himself in their midst. But behold their surprise when, instead, they saw a large, handsome parrot fly down into the top and salute them with something very much like a laugh. The accomplished bird had flown into the schooner's rigging from a passing vessel, and was thus, no doubt innocently enough, the cause of a night of heart-quaking and anxiety to a whole crew.

One could not have got that story from the good skipper himself, for, like the rest of us, the sailor is reluctant to let out that which



"NOW, THEN, YOU LUBBERS, BELAY, THERE, BELAY!"

tells against himself. Thus it often happens that Jack's best yarns are rounded off with a "But you must not tell that," or it may be that you may only tell it with a variation.

But such is not the case in the following experiences taken from the lips of masters of some of the largest vessels belonging to our mercantile marine. They are selected with a view to show what are the kind of men who hold command in our moving cities of the deep, what are the perils they go through, and what the training they receive in order to be able to cope with them.

It is fitting to begin with the Commodore of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fleet, Captain William Andrews, master of the *Caledonia*, the newest and largest of the vessels that carry the P. and O. flag, and capable of accommodating eight hundred passengers. It is interesting to record that Captain Andrews ran away to sea when he was sixteen years of age—the more so because lads do not do such things now, and not many girls. His first voyage was to the West Indies, with a hard master, and plenty of salt junk, and little else, to eat. He lived through it, however, gained his experience by

years of hard work in sailing ships, then joined the P. and O. and became a "steam-sailor." Much of his early years in the service was spent in the India and China seas. That was in the pre-Suez Canal days, when the company gave extra pay to those who worked on "the other side," that is, on the Red Sea side of the Isthmus of Suez.

Captain Andrews tells an interesting experience of his voyage, as a passenger, from Singapore to Hong Kong, to take his first command. This was in December, 1864:—

"In the middle of the China Seas a typhoon came on"—I tell the story, as nearly as possible, in the captain's own words. "It was out of season, the regular season for such cyclonic disturbances being July, August, and September, and came on unexpectedly. We got into the

centre of it and tried to run back, but it overtook us; and there we were, with the wind now coming in a gust from this quarter and now from that, so that you did not know how to take it, and the sea jumping up all about you, with no regular motion as at ordinary times. I volunteered to assist at the helm, which it took two or three men to hold, it tugged so terribly at times, owing to the heavy seas striking the rudder. Big seas were coming over us all the time, and again and again the men assisting me were thrown down, and I had to sustain the tug of the helm alone. You see, I was bigger than they were, and at that time very powerful."

A query at this point elicited the fact that Captain Andrews's height is 5ft. 10in., that he is 47in. round the chest, and that his present weight is 16st.

He went on: "We stood it for sixteen hours, and then the hurricane moderated. When it was over, and we were going on again all right, we came in sight of a steamer with her foremast gone right down to the deck. She had lost her mainmast, too, and a lot of spars. We spoke her, but she did not want any assistance.

"After the storm, during the whole of which—a stretch of sixteen hours—I was at the helm and wet through to the skin, I got into a hot bath to prevent me from taking cold, and then went to bed. The next day, when I awoke, I was all over black marks. Wherever there had been a strain of the muscles, through holding on to the helm—and it was sometimes as much as I could do to keep my grip—there was a black mark, just as though I had been struck a heavy blow. I shall never forget that typhoon, coming as it did in the fine season. It was one of those experiences which, when you are in the midst of it, makes you say to yourself: 'If I get out of this, I will quit the sea'; but you soon forget that feeling when the storm is past. For some years after that I was chiefly in the China Seas, where I had command of a vessel."

Two of the captain's experiences in Celestial waters are worth recording. The P. and O. boats are largely manned by Lascars—a name commonly applied to Hindu, Malay, and even negro sailors, and sometimes—especially those engaged in the China trade—to Chinese. On one occasion Captain Andrews had shipped a lot of Celestials, and he was afraid, from their looks, that some of them were no good, and bent on mischief. There had been cases of Chinese shipping in this way, and then, when the vessel had reached a certain point down the river, giving a signal to piratical junks lying hidden in creeks, and so making a simultaneous attack on the ship and capturing her.

"Not liking the looks of the fellows," said the captain, "and thinking there might be some pirates among them, I put a revolver in my pocket, gave one to each of my officers, and then went down to the engineers and handed one to each of them, and told them to be on their guard. Then to foil the wretches, in case any mischief was to the fore, I ran out of sight of land, knowing that they could do nothing if they lost their bearings. It is usual in going down the Canton River to keep in sight of land; but it

is easy to run ten or twelve miles out, and so lose it, and this I did. Nothing happened, and my doubts of the Chinese may have been unfounded; but from my knowledge of the Celestials and their ways, I hold my precaution to have been wise.

"Talking about pirates," continued Captain Andrews, "I once witnessed a funny sight, off the Chinese coast, which never was explained. We heard guns firing, and then saw a lot of junks letting fly at each other like mad. They were going it hot and strong with gingals; but, as it was no affair of mine, and as a stray shot from a ginal would have gone through the hull of my vessel (our boats not being made to stand gun-shot), I gave them a wide berth. And whether it was junks of the Chinese navy attacking

pirates, or pirates attacking naval junks or merchant vessels, and what was the result of the action, I never heard. I daresay it was much the same, which ever side beat."

But Captain Andrews's most curious and interesting story was the following. It is connected with the navigation of the Hooghly, perhaps the most difficult in the world, chiefly because of the changing sandbanks in its course. These are so variable that fresh soundings have to be taken every day. Calcutta is nearly ninety miles up the

river, which is fifteen miles wide at its mouth. The incident occurred in November, 1856, Captain Andrews being then in command of the *Oriental*, one of the P. and O. Company's steamers.

"It was the fine season," said the captain, "and we were just coming in from sea, bound for Calcutta. We had reached Sandheads all right, and the men were busy aloft scraping the masts and polishing-up in readiness for harbour. Suddenly, when a little north of Saugor Island, a man aloft sang out that there was a white man in the water. I gave a look through the glass, and there, sure enough, I saw a white man splashing about amid the waves a little way ahead of us. There was no land or any ship near. We had passed the lightship an hour before. Lowering a boat, we quickly brought



CAPTAIN WILLIAM ANDREWS, OF THE "CALEDONIA."
From a Photo. by Fradell & Young.



"LOWERING A BOAT, WE QUICKLY BROUGHT HIM ALONGSIDE."

him alongside and assisted him up the ladder ; for he was so exhausted that he could hardly move a limb, and all that he could say was, ' *Tubal Cain* lost and all hands.' He turned out to be a pilot belonging to the Calcutta pilot service, and had been in the water sixteen hours. He was put to bed and attended to by the doctor, and we went on our way up the river. When passing some dangerous rocks just before reaching Hooghly Bight, called 'The James and Mary,' we saw a sailing vessel—a barque—capsized, and a lot of men in the rigging and on the rocks. We lowered boats and went to their assistance, though there was a tremendous tide running. The waves were literally mountains high, and we had great difficulty in rescuing them, some of them being on the rocks and almost covered with water, while others were on the ends of the yards, singing out, 'Come here! Come here! Take us off!' By pulling up on the eddy we managed to get near enough to take off eleven of the crew.

"Just then I saw a tug-boat plying about them, and as my ship fired a gun and I was obliged to go on board, I transferred the rescued crew to the tug, as most of them were without clothing, and so not in a fit state to go on board my vessel, which carried passengers. I found that the tug had tried to rescue the men with her boat, but it had capsized and its crew been drowned.

"It turned out that this vessel had gone in at the same time as the *Tubal Cain* ; but the *Tubal Cain* had struck on a reef or on a

sandbank, while the *Alma* had passed in as far as the Bight. There the *Alma* came to grief, while the *Tubal Cain*, after a time, floated off.

"The *Tubal Cain* belonged to the East India Company, and had a Lascar crew with English officers. When it struck, the pilot told them that, when the flood-tide came, it would roll over and all would be lost. He advised, therefore, taking to the boats. This they did, the captain, the pilot, the cook, and their one passenger taking to one boat, and the officers to the other. The captain's boat capsized, however, and all hands were lost except the pilot.

"Meanwhile, the Lascars, left to perish on the *Tubal Cain*, clung to the ship, expecting, when the flood-tide came, to be drowned like rats. But when the tide rose, the ship, instead of rolling over, simply floated and came off the rocks, and the Serang (as the head of a Lascar crew is called) found, when she was in deep water, that she was but little damaged and could be navigated up to Calcutta.

"Early in the morning came a steamer which was taking out pilots to Sandheads. The tug which had on board the crew of the *Alma* also put in an appearance, as well as the boat with the officers of the *Tubal Cain*, they having weathered the gale. The latter wanted to take charge of the ship, but the Serang would not let them. He said they had deserted the ship in one boat, and the captain and the pilot in another, and now he and the crew were going to take the ship up

to Calcutta without them. And this they did, accepting, however, the services of a pilot. The officers went up on board the tug."

Captain Duncan, of the South African Royal Mail steamer *Norham Castle*, has stirring yarns to tell of dangers encountered and perils gone through, amongst others of his only shipwreck, when, through following an accidental shore light, instead of the proper beacon, a Liverpool pilot ran them ashore on the north side of the Mersey. The stem of the steamer was deeply embedded and held fast in the sand, while the working of the tide washed away all support from under the stern. "And," said the captain (though not then master), "she snapped in two amidships just as you would snap a stick across your knee." But

Captain Duncan's most interesting story is that relating to the rescue of the crew of the sailing ship *Fascadale*, in February, 1895. On the 7th of that month, early in the morning, as the *Norham Castle* was about three miles from land, off the mouth of the Impenjali River, on the borders of Natal and Pondoland, proceeding north, the look-out man descried a large four-masted vessel lying broadside on a reef about a mile from shore, with a list to seaward, while the breakers were dashing over its hull, sweeping the deck, and breaking in foam half-mast high. The sun was shining brightly at the time, and with the aid of a glass a number of men could be seen clinging to the rigging, and making frantic signs of distress. The fore and main masts had lower square sails set; but the mizzenmast had gone by the board, and only the bare jigger remained on the jigger.

As the wind caught the sails, the vessel heeled over shorewards; but the backwash of the breakers carried the hull to its first position. The Mozambique current, which tends southwards along this coast, was at the time running with great rapidity, and as the wind was driving inshore, causing a heavy ground-swell, which was breaking on shore in gigantic rollers, Captain Duncan deemed it imprudent to venture too close to the wreck.

He therefore slowed down and sent off two lifeboats to the rescue, one of them being under the command of the chief officer, Mr. Frank Whitehead. The wreck was about three miles away; and the men had considerable difficulty in rowing against the heavy swell. Before they could reach the ill-fated vessel she parted amidships, leaving a number of men clinging to the rigging of the jigger, while several others had sought refuge on the jibboom. As the majority of the shipwrecked sailors were on the after-part of the ship, Mr. Whitehead first turned his attention to them; but the sea was running so high, and the breakers were sweeping with such violence over the poop, that he saw there was imminent danger of the boat being carried forward by the waves and dashed to pieces against the hull. Several attempts were

made to cast a line to the shipwrecked men, so that communications might be established between them and Mr. Whitehead's boat; but it fell short of the mark and was carried away by the current.

In the hopelessness of effecting the rescue of the men in this way, the first officer took a gallant resolve. Throwing off his sea-boots and upper garments, he fixed the end of a log-line round his body, and plunging into the water, he struck out boldly for the wreck. It required

both nerve and muscle to contend with the foaming surge, especially as by this time the sky had become overcast, and a squall, accompanied by torrents of rain, had set in.

Meanwhile one of the young apprentices on board the wreck—a boy named Ferris—decided to assist Mr. Whitehead in carrying out his plan. With the aid of some of his mates he tied a small rope round his waist, sprang into the sea, and bravely swam towards Mr. Whitehead. It was an exciting moment alike for the shipwrecked sailors, whose lives depended on the success of these two dauntless swimmers, and for the boat's crew, who saw their chief officer thus risking his life. For some time the contest seemed doubtful; but at length, half-swimming, half-floating, the swimmers came within reach of each



CAPTAIN DUNCAN, OF THE "NORHAM CASTLE."
From a Photo. by W. E. Wright, Forest Gate.



"THE SWIMMERS CAME WITHIN REACH OF EACH OTHER."

other; and there in the water, between the wrecked ship and the lifeboat, the two lines were tied together, and communications established. Mr. Whitehead and the plucky young 'prentice were drawn aboard the lifeboat, and a strong rope was sent on to the stranded wreck. By means of it the survivors were one by one brought to the lifeboat — the apprentice boys first and then the men, until the whole of the men on the poop, except the captain, were rescued. The captain refused to leave his ship until every man had been saved, and there were still five or six men on the jibboom, whom the other boat's crew were doing their best to save, though vainly. Under the circumstances, and for the reason that the captain was so badly bruised by the wreckage that was rushing about the quarter-deck as to be almost helpless, Mr. Whitehead, although much exhausted by his previous efforts, once more plunged into the sea, swam to the wreck, and tying a rope about himself and the captain, they were both drawn to the lifeboat. Meanwhile the men on the other part of the wreck, all except one, had been rescued by some Kaffirs on shore, under the direction of a colonist.

Captain Duncan tells another incident of his career with the Castle Line, whereby he possibly averted a great disaster. It occurred some years ago when he was master of the *Ionic*, one of the New Zealand line of steamers, and 400ft. in length. When 900 miles from Cape Town he picked up

a vessel, which was lying helpless upon the water with a broken shaft. The *Ionic* was on the way to England when the accident occurred. "All told," said Captain Duhcan, "she had 280 persons on board. The broken shaft had knocked a hole in one of her plates, and there was nothing but the plates of the bulkhead to save her. She was just on the other side of the line of navigation, and was drifting north at the rate of fifteen miles a day. Two or three days more and she would have been out of the track of vessels going north and south, and no steamer would have been likely to see her. We towed her back to Cape Town."

Captain Harris, of the *Doune Castle*, another of Messrs. Donald Currie's magnificent vessels, tells a similar stirring incident of coming to the rescue of a passenger steamer with a broken shaft. The *Doune Castle* left Southampton on December 8th. On Sunday, December 16th, off Cape Verd, the look-out reported a two-funnel steamer to the south-west which seemed to be disabled. Captain Harris concluded that it must be the *Moor Castle*, of the Union Line, the mail boat which had sailed just before the *Doune Castle*, and so it turned out. "She told us by signal," said Captain Harris, "that her machinery had broken down, and asked us to steam into the anchorage of Goree and take off the Christmas mails for the Cape. Goree is a little south of the promontory that forms Cape Verd, and there is a very safe anchorage. We went there

and transferred from the *Moor Castle* 500 large boxes of mails, 120 cases of parcel post, and 70 tons of periodicals by means of boats. It took us from five o'clock on Sunday afternoon until 3.30 on Monday morning, working all night without intermission. We got into Cape Town on the morning of the 27th. The passengers had to wait and be passed on to Cape Town by the next steamer."

A more startling incident in Captain Harris's experience on the same ship was the following, which happened three or four years ago.

"We were steaming on, somewhere near the Equator," said Captain Harris, "when, about ten o'clock at night, there came on a summer shower, with thunder and lightning. This came on very suddenly, but it was not particularly heavy. It was my bed-time; but before going to my room I went up to the officer on the bridge to see that all was right. As I was walking down the bridge ladder again, there was a terrific crash. It was completely stunning, and nobody could tell what had happened. To me it was more like the crashing of a salvo of artillery than anything else.

It was accompanied by a bright blue flame, which for a moment almost blinded us. At the same time something brilliant struck the foremast like a ball of fire, which afterwards went off with a hissing noise into the sea. Many of the passengers and officers thought the boilers had burst. The passengers came running out of their beds half-dressed, and for a moment it seemed as if we were going to have a panic; but I put my head down the skylight and told the steward to say that everything was all right. The explanation of the matter was that a thunderbolt had struck the vessel. The strange part of the affair was that the next morning, when

I came to correct the errors of my own compass, I found that the ship's compass had deviated half a point. The compasses gradually settled back, however, and by the time we reached Cape Town they were in their normal position."

When Captain Harris was a young man—little over nineteen years of age, in fact—he had a most thrilling experience—such an experience, in fact, as does not occur to one man in ten thousand. I will again let him tell it in his own way.

"It was in August,

1864, at the close of the American Civil War," said he. "I was second officer of an American brig called the *Rebecca Shepherd*, of about 500 tons, bound from Moulmein, in Burma, to Falmouth for orders. After passing down the Indian Seas, we were somewhere off the south coast of Madagascar, a hundred or two miles away quite. It was a dead calm; the sea was like glass; and the brig was literally lying 'like a painted ship upon a painted ocean.' We were loaded with teak-wood timber, and the water came to within a few feet of the deck. It had been my forenoon watch from eight till twelve. The first mate came



CAPTAIN HARRIS, OF THE "DOUNE CASTLE."
From a Photo. by W. E. Wright, Forest Gate.

up to relieve me at twelve o'clock, and, as you may imagine, in a sailing vessel like that, with no ladies on board, we were not fastidious about our dress. I had on a pair of white duck trousers, a shirt, and no shoes or stockings. I said to the mate when he came up to relieve me, 'What a frightful day! I should like to jump overboard and have a swim.' He said: 'You dare not.' I said: 'Will you bet me a sovereign on it?' He said 'Yes.' No sooner said than done. I accepted the bet, threw my cap on the deck, and took a plunge overboard. The water was beautifully refreshing, neither too cold nor too warm. I swam about in the neighbourhood of the ship for some time, enjoying

myself immensely. Suddenly, as I was about thirty yards from the ship, the mate shouted, 'Come on board—quick!' I wondered whether a breeze had sprung up and the vessel was sailing away, or anything, and swam towards the ship. But the mate still continued to shout, 'Come on board as quickly as you can—faster! faster!' I did not realize then what was the matter. But when I saw the ship's carpenter come to the brig's side with a sharp-pointed boat-hook in his hand, it suddenly struck me what was wrong. I glanced over my shoulder as I swam, and could see a dark, black object on

for my feelings. The men threw two ropes from the ship's side, about a foot apart, and still they cried, 'Faster! Faster!' I did my best, as you may imagine. I reached the ship, seized hold of the two ropes, and they fairly jerked me out of the water and on to the deck as if I had been a fish at the end of a line. At the same time the carpenter made a jab down into the water with the sharp-pointed boat-hook, and just as the shark—for it was a huge shark that I saw over my shoulder—just as the shark turned over to make a snap at me, he got the boat-



"THE SHARK TURNED OVER TO MAKE A SNAP AT ME."

the surface of the water, coming along like a streak of lightning. I knew what it was, and I did not want any more urging. I made two or three desperate strokes, and went ahead at a great pace. I was a good swimmer in those days, and could swim as few can; but I did not go along fast enough

hook fair into his jaw. The men told me afterwards that the shark did not miss me by more than two inches—which was a near enough shave. The moral of the yarn is that I have never jumped overboard from that day to this, a period of more than thirty years."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

MR. JUSTICE CHARLES.

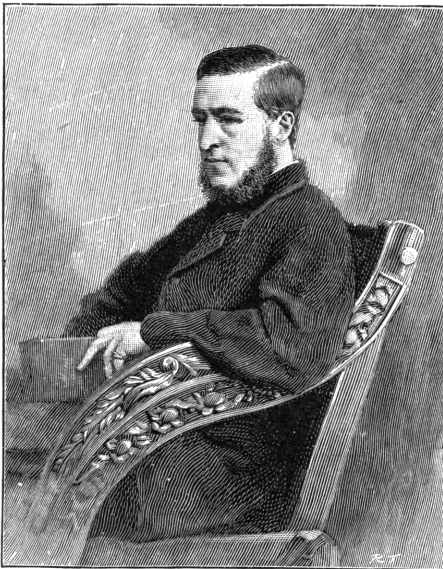
BORN 1839.



From a Photo. by] AGE 23. [Mayall, Regent St.

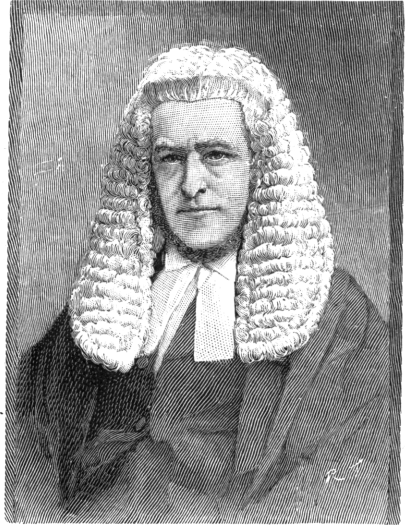


HE HON. SIR ARTHUR CHARLES, K.B., received his education at University College, London. He joined the Bar at the Inner Temple in January, 1862. He then joined the Western Circuit and



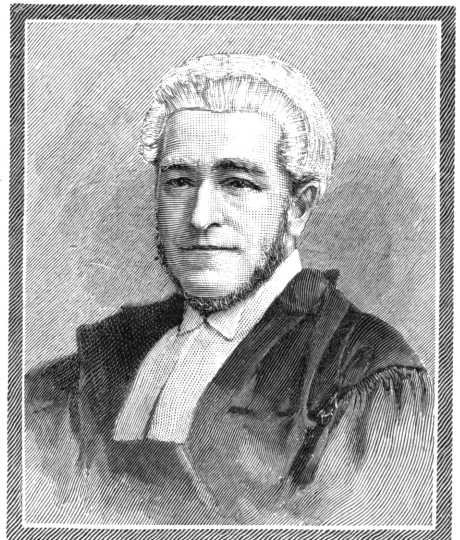
From a Photo. by] AGE 29. [Hills & Saunders.

became one of its leaders. In February, 1877, he took silk, and became a Bencher of his Inn in January, 1880. From 1878 to 1887 he was Recorder of Bath, and Chancellor of Southwell Diocese, and Commissary of the Dean and Chapter of West-



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. [Elliott & Fry.

minster from 1884-87. In September of the latter year he was appointed Judge of the High Court, and was also knighted. He married, in 1886, Rachel Christian, daughter of the late Thomas Duncan Newton, Esq.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.



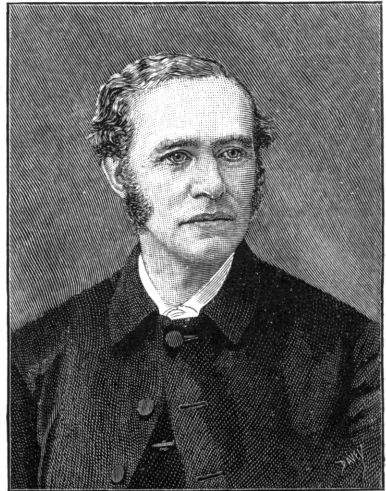
From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [Hills & Saunders, Eton.

THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.
BORN 1846.



HE RIGHT REV. GEORGE WYNDHAM KENNION is the eldest son of the late Dr. William Kennion, of Harrogate. Dr. Kennion was educated at Eton and Oriel. He was ordained priest when curate of Doncaster under Dr. Pigou, by the

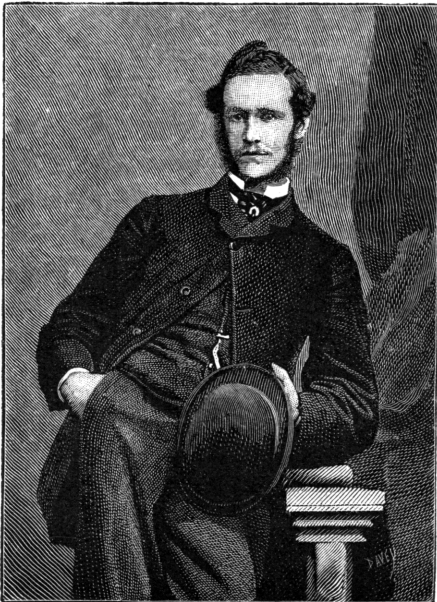
Archbishop of York, in 1870. In 1871 he was chosen as Diocesan Inspector of Schools in the Diocese of York; and in 1873 he was appointed by the Crown, on the nomination of Mr. Gladstone, to the populous parish of St. Paul's, Hull. In 1876 he became vicar of All



AGE 34.

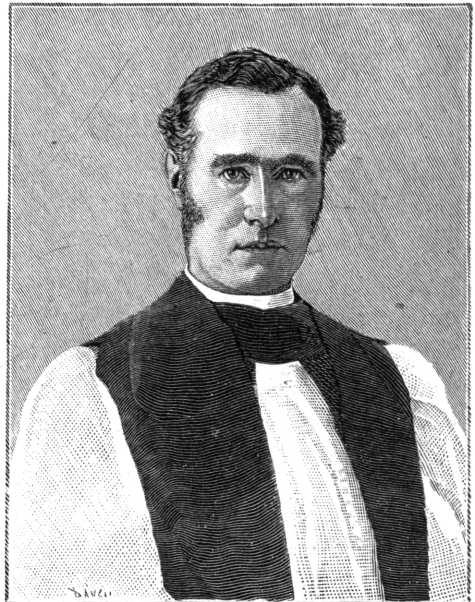
From a Photo. by Albert Sachs, Bradford.

Saints, Bradford. In 1882 the see of Adelaide, South Australia, became vacant by the resignation of Dr. Short, and Dr. Kennion was appointed as his successor. Two years ago he was offered and accepted the see of Bath and Wells, to which he was unanimously elected.



AGE 23.

From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders, Oxford.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Samuel Walker, Regent Street.



From a]

AGE 5.

[Painting.

SIR EDWARD LAWSON, BART., J.P.
BORN 1833.



SIR EDWARD LAWSON, editor and principal proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the son of the late Mr. J. M. Levy, who, in conjunction with Mr. Lionel Lawson, bought and brought to a successful issue the journal which has the "largest circulation of any daily paper in the world." The young man left college in time to take part in the



From a]

AGE 16.

[Photograph.

earliest work of the newspaper and the printing press—an apprenticeship to which he faithfully served. Everybody is familiar with the great and successful funds which have

been so ably conducted by the *Daily Telegraph*, and which have alleviated the sufferings of many thousands. The remarkable enterprise shown in connection with the late Mr. George Smith's discoveries (now in the British Museum), with Mr. H. M. Stanley's travels in Africa, and other landmarks in the career



From a]

AGE 27.

[Crayon Drawing.

of this great "daily," will cause the name of Lawson to be for ever inseparable from one of the most prosperous journalistic enterprises of this century.



PRESENT DAY.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

MISS EVELYN MILLARD.



AGE 4 MONTHS.
From a Photo. by Lock & Whitfield.



AGE 13.
From a
Photo. by
Arthur King
Notting Hill.



AMONG the *débutantes* of the last three or four years no one has come to the front more rapidly than Miss Evelyn Millard. Her first appearance,

for all practical purposes, was with Miss Sarah Thorne in June, 1891. Among other parts, she played *Juliet* in "Romeo and Juliet," and *Hero* in "Much Ado About Nothing." In the same year, Mr. Thomas Thorne engaged her as leading lady, when she played *Clara Douglas* in "Money," and *Miss Tomboy* in "Fanny Goodwill" and "Joseph's Sweetheart." While playing at The Grand, Islington, Messrs. Gatti saw her, and just nine months after her first part, she found herself

leading lady at the Adelphi, where she created the rôle of the heroine in "The White Rose." Her great opportunity came, however, when she was selected for *Rosamond* in "Sowing the Wind," and later on succeeded Mrs. Patrick Campbell as *Paula Tanqueray* at the St. James's.



AGE 4
From a Photo. by G. Aldridge, Hammersmith.

AGE 19.
From a
Photo. by
Chancellor,
Dublin.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis.

The Romance of the Museums.

I.

BY WILLIAM G. FITZGERALD.



It may be taken as a general rule that museums are fearfully dull places, and their officials miracles of courtesy. And yet if, instead of miserable little labels, the articles on show only had their whole histories writ large, that he who ran might read, what an earnest pilgrimage would commence towards grimy Bloomsbury and airy South Kensington!

For example, take that far-famed specimen of Greek art known as the Portland Vase, which is shown in the accompanying illustration. At present it is deposited in the Gold Ornament Room (it is entirely of glass) in the British Museum; of course, it has a glass case, and it rests on a nice pad of crimson plush. As usual, the official information deals almost exclusively with the apocryphal subjects depicted on the vase—"Peleus and Thetis on Mount Pelion," and the like recondite allusions. The Portland Vase is $9\frac{3}{4}$ in. high and $21\frac{3}{4}$ in. in circumference. The material is a kind of glass—an imitation of onyx, the ground being a rich transparent dark amethyst colour, with snowy figures in bas-relief of truly exquisite workmanship. Wedgwood compared these figures with the finest cameos, and asserted that the vase was the labour of many years. It was found in a marble sarcophagus inside a sepulchral chamber under the Monte del Grano, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Rome, on the road to Frascati. It was deposited there A.D.

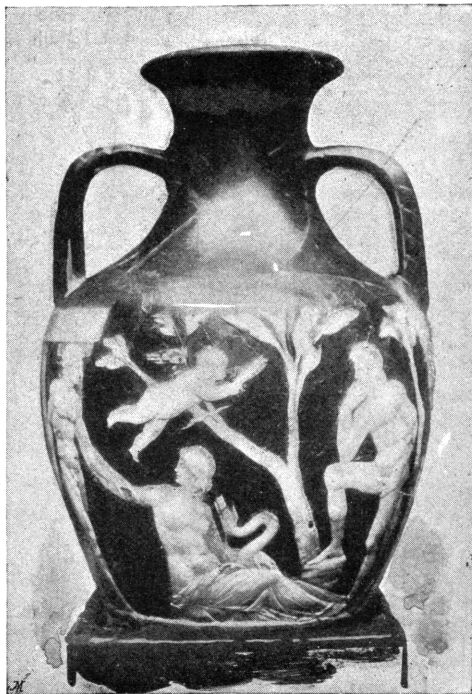
235; and the vase is supposed to be the urn that contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, and his mother, Julia Mammæ. It was unearthed by order of Pope Barberini (Urban VIII.), and it was for more than two centuries the principal ornament of the Barberini Palace.

In 1786 the then Duke of Portland purchased the vase at a sale for 1,029 guineas; and he deposited it in the British Museum in 1810, when it was carefully placed under a glass case on an octagonal table in the middle of an ante-room near the Hamiltonian Collection.

At a quarter to four on February 7th, 1845, a number of visitors were going round the Hamiltonian Room and its ante-chamber, in much the same limp, aimless way that people perform their museum peregrinations to this day, when they heard a fearful crash. Now, when we consider that even a subdued

chuckle is somehow vastly increased in volume amid the sombre galleries at Bloomsbury, we realize in some slight degree the appalling effect of that crash.

The moment the attendants hastened to the spot, they beheld the priceless Portland Vase scattered in a hundred fragments over the floor. The doors were immediately closed; and Mr. Hawkins, the superintendent, at once questioned the horrified persons in the apartments, none of whom attempted to escape, lest the odium of the fell deed should descend upon him. All gave satisfactory replies, until the de-



THE PORTLAND VASE.

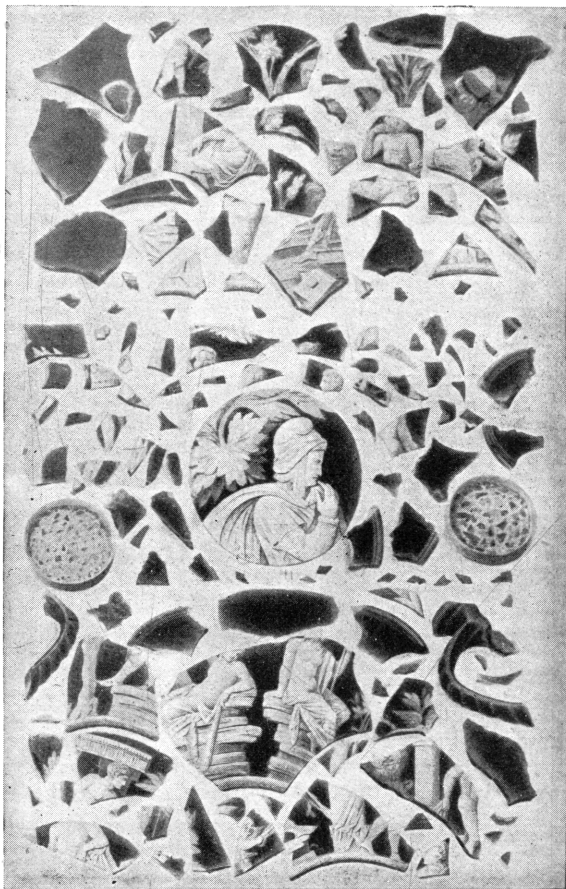
linquent himself was taxed, when he at once cried: "Alone I did it!"

He was immediately given into custody, and on being brought before Mr. Jardine, at Bow Street Police Station, he, too, fell from his high estate by alleging "delirium, arising from habitual intemperance" — clearly a euphemism for a state of uproarious drunkenness. The culprit was William Loyd, a theatrical scene painter of Dublin, but then living at a coffee-house in Long Acre. Of course, the outrage was a mere bid for evanescent notoriety, an act of vandalism *ad cap-tandum vulgis*, with not even the redeeming feature of having been committed in order to draw attention to the perennial wrongs of Ireland.

All this was bad enough, but even worse remained behind, for, amazing as it may seem, the law was almost powerless in the matter. The Wilful Damage Act directed the payment of £5, or two months' imprisonment, for deliberate damage done to property under the value of £5; from which it is evident that those who piloted the Act through Parliament had an idea that no human being would venture to damage property above that value. Be this as it may, the magistrate was driven to the evasion of directing Loyd to pay £5—the nominal value of the glass case under which the vase stood. All the miscreant possessed, however, was ninpence; consequently he was haled off forthwith to Tothill Fields Prison, where his truculent disposition manifested itself from time to time in violent assaults on the turnkeys.

This extraordinary story has a curious sequel. On February 13th, a letter was received by Mr. Jardine at Bow Street, inclosing £5, which the anonymous donor requested might go in payment of Loyd's fine. Subsequently the governor of the gaol received the authority of the magistrate to set the prisoner at liberty. One result of this remarkable affair was that the Government passed a special Act to protect works of art from the recurrence of outrages of this kind.

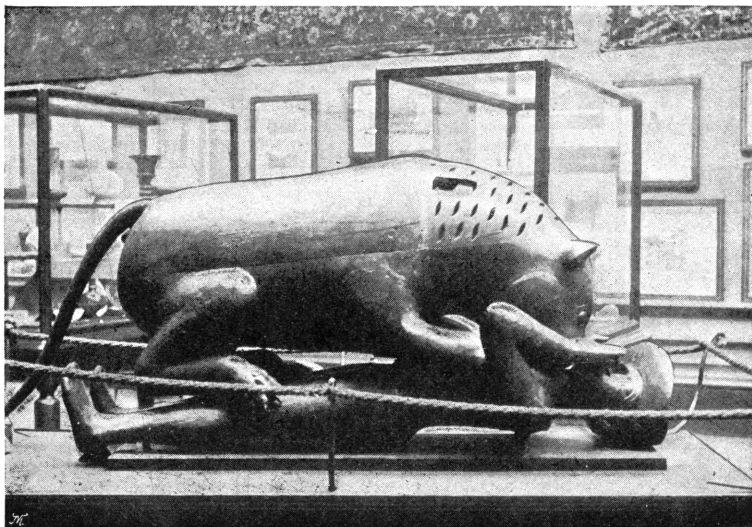
In one corner of the room in which the Portland Vase is at present exhibited hangs a curious water-colour drawing, in a plain oak frame, of the shattered fragments just as they lay on the floor immediately after the outrage. Perhaps I should have mentioned that the missile Loyd used was a curious little piece of sculpture that was exhibited close by the vase itself. The drawing of the pieces, which is reproduced here, bears the following inscription in faded ink at the top left-hand corner: "Destroyed Feb. 7th, 1845; restored Sept. 10th, 1845. — John Doubleday." Be-



SHATTERED FRAGMENTS OF THE PORTLAND VASE.

low is written: "Drawn from the fragments by T. Hosmer Shepherd, 1845." In the centre is seen the bottom of the vase entire. It is a bust of Paris, and in this particular picture the hero seems to be contemplating with sadness and dismay the havoc that has been wrought around him.

In the next illustration we see an extraordinary musical instrument, made to the order of that crafty and ferocious potentate, Tippoo Sultan, in order to amuse his Court.



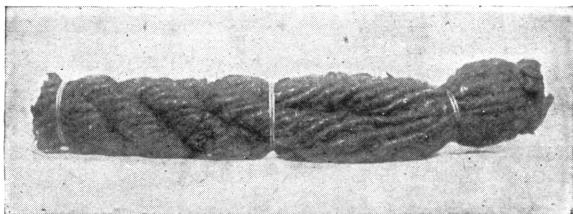
TIPPOO SULTAN'S MUSICAL TIGER.

The idea is that the Tiger of India is at the throat of Great Britain, typified by an Indian officer in the uniform of the last century. From what I gather, this unique mechanical instrument was brought out into Tippoo's courtyard, and one of his attendants turned a handle, whereupon the prostrate man shrieked horribly and raised and let fall his arms spasmodically, while the tiger emitted fearsome, realistic growls. The growling, by the way, was produced by two short stop diapason pipes of half a tone interval. One side of the tiger opens, displaying a row of ivory keys and four rows of pipes. This Royal toy passed into the possession of the East India Company, and was transferred to the South Kensington Museum in 1880, together with the rest of the collection belonging to the same powerful and wealthy corporation.

As illustrating the ignorance that prevails concerning the contents of our great museums, I may mention that not long ago a veteran Anglo-Indian wrote to the papers inquiring anxiously after "Tippoo's Tiger," and suggesting that this interesting relic

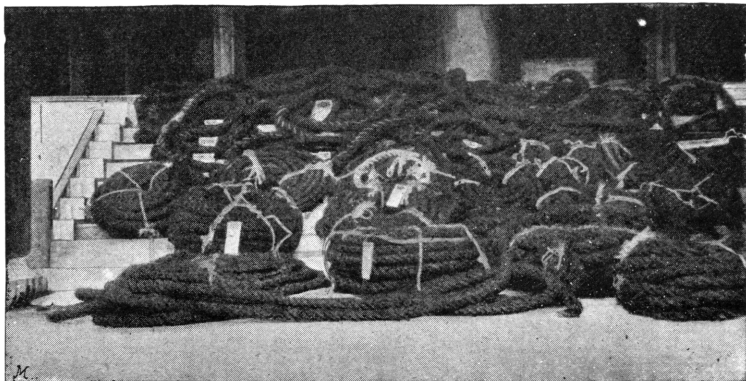
should be "discovered and taken care of." The gentleman also said that he remembered seeing it in the offices of the East India Company, in Leadenhall Street. The Assistant-Director of the Museum, Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, replied to the letter, informing all whom it might concern, that this curious instrument was deposited at South Kensington; and, furthermore, that while the mechanism was being repaired, it was found that the whole had been made either in London or in Paris.

In the next illustration that figures in this article, we see a section of one of the largest of twenty-six immense ropes of human hair



SECTION OF ROPE OF HUMAN HAIR.

which are used in the building operations of Japanese temples. The section seen is no less than 6in. in diameter, and is at present deposited in a wall-case, in the second northern gallery at the British Museum. It



HEAP OF HUMAN HAIR ROPES CONTRIBUTED BY DEVOUT BUDDHISTS.

seems that these ropes have been contributed by devout Buddhists since the year 1880; and the extraordinary photographic reproduction just below the section shows a huge pile of these extraordinary donations, now in the possession of the Chief Priest of the Hori-Gwan-ji temple at Kioto. Here, truly, we have a record in the way of queer contributions towards church funds. It would seem that the devout Buddhist uncovers himself in a very literal sense, out of respect for the shrine of his Omnipotent Deity.

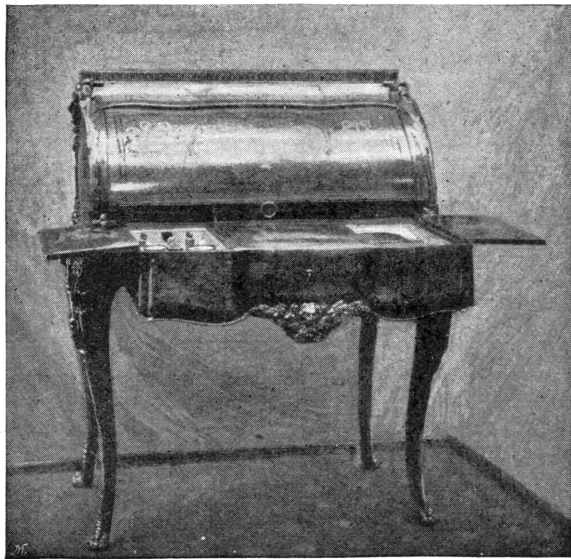
Not a little of the romance of the museums lies in the life-stories of the benefactors of these institutions. By way of illustration, I may mention the truly magnificent collection of art furniture and the like bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum by the whilom workhouse apprentice, Mr. John Jones. This extraordinary individual became a tailor in Waterloo Place, with such ultimate success that he died in 1882 worth £400,000. For the most part, Mr. Jones lived at No. 95, Piccadilly—quite a little house, but literally packed from top to bottom with costly furniture. Marble and jasper columns, bearing vases worth small fortunes, stood on

every second step of the staircase, and the back dining-room was only 7ft. 2in. wide; yet competent judges have pronounced the Jones Collection at the South Kensington Museum to be worth, at the very least, £250,000.

According to his valet, who was also something of a queer character in his way, Mr. Jones would go round the sale-rooms, ask the price of an article he fancied, and then write out his cheque forthwith. This strange man never married, and had no near relatives. The sole hobby of his life was his collection, and in order to convey to my readers some notion of his enthusiasm in this direction, I mention the following incident: On one occasion Mr. Jones purchased an egg-shaped

Gros Bleu Sèvres vase, with medallions of Cupid and Psyche, at Lord Pembroke's sale, the price being 3,000 guineas. After it had been delivered to the princely collector, doubts were thrown upon its genuineness on account of the darkness of the colour. Mr. Jones immediately sent it off by a special messenger to the manufactory at Sèvres, fully insuring the precious vase beforehand, and taking many other precautions that involved an incredible amount of trouble and expense. He was, however, assured that the vase was perfectly genuine, and his representative was actually shown the original mould, together with all the documents relating to this particular piece.

Not the least important item in the Jones Collection is the toilet table that formerly belonged to Marie Antoinette.



MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TOILET TABLE.

This is shown in the accompanying illustration. It was purchased by Mr. Jones for £6,000, somewhere back in the fifties; and since it has been in the Museum several copies have been made, the most noteworthy of which was one made by Messrs. Gillow and Co., the well-known upholsterers, for an American millionaire. I gather that Messrs. Gillow's men paid many visits

to the toilet table, and made a large number of drawings of the various parts.

Shortly after the Jones Collection was deposited in the South Kensington Museum, the French Government sent over a committee of experts, accompanied by photographers, to inspect the various pieces. At the head of the committee was M. Williamson, the Principal of the Garde Meubles Nationale at Paris. These gentlemen recognised many items in the collection as the former property of the Garde Meubles, and actually pointed out to the authorities at South Kensington the makers' marks and stamps, which are generally carefully concealed, and certainly had not been noticed

in this country. Perhaps I should explain that the *Garde Meubles* is the name of the institution which has the care of the furniture of the public buildings of France.

M. Williamson and his committee stopped short before the large *armoire*, shown in the next picture; this is, perhaps, the most im-

magnificent piece of artistic furniture, and declared, half seriously, half playfully, that if France ever went to war with England for anything, it would be on account of that Louis Quatorze *armoire*. M. Williamson's visiting committee, I should mention, took back with them large photographs of almost everything in the Jones Collection.

They generously conceded that Mr. Jones, and therefore the Museum, had an incontestable right to these works of art, two revolutions of decent proportions having taken place in Paris since they had been in the possession of the French.

I have now to record the miraculous recovery of a man through whose body the pin or pivot passed which is reproduced here. This ugly-looking weapon was shown to me by Professor Stewart at the Royal College of Surgeons, and it is deposited in the Museum there, together with a coloured picture of the sufferer himself in two positions. His name, by the way, was John Taylor, and the accident happened while he was on board the brig *Jane*, of Scarborough, then lying in the London Docks. One of Taylor's mates was guiding the pivot of the try-sail mast into the main boom when the tackle gave way. The pivot instantly slipped from the man's hand and shot through the air point downwards, striking Taylor above the heart, passing out lower down his back, and then embedding itself in the deck. The unfortunate sailor was carried at once to the London Hospital, and in five months

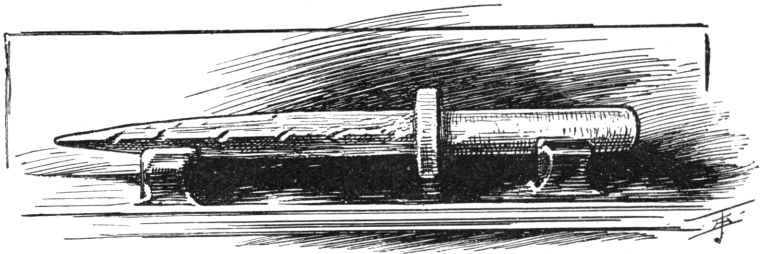
he recovered so completely as to be able to take little walks in the hospital premises. Ultimately, Taylor returned to his duties as a seaman, notwithstanding that this terrible spike, 15in. in length, and weighing 7lb. or 8lb., had passed obliquely through his body.

Close by this spike, in the same Museum,



THE LOUIS XIV. ARMOIRE, IN THE JONES COLLECTION.

portant piece of furniture in the whole collection. It is, also, supposed to be the grandest and most unique piece of furniture in the whole world; and although Mr. Jones picked it up cheaply, so to speak, at a sale that took place in a mansion in Carlton House Terrace, the *armoire* could be sold to-morrow for 10,000 guineas. It was probably designed by Berain, and executed by Boulé, for Louis XIV., about the end of the 17th century. One of the distinguished visitors before referred to looked wistfully at this



MAST PIVOT WHICH PASSED THROUGH A SAILOR'S BODY.

is seen the shaft of a carriage, which also passed through the body of a gentleman who happened to be standing near the vehicle when the horse plunged violently forward, with the result that the off-shaft perforated his side under the left arm and came out from under the right arm, pinning the unfortunate man to the stable-door. And yet he walked upstairs to bed; his wounds were practically healed at the end of nine weeks, and he lived nearly eleven years after this terrible accident.

An even more extraordinary story attaches to the next illustration, which depicts the clothes of a man struck by lightning. This curious relic, or, rather, collection of relics, is artistically hung in a glass case in the Museum presided over by my amiable and indefatigable friend, Professor Stewart. The story is as follows: At half-past four on June 8th, 1878, James Orman and three other men were at work near Snave, in Romney Marsh, about eight miles from Ashford. The men were engaged in lopping willows, when the violence of the rain compelled them to take shelter under a hedge. The storm increased, however, so they retreated to a shed close by for more efficient protection. Three of the men at once entered, but the last, James Orman, remained by the willow close to the window of the shed. Scarcely were the three men inside when a blaze of lightning rushed in at the door, across the shed, and out of the window, which it blew before it into the field. Presently the three men hurried out of the shed,

and noticed that the tree under which Orman had taken shelter was partly stripped of its bark. Their companion's boots stood close to the foot of the tree, while the man himself lay almost perfectly naked on his back a few yards further on, calling for help. When they left him a few moments previously he was completely and strongly clad in a cotton shirt, cotton jacket, flannel vest, and cotton trousers secured at the waist and knee with leather straps and buckles. Orman also wore a pair

of new, stout, hob-nailed boots, a hat and a watch and chain. Now, however, positively all he had on him was part of the left arm of his flannel vest. The field was strewn for 22yds. with fragments of the unfortunate man's clothing.

Without doubt, this is the most eccentric vagary recorded of the mysterious electric fluid. Orman was thrown down; his eyebrows were burnt off, his whiskers and beard much scorched, his chest covered with superficial burns, and he had sustained a broken leg. His clothes, as I have already said, were distributed all over the field; his strong boots were torn from his feet, and his watch



CLOTHES, WATCH, BOOTS, ETC., OF A MAN WHO WAS STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

had a hole burnt right through it, as though a soldering-iron had been used. The watch-chain was almost completely destroyed, only a few fused links remaining. These, together with some fused coins found close by, are deposited in a box beneath the clothes in the Museum.

According to Orman's account of the affair, he first felt a violent blow on the chest and shoulders, then he was involved in blind-

ing light, and hurled into the air. He said he never lost consciousness ; but when at the hospital he seemed very deaf and stupid. He was discharged perfectly cured twenty weeks after the occurrence. The scientific explanation of this amazing escape is that the wet condition of the man's clothing increased its power of conduction, and, in this way, saved his life. The electric current passed down outside Orman's body, causing everywhere a sudden production of steam, which, by its expansion, tore the clothing off and hurled it away. It is a curious fact that where the flannel touched the man's skin the burns were merely superficial, whereas in those parts touched by the cotton trousers they were very much deeper.

Also under Professor Stewart's care in the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons is the oldest mummy in the world, which is

Museum in 1892, and Professors Flinders Petrie and Stewart commenced their examination of it a month or two after its reception.

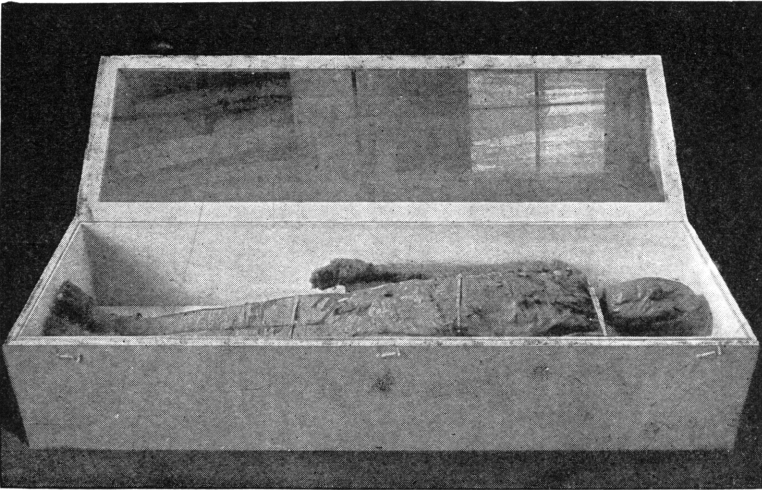
"We took it out into the courtyard," remarked Professor Stewart to me, "and there commenced to unwrap it. The mummy was extremely dry and fragile, and from it arose a fine pungent dust that was extremely irritating. I found that the brain remained, while the body itself was stuffed with handfuls of ancient cloth. It was wrapped in a gauze-like texture, which I at first took to be papyrus ; and it was quite by accident that I looked at a piece of this texture under the microscope, when I found it to be linen. I at once suspended operations on the mummy, and made my way to Bond Street, where I entered a linen warehouse and asked for some of the finest linen that it was possible to

buy. The assistant brought me a piece, assuring me, in a confidential whisper, that its like was rarely sold, and that when a buyer *did* come along, he or she was among the highest and wealthiest in the land. I hurried back with this linen, and compared it under the microscope with the ancient Egyptian texture, woven more than 6,000 years ago."

I reproduce here Professor Stewart's

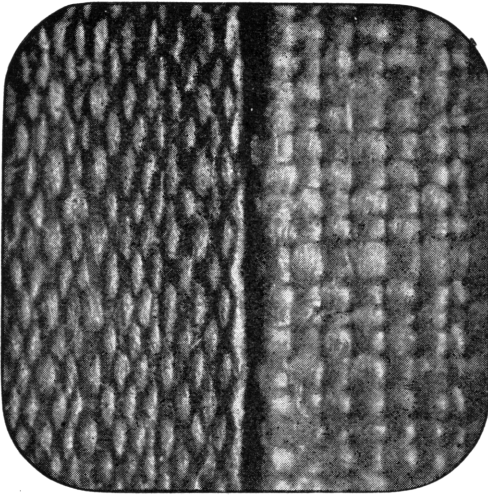
microscopic photograph of the two linens, the finer being the ancient Egyptian fabric, and the coarser the very best linen that Belfast or Bond Street can produce.

No one would think of seeking for romance amid the pre-historic skeletons that haunt the long gallery at the Natural History Museum, which is under the supervision of Dr. Woodward. And yet romance is certainly there. First of all let me show the skull and tusks of a mammoth--a particularly prominent feature of the gallery before mentioned. Now let me tell the story : As long ago as 1844, Sir Antonio Brady, an enthusiastic geologist and scientist, had his attention drawn to the great deposits of brick earth occupying the valley of the River Roding at Ilford, near his



THE OLDEST MUMMY IN THE WORLD.

shown in the accompanying illustration. According to Professor Flinders Petrie, this mummy belonged to the 4th Egyptian Dynasty, and is upwards of 6,000 years of age. I gather that this individual was a high functionary in the ancient Egyptian Court, and his body was preserved by methods not then generally used. Professor Petrie himself took this mummy from a tomb at Medum, in Egypt. "After some preliminary steps," declared Professor Stewart, in describing for me the preparation of the mummy, "his body was probably imbued with spices, and then covered with a layer of resin, most likely derived from the Cedars of Lebanon, after which the features were painted to represent life." The mummy arrived at the



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN AND MODERN BOND STREET LINEN
COMPARED UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

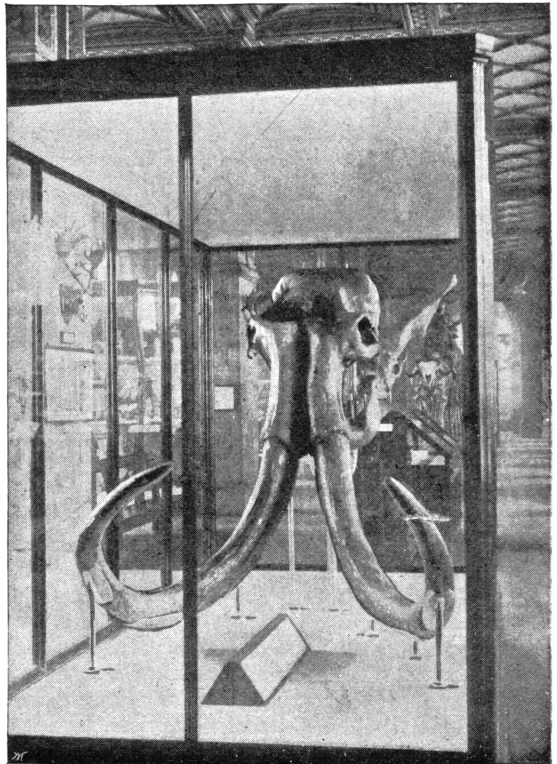
own residence. Some idea may be formed of the palæontological wealth of this deposit when I mention that Sir Antonio Brady obtained from it in this one locality over a thousand specimens of mammalian remains. One of the first of this gentleman's finds was made while workmen were digging clay for the manufacture of bricks for the Great Eastern Railway, then in course of construction. The owner of the field, a Mr. Thomas Curtis, invited quite a crowd of scientific gentlemen down to Ilford to view the bones that had turned up. All these were exhumed with much care, some of them being deposited subsequently in the Museum at the Royal College of Surgeons.

When notice of a fossil "find" was brought to Sir Antonio Brady, he would first of all reward the finder, and in many cases paid large sums in order that a whole gang of labourers might remain idle while the precious bones or tusks were being carefully removed from the earth. These same bones and tusks, by the way, were, as a rule, very fragile, and had to be immediately treated with liquid glue, wet paper, and plaster of Paris. As a matter of fact, this enthusiastic scientist would deal as tenderly with fossil remains as though he were an expert surgeon handling broken human limbs.

One day in 1864, a messenger was despatched in hot haste to Sir Antonio Brady with news of an important find in the Uphall brickfield, at Ilford,

owned by a Mr. William Hill. On arriving at the spot, Sir Antonio found that the workmen had come upon an immense skull and tusk about 15ft. below the surface of the earth. The cranium itself was nearly entire, the upper portion only of the left side having received a blow from a pick or a spade when the workmen first came upon it. It is probable that the entire skeleton was there, for, before news of it had got abroad, the workmen, knowing nothing of the *Elephas primogenius*, had broken up the bones they had come upon week after week and carried them off in bagfuls to an old bone shop, where they were promptly exchanged for coppers, which were of far more value to the finders than all the skeletons in the Natural History Museum.

When they came upon the tusks, however, the overseer interfered, feeling sure that his men had come upon a big thing in more ways than one. It was entirely owing to the skill and judgment of Sir Antonio Brady and the experts from the Natural History Museum that this mammoth's head was removed from the matrix entire, and brought away in safety. The right tusk, together with a portion of its socket, had evidently become detached, for



SKULL AND TUSKS OF THE ILFORD MAMMOTH.

it was found upon the same level in the pit, but nearly 20ft. away from the cranium to which it belonged. Of course, the whole specimen received prompt attention, and it was thoroughly drenched with a solution of glue in hot water. One of the tusks alone is estimated to have absorbed no less than three gallons of this solution. The tusks measure 8ft. 8in. on the outside curve, from the point to the insertion in the socket, the length held within the socket being about 18in. The circumference of the tusk at one foot from the socket is 26in. By the side of this important specimen in the Natural History Museum are photographs of the entire skeleton of the mammoth, as seen in the St. Petersburg Museum.

The latter skeleton, too, has a singularly interesting story. It was discovered by a Tungusian chief in the summer of 1799, half buried in the frozen soil and ice at the mouth of the River Lena in Siberia. When

the gigantic beast was entirely freed from the ice, in 1804, the chief cut off its horns and exchanged them with a merchant for goods to the value of sixty roubles, or in English money, £7 18s. 4d.—the reward of five years' watching and waiting. Two years later Adams heard of the skeleton, and traced out the spot where it lay. He then sent the remains to St. Petersburg, a distance of 11,000 versts, or 7,330 miles. The missing tusks turned up later on, and the skeleton was built up in the St. Petersburg Museum.

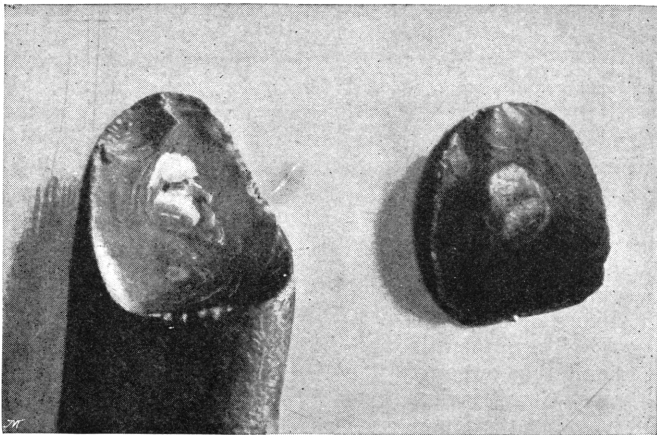
The curious part of this story is that Professor Maskelyne, who examined this mammoth skeleton very carefully when in St. Petersburg, in 1865, gave his opinion that *the tusks did not belong to the skull*. In any case, the authorities at the Natural History Museum state that the tusks have been wrongly fixed. The Russian authorities, on the other hand, said that they are right and that our own scientists are simply libelling

the unfortunate mammoth in setting up its tusks as seen in our picture.

In the next illustration we see a piece of brown jasper, originally shaped like a spectacle case, and concerning which an extraordinary incident is related. This stone was picked up outside Cairo by a native donkey driver, whose ass had become violently obstreperous. It seems the native threw the stone with all his force at poor Neddy, with the result that part of it broke away, revealing on both sections a *portrait of Chaucer!*

I learn that this piece of jasper was brought to the British Museum before registers were made, and therefore the story

does not figure in any of the official publications; however, anyone may see the "Chaucer Stone" who cares to visit the amazingly well-kept, but withal dismal, mineral gallery at the Natural History Museum presided over by Mr. Fletcher, himself a most cour-



BROKEN STONE WHICH REVEALS A PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER.

teous and affable gentleman.

Here is an immense meteorite, weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, which was discovered at Cranbourne, near Melbourne, in 1854. It was found by a Mr. Bruce, of Chislehurst, who, having seen a piece of meteoric iron in the fire-place of a squatter, asked the man if other bits of that kind were to be met with in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bruce was then conducted to a spot in the adjoining parish of Sherwood, where an irregular spur of iron projected from the ground; and he then and there purchased the supposed meteorite for a sovereign, with the intention of presenting it to the British Museum. Later on, when the huge mass was dug out of the ground, and it was found to be, without exception, the largest meteorite in the world, large sums of money were offered Mr. Bruce for the splendid block, but he declined all offers, it being his fixed intention to make over the meteorite to the British Museum.

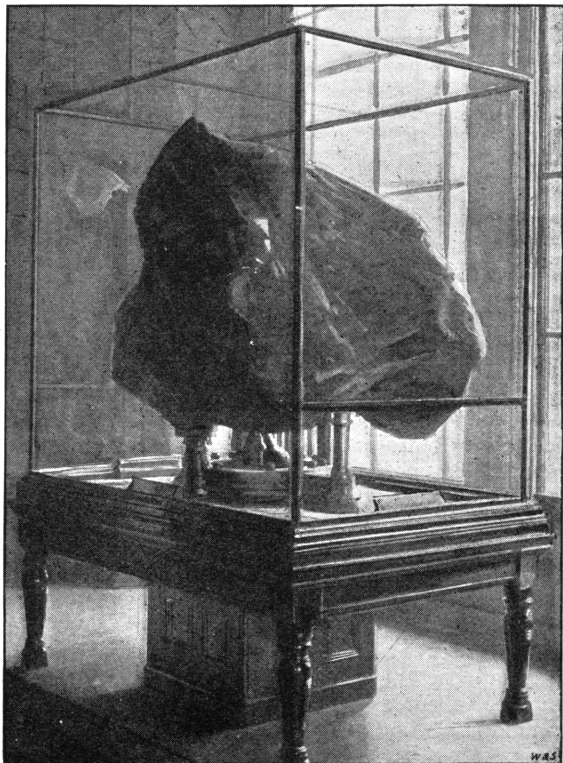
Mr. Bruce at once arranged for the conveying of the meteorite to England; whereupon such a tremendous commotion was raised throughout the Colony, that it was actually seriously suggested to fit out a ship that might pursue Mr. Bruce's steamer, and bring back the great meteorite to its native soil. In other words, the authorities of the Melbourne Museum were determined to secure the unique specimen. On inquiring how everybody concerned happened to know that it *was* a meteorite, I learned that native iron is extremely rare in the district.

This meteorite was shown in the exhibition of 1861 together with a second—the Abel Meteorite—which was found not very far away from it. The Melbourne Museum, however, continued to clamour childishly for its meteorite, and suggested that the mass

should be cut in halves, one section to go back to Australia and the other to be retained in England. The authorities of the Natural History Museum, however, settled matters by purchasing the Abel Meteorite, and sending it back to Melbourne.

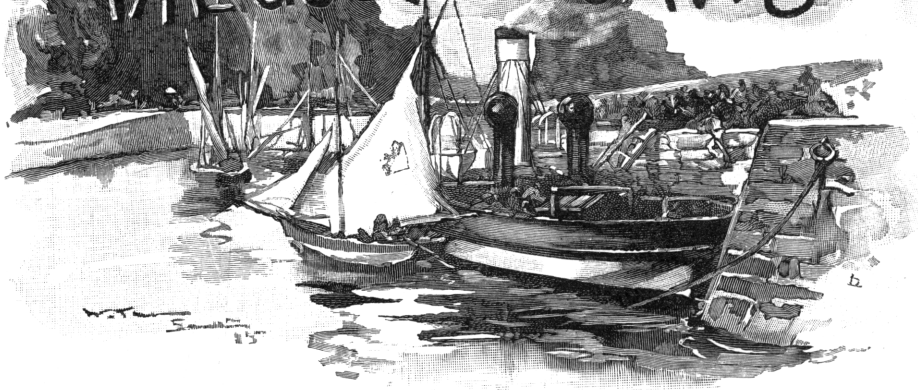
There are, of course, many other meteorites in the same gallery, and many of them have interesting histories; unfortunately, however, the things themselves are not picturesque. One, the Mhow Meteorite, fell upon and killed a native in 1827 in the

North-West Provinces of India. Another was found at Imalac in Chili. It lay in a ravine, half buried in the sand, and had to be conveyed 150 miles in a cart to the coast. This meteorite weighs 450lb., and now rests on the right-hand side of the one that was found near Melbourne.



THE LARGEST METEORITE IN THE WORLD (WEIGHT $3\frac{1}{2}$ TONS).

HOW I VISITED THE GOULIOT CAVES



BY F. STARTIN PILLEAU.

PERHAPS Sark is not exactly a beau-ideal place for a man with a "game" leg, so when my chum, Lock, who is also my doctor, called upon me to fulfil a long-standing engagement to spend a fortnight with him in that delightful island, I simply laughed at the absurdity of the idea. Lock, however, would not hear of my backing out of our agreement on that score, pointing out to me that, knowing the island so well as he did, he could pilot me to all the places of interest by paths which, he assured me, I should find perfectly practicable and easy, in spite of my stiff knee.

"Besides," he added, "your knee is a great deal better than you will allow, and a certain amount of exercise will do it all the good in the world. Put yourself in my hands, and I'll guarantee, not only that you won't break your precious neck, but that you will return all the better for the trip in every way."

These words, backed up as they were by my wife, settled the question, and we started off early in August, Lock having previously secured rooms at the Dixcart Hotel.

I will not bore you with an account of the horrors of the crossing from Southampton to Guernsey; suffice it to say that, whatever anticipation I had of deriving profit to my

understanding, or benefit to my health, from my holiday, I did not commence to reap the harvest that night.

By the time we reached Sark, however, I had sufficiently recovered to admire the quaint old landing pier, and to wonder how on earth they were going to get me over the perpendicular cliffs, which apparently surrounded the little bay, for I could not then see the curious tunnel pierced through the living rock, which is, so to speak, Sark's front door.

It is not my purpose to write a guide to Sark, pleasant as that task would be. Those who have been there know its beauties or some of them, for though but a tiny little baby of an island, it wants a lot of knowing. Even Lock, who has been there year after year, at all seasons and in all weathers, declares he finds something fresh and new each time he goes. As for those who have not been, why, the sooner they go the better!

Lock was as good as his word, and, under his able guidance, I saw more of the island in the fortnight I spent there than if I had been a whole year by myself. My knee, too, soon got much stronger, and I was able to clamber about in a way which surprised me, and though, of course, I could not compete with Lock, whom I found was an expert rock climber, I had the satisfaction of feeling I was no longer an incumbrance.

He took me to all the lions of the place: The Pot, Venus's Bath, the Boutiques Caves, and the cave under the Hog's Back, through which we had to swim with lighted candles fixed in our caps, which, of course, went out, leaving us swimming about, in utter darkness, in the very bowels of the earth. I was delighted with everything, and soon filled my sketch-book. But of all the wonders of the place, not one fascinated me half so much as the "Souffleur" at Port Gorey. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and, no matter where else we had been, I always managed to get Lock to take me there in time to see it blow.

Imagine yourself seated upon a ridge of rock, jutting far out to sea, with huge detached boulders on either side, splitting the rapidly rising tide into innumerable seething, curling currents, hissing and breaking into foam in every possible direction. On the right, a high perpendicular cliff of granite, almost blocking the entrance of a tortuous channel, causes the water there to be comparatively calm; while, on the left, the breakers leap and chase each other over the half-submerged rocks in their frantic race to the shore, the cliff of which, at this particular spot, has been hollowed out by thousands of years of buffeting into a substantial cave. Lock had taken me into this cave at low water, pointing out to me that the interior vault was considerably higher than the semi-circular arch-like entrance. As the tide rapidly rises, first the floor of the cave is covered, and soon, the water rising higher and higher, only the top of the arch is visible. Then, as wave after wave rushes madly forward, even this disappears, and a low, angry growl is heard issuing from the spot, as though some mighty antediluvian monster were hurling back defiance to the relentless foe. Another wave or two, and the growl is succeeded by a hissing noise, first low, then rising in rapid crescendo, and a huge column of water is shot out some forty, fifty, or sixty feet. As each succeeding wave dashes up, the same impressive phenomenon is repeated, the "Souffleur" pulsating like a mighty horizontal geyser, till the water has entirely filled the cave and forced out all the air. It was an awful sight, and one that filled my brain with weird fancies as I gazed

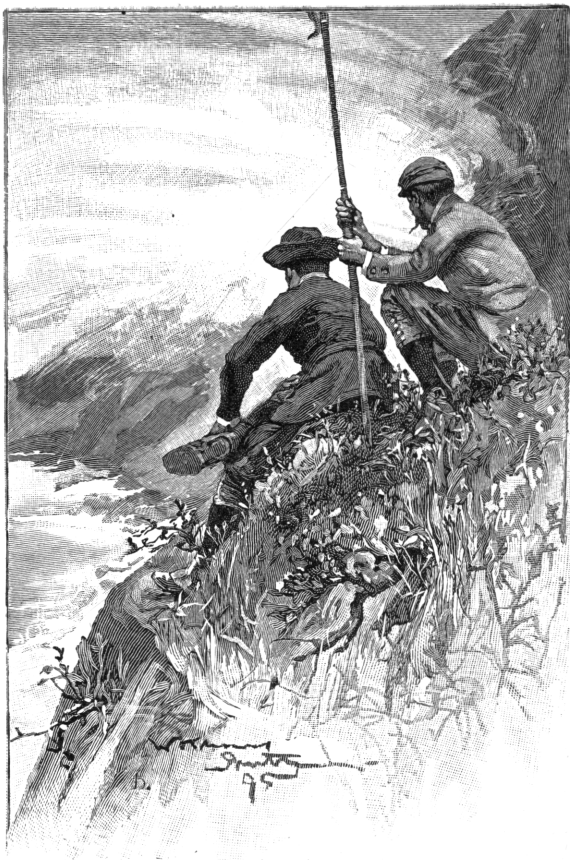
on the boiling waters below; yet, fascinated though I was, and drawn to the spot day after day, almost independently of will, I doubt if I should have dared to venture there alone, lest, in the delirium of the moment, I should have lost my nerve and hurled myself into the seething caldron.

At length our last day in Sark arrived, and I was to return to Guernsey by the evening boat. I should, by rights, have gone a day sooner, as I had received an urgent letter of recall from my wife, saying that my brother had unexpectedly come home from New Zealand, but Lock would not hear of my going until I had seen the Gouliot Caves.

"It would be simply ridiculous," he said, "to leave without seeing the gem of the island."

"If that be so," I replied, "why in the world haven't you taken me there before?"

"For the simple reason that they can only be properly explored during one of the exceptionally low spring tides, called the 'Grandes Marées,' which only occur a few



"A HUGE COLUMN OF WATER IS SHOT OUT."

times in the year. I have all along settled in my own mind to take you there to-morrow. One day can't possibly make any difference to you or your brother, and as it will be low water at 1.20 p.m., I will give instructions for your things to be taken on board, and you can go, after seeing the caves, direct to the boat without bothering to return to the hotel."

Adopting this plan, the following day we took our lunch, and accompanied by Gyp, the fox-terrier belonging to the hotel, set out in good time for our destination.

The exquisite beauties of the Gouliot Caves more than fulfilled my anticipations, and I revelled in them to my heart's content, for, for some unaccountable reason, we had them entirely to ourselves. Passing out of the main cave through a narrow, dark passage, in which there is always a considerable pool of water left by the tide, through which we had to wade, and turning sharply to the right, we suddenly found ourselves in the Tubularia Cave. This proved to be a spacious cavern of irregular shape, whose walls were literally covered with anemones and zoophytes of every conceivable colour, the whole being lit up by a brilliant beam of sunshine which entered the cave through a narrow passage, cleft through the living rock. How this chimney-like window was formed I could not tell, but it almost seemed as though Nature had purposely pierced it in order to show off, to the best advantage, the marvel of beauty, which would have otherwise lain concealed, for, though another entrance to the cave opened out to the sea, it was too low to admit direct sunlight. Long I stood lost in amazement and admiration at the fairy-like

scene, and then Lock reminding me that our time was short, we continued our explorations. To do so we had to wade through a second limpid pool, which shone like glass in the sunlight, enabling us to see the countless gems of life, both animal and vegetable, which it contained.

We visited one or two other caves of minor importance, when we were startled by an agonizing howl from Gyp. Scrambling back as quickly as possible, we found the poor dog plunging and struggling in the pool I have described in the Tubularia Cave. At first I was considerably puzzled to know the cause of Gyp's discomfiture, till Lock announced, to my astonishment, that the unfortunate brute was struggling with an octopus! Such



"STRUGGLING WITH AN OCTOPUS."

was the fact; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and after much time, that we succeeded in freeing the poor little fellow from his enemy, and proceeded at once to retrace our steps.

Hurrying down the dark passage, which was already some inches deep in water, we plunged boldly into the pool, but found, to our horror, we were getting out of our depth, and, though after frantic exertions Lock managed to force himself against the tide as far as the further end of the passage, it was only to find that the water had already risen above the low entrance, entirely cutting off our retreat. Quick as thought Lock shouted to me to turn back.

It was well I did so, for we were only just in time to plunge under the rapidly disappearing archway into the Tubularia Cave. The few minutes we had left it were sufficient to effect a wondrous change in its appearance, and we found the water a couple of feet deep, where before we had been standing high and dry. Every moment it was perceptibly rising, and the tide, rushing in like a mill-stream, both from the passage we had returned by and the sea entrance, was turning the cave into a veritable whirlpool.

Small time was there to discuss our predicament, so telling me to snatch up Gyp and follow him, Lock scrambled up the side of the cave to the chimney-like cleft. It was a toilsome and arduous climb, with the angry waters chasing us, and with nothing to hold on to except the slimy zoophytes; but it was a matter of life or death, and, though we lacerated our fingers terribly, we at length reached the bottom of the chimney, where we could

rest in comparative safety to discuss further plans.

"Thank goodness!" I said, after recovering my breath, "we're safe at last, though I suppose we must wait here till the tide goes down. The worst of it is I shall miss the steamer, but that can't be helped."

"It certainly can't," Lock replied, "but don't be too cocksure we're out of the wood yet."

"What do you mean: the water surely can't reach us here? Even if it did, we've only to climb higher up, and possess our souls with patience, unless it's possible to get right up this chimney-like opening and then scale the cliff."

"That's quite impossible, for the cliff above is absolutely perpendicular. No, our only chance is, as you say, to wait till the tide goes down, and hope for the best."

"Hope for the best! You surely don't mean to say there is any chance of our not being able to get away at low water?"

"Indeed, I do; these abnormal tides

are very peculiar, and, though the last was exceptionally low, it is more than likely that the next will not be low enough for us to escape, especially as I noticed, just before coming here, an ominous change in the wind."

"Then do you mean to say we've got to wait here till we starve to death?"

"Well, the tide *may* fall sufficiently for us to get back the way we came; if not——"



"IT WAS A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH."

And here Lock shrugged his shoulders as being more expressive than words as to the hopelessness of our position.

For a couple of hours or more we sat in almost unbroken silence, by which time the water had risen to where we were, and compelled us to move higher up. Having once shifted my position, I determined to climb the whole length of the flue, and found that though, after the first 10ft. or 12ft., the passage became much more contracted, and slippery from its smoothness, I could work my way up with comparative ease, as the angle of inclination could not have been more than about thirty degrees. When I at length reached the end, I found, as Lock had predicted, that the face of the cliff was absolutely perpendicular, without, so far as I could see, the smallest projection or crevice to hold on to. Impressed with the impossibility of escape from that direction, except with outside help, I returned to Lock, and found that the water had already invaded the lower part of our refuge, so that we could no longer see into the cave. By this time the sun must have been nearly setting, though a warm glow still penetrated down the flue, enabling us to see the surroundings of our constricted prison, and I casually drew Lock's attention to the smoothness of the passage just above us. He gave a ghastly grin as he replied:—

"I wondered whether you had noticed it."

"What on earth do you mean? Is any fresh horror in store for us?"

"Listen, and perhaps you will be able to guess!"

As he ceased speaking I heard a strange gurgling sound, apparently proceeding from the Tubularia Cave, and some large air-bubbles, which were floating on the surface of the water, burst into spray. A moment or two of comparative silence, and then again I heard the same mysterious sound, though louder than before. Again and again the phenomenon was repeated, each time in a more intensified form, and the horrible truth was forced upon my unwilling understanding. *We were in the throttle of a "Souffleur," which had just commenced to blow.*

Crouching down behind the only slight projection we could find, we awaited our coming fate. We were, at least, saved the horror of suspense,

for barely five minutes had elapsed ere a still louder growl was heard, and a short column of water deluged us from head to foot. We had barely time to recover our breath, when another still larger column shot over us, nearly tearing poor Gyp from Lock's arms. Frantically we clung to the bed of the rock, as ton after ton of water was belched forth and swept past us with deafening roars, and, had it not been for the slight protection afforded us by the projecting rock, we should have been blown like feathers into the sea, or drowned like rats in a hole.

When matters were at a crisis, I noticed Lock hurriedly scribbling something in his pocket-book, the leaf of which he tore out and placed in his tobacco-pouch, which he tied up tightly with string, and then fastened securely to Gyp's collar.

"It's our only chance," he shouted, as the "Souffleur" once more commenced to blow, and he threw the poor little fellow right into the teeth of the furiously-advancing waters. I seemed to see, rather than to hear, poor Gyp's despairing cry, as the wind and water caught him and, whirling him round, shot him through the funnel, like a bullet from a rifle, into the seething sea beyond.



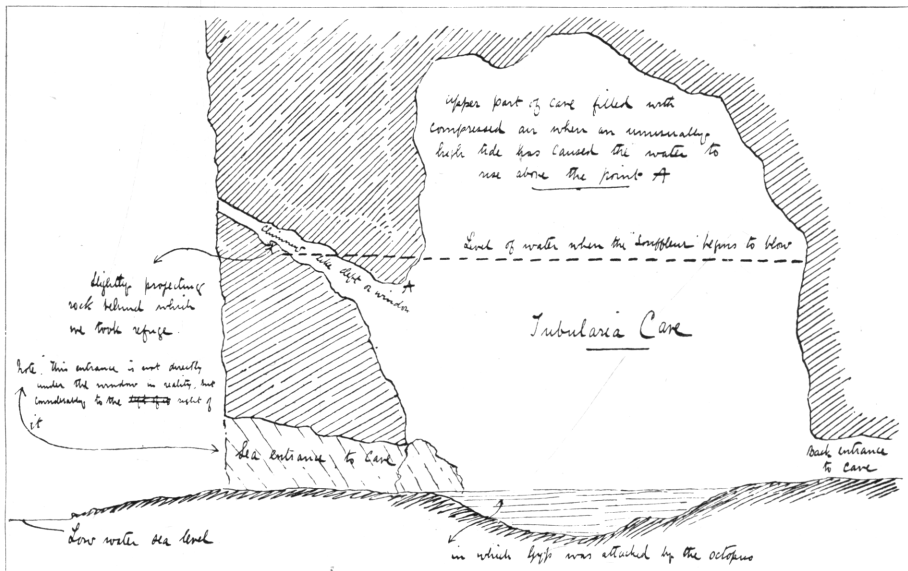
"THE WIND AND WATER SHOT HIM THROUGH THE FUNNEL."

The tide was now nearly at its height, and the air in the Tubularia Cave getting exhausted, so that each time the "Souffleur" blew, we were thankful to notice a perceptible diminution in its violence. At length, to our intense relief, it ceased altogether, and, though the tide still rose, so that we were forced into quite the upper part of the chimney, we had still a few feet's grace when, at last, it began to fall.

It is unnecessary to describe the weary hours that followed as, shivering and hungry, we sat there watching the deep shadows cast by the moonlight playing among the rocks. Impressive and weird as the scene was, we were in no humour to admire it. Lock, however, took the opportunity of explaining, by means of a diagram (a transcript of which I append), the reason why this particular "Souffleur" could only blow during one of these exceptionally high tides. (See diagram.)

hour, hoping that the tide might yet fall lower, but by that time there was unmistakable evidence that it was again beginning to rise. With sinking hearts we retraced our steps, when a faint, but thrice welcome, shout broke upon our ears; and, upon our scrambling up to the outer entrance of the funnel, we were rejoiced by the sight of a body of men on the rocks below.

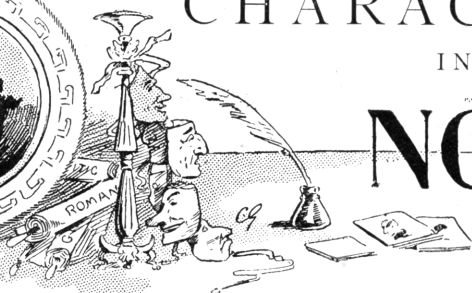
Barely a quarter of an hour—though it seemed longer to us—elapsed ere a stout rope was lowered from the cliff above, and our rescue accomplished, when we learned that poor little Gyp, who had probably at first been taken far out to sea, was found, more dead than alive, by a boatman near the Eperquerie. He carried him at once to the hotel, when the landlord immediately organized a rescue party, though he told me he had small hopes of finding either of us alive.



SECTION OF THE GOULIOT CAVES.

At length, about 2 a.m., the time of low water approached, and we cautiously descended into the cave, but, alas! Lock's fears were only too true, for, though he lowered himself into the water, it was but to find that all chance of escape in that direction was completely cut off. We waited fully half an

Thus ended the most remarkable adventure I have ever taken part in, and I venture to affirm, without much fear of contradiction, that no other living man, Lock alone excepted, has ever experienced the sensation of being in the blow-hole of an active "Souffleur."



CHARACTER IN NOSES

BY STACKPOOL E. O'DELL.



SINCE the time of Lavater, every feature of the human face has been made a matter of careful study by men of world-wide reputation, with the object of discovering if, and how far, it might be indicative of character. Among other writers on the subject may be mentioned Paolo Mantegazza, director of the National Museum of Anthropology at Florence, and Professor Cesare Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist. "A crooked nose," says Lombroso, "was found by us in 25 per cent. of criminals, and a flat nose was noted in 40 per cent. of normals, 12 per cent. of homicides, and 20 per cent. of thieves."

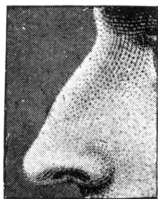
It is necessary that we should preface our remarks on notable noses by stating that where the nose may be indicative of peculiarities of character, it is only where certain other physical conditions harmonize with it. Thus it does not always indicate character. And some of the other conditions being far more intimately connected with character are the only indices that necessarily and invariably accord with it. To give an example: a large nose of the "Roman" or "Wellingtonian" type usually accompanies a strong desire to exercise power and authority; but if there be not *at least* an average amount of brain, this desire is unlikely to be manifested successfully in any direction calling for the exercise of much mental ability. But not only the absolute amount of brain has to be considered. The contour of it, as denoting the size of its various parts, is a consideration of equal importance. The nose (or any other facial feature) is an index of variable value. Nevertheless, it may be said that as a rule the noses of men and women of strong character and ability are more or less strongly defined themselves.

Noses, it may be remarked, differ very much—from that of the negro to the classic types. Speaking generally, the noses of Europeans, North American Indians, and Polynesians are long; those of negroes and Mongolians are short and less strongly marked. The same line of division separates these races judged from the standpoint of character—the short-nosed races being intellectually infantile, and those with longer noses more mature in intelligence and dignity. The nose is by no means an unimportant indication of temperament, generally agreeing in its sharpness or broadness with the strength or weakness of the lungs, and thereby with the power of the physical system to supply nutrition to the brain.

WELLINGTON.—"A Wellington nose" is a phrase almost accepted as a synonym for "power." And the connection is often correct. Yet we have seen many men outside Tattersall's, and elsewhere inside sandwich-boards, possessing such noses. Probably their love for power and independence has been greater than their abilities, and they have failed to adapt themselves to the conditions whereby power and independence may be gained, and thus their failure. Had they Wellingtonian heads, they might have done Wellingtonian things.



NAPOLEON I.—Another large nose, but of a different contour. Besides strength, it indicates marvellous activity of the observing powers. The character is quick, accurate, self-reliant, decisive.



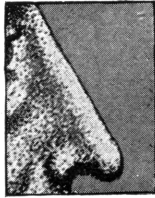
This nose accompanies a degree of egotism far beyond the average. Noses of the "large" class, it may be said, generally indicate, if not egotism, that self-confidence and assurance necessary to success.



NELSON.—Large again, not so pointed as Napoleon's, but accompanied by a better-balanced mind, less egotistical, intensely honourable, patriotic, and

liberty-loving, and capable of a sublime courage in defence of whatever might be considered right. It is one of the "strong" noses, denoting strength in love as in battle.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—This nose is accompanied by a character as egotistical as Napoleon's. Not as with Nelson, country and honour would be secondary considerations. In benefiting himself the man may have benefited his country; but if, on the other hand, he thought he could benefit himself farther by swamping his country, he would have done it.



CARDINAL NEWMAN.—Here we have another warrior's nose. His battle was with himself. It is a cogitating, philosophical nose; the cogitations would be of an introspective nature.

The powers of perception were slow, and the imaginative powers inclined to look backward rather than forward. Veneration was strong, giving a reverence for authority and ceremony, and interfering somewhat, perhaps, with a useful career.

MR. GLADSTONE.—We have not left the warriors yet. This is another strong-looking nose. Being accompanied by necessary brain conditions and temperament, it may be said to indicate energy of a concentrated nature, destructive and constructive; solidity, patience, endurance, and stubborn tenacity. This endurance, it may be noted, is an accompaniment of each of the strongly-made noses considered above.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.—This is a different sort of nose. It has been called the "pugnacious" nose. It is often accom-



panied by strong self-esteem and combativeness; a character taking pleasure in opposition, and manifesting little continuity and stability except when opposed. Lack of continuity

would prevent the deep and extended comprehension of subjects.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—Somehow, we do not think the Duke has lived up to his nose. But it scarcely harmonizes with his head, which indicates a fair amount of mental strength requiring more than ordinary circumstances to rouse it into activity; some haughtiness, self-will, and a tendency to be disappointed with things in general, and personal life in particular. There is a lack of ambition.



WILLIAM PITT.—This nose differs much from those of present-day statesmen. It reminds us of the war-horse that we are told is ever ready for the battle. It accompanies here a very highly-strung nervous system, great clearness of thought, lofty ideals—though lacking somewhat in the "Roman" persistency required to reach them.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.—It is not out of place to include Her Majesty with the statesmen. She has the nose of her fathers. And she has much of what was best in their characters. She has strength, resolution, firmness, and almost an instinctive authority. But she is well-balanced, with a due, and indeed high, sensitiveness to honour, virtue, and social affection.



MARTIN LUTHER.—This is a somewhat doubtful form of nose. It may seem to indicate strength, but there is little, if any, sign of the kind of strength. The broad and massive head that it belongs to, however, is in full accord



with the character, denoting force, the force of a thunderbolt, solidity in thought, word, and action. Noses of this kind, which we find somewhat modified in Goethe and Beethoven (*q.v.*), often accompany great sympathy and large-heartedness.



FATHER IGNATIUS.—Compare this with Luther's. It seems to indicate a character without a chance of error. You cannot escape its expressiveness. Intensely critical, occupied with minutiae, eager to analyze,

especially to analyze human nature; and appreciative of the power to be gained by the help of this knowledge. Yet, withal, spiritual. Could not play second to anyone. Much happiness derived from contemplating his own influence.

MILTON.—Glancing above at the warriors, we must call this a warlike nose. In the character we find natural penetration into the motives of action, individual and national. Capable of strong indignation and of the concentration of thought characteristic of this group.



DANTE.—This has been described, perhaps accurately, as the "melancholic" nose. The head certainly denotes strong imaginative powers combined with a lack of hope,

resulting in a pessimistic tendency. Concentration and patience would seem to be again denoted, enabling the imaginative power to be practically applied. But it could never have produced "Paradise Regained."

GOETHE.—This differs much from Dante's. Sympathy we have already mentioned as accompanying such a nose. The whole temperament is loving, poetic, eloquent in its indications. Love and hope are chief ingredients of this character.



VOLTAIRE.—Not so, however, with Voltaire. Here we have the bitter, satirical critic—yet with



sterling abilities. A sad absence of sympathy, except for himself. Concentration again, and keen powers of analysis and comprehension.



good in the perceptive direction, constitute the mind.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.—This nose is often accompanied by a rather hypercritical, severe, Calvinistic character. But such is not Mr. Barrie's. His head, however, eminently agrees with his close delineation of character, his strong sympathies, and subtle humour.

The nose here is one indication of the predominating nervous temperament—that is all we can say for it.



QUIDA.—An uncommon form of nose, accompanied by an uncommon character—a combination of strength, imagination, sympathy, self-assertion, hope, caution, aggressiveness, love of harmony, and many other strangely contradictory qualities. These characteristics will hardly contribute

to happiness.

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE.—This is a very evenly-balanced, almost expressionless, nose. The whole temperament, however, is well-balanced, and so are the mental faculties. Moral philosophy made popular requires such a mind for its production. The domestic feelings are strong. Language and the general memory are good.



THE DUKE OF YORK.—This is a somewhat average nose. It is accompanied in this case by much agreeableness—enough perhaps to be at times prejudicial to personal interests. There is, however, a fair amount of dignity and a desire for enterprise. The Duke



has good powers of observation. Did circumstances favour, he might do much, especially in practical directions, where enterprise, activity, fearlessness, combined with modesty rather than authoritative-ness, would be called for.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.—This kind of nose often indicates ability to strive, to quietly persevere, to conquer difficulties. It is a combination of the

“Roman” and “Assyrian,” though less strongly marked than either.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS.—This nose differs much from Leighton's. Such a nose seldom accompanies a character either egotistical or aggressive, or too much inclined to work for the sake of results. It is accompanied in this case by strong benevolent feelings, and affections of a concentrated though uneffusive nature.



MR. SWINBURNE.—This nose is almost always accompanied by the nervous temperament, and often indicates a tendency towards dissatisfaction, idealizing, and uncontrollable emotion. With it, the senses are generally highly active. Mr. Swinburne has comparatively greater width than length of brain; the width in front, accompanied by the nervous temperament, corresponding to his poetical power. His character is not likely to be productive of happiness.



BEETHOVEN.—This nose, like Luther's, seems to denote strength, but indefinitely. The head indicates much of the spiritual and the imaginative. The temperament, of which the nose is partly indicative, is the vital, denoting strong recuperative powers, which are very necessary to the supplying of the nervous force expended in musical composition.



MOZART.—Here the vital temperament is far weaker. Two characteristics often de-

Vol. xi.—11.



Milton, Mozart's nose seems to harmonize with his strong concentration and perseverance.

M. PADEREWSKI.—This nose is unlike either of the two preceding ones. Its type is usually accompanied by emotion rather than philosophy. This excess of emotion may give much influence over other people, especially of a similarly emotional character, but it is not conducive to contentment.



M. EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.—This form of nose is also often indicative of an emotional character, but being accompanied by the vital rather than the nervous temperament, the emotions will be better balanced, less prejudicial to health and happiness. The tendency here is to enjoy life. Strong linguistic ability may often be expected with such a nose, and it is present in this case.



MADAME PATTI.—This nose belongs to the same class as the last. It would seem to denote in general the same tendency towards enjoyment, sociability, vivacity, and romance. Madame Patti's character includes strong artistic tastes, good power of mimicry, and a slight tendency to be extravagant and passionate.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY.—This is a clear-cut, well-defined nose. It indicates an active, nervous temperament. It is accompanied by much ambition, self-confidence, and imitative power. There is, however, no deficiency in originality.



MR. WILLARD.—This nose is accompanied by power of a plodding nature. The ambition will be to merit rather than to gain praise. Will endeavour to be very sure before taking an important step. Reserved and dignified, and possessing much of the secretiveness necessary to efficient acting. Hopeful, and not

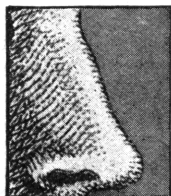


liable to extremes.

SOCRATES.—This formation has not always the brain of a Socrates behind it; still, when the brain is there, this nose may be taken as a minor indication of a questioning tendency, combativeness, and talking ability. Many great orators have had a somewhat similar nose. It accompanies a warm temperament, producing a great flow of blood to the brain.



PLATO.—This nose differs much from that of Socrates. It is intellectual rather than emotional; the abilities are dispassionate in their action. The "Roman" type seems to tend more towards action; this towards thought alone. In the character of its possessor were clear perception of human nature, concentration, and much inventive power.



Abnormal noses frequently set all canons at defiance by being hugely significant of just nothing at all.

Early in the last century a man, Thomas Wedders (or, rather, Wadhouse), with a nose seven and a half inches long, was exhibited throughout Yorkshire.

Thus, if noses were ever uniformly exact in representing the importance of the indi-

vidual, this worthy ought to have amassed all the money in Threadneedle Street and conquered all Europe, for this prodigious nose of his was a compound of the acquisitive with the martial. But either his chin was too weak or his brow too low, or Nature had so exhausted herself in the task of giving this prodigy a nose as to altogether forget to endow him with brains; or, perhaps, the nose crowded out this latter commodity. At



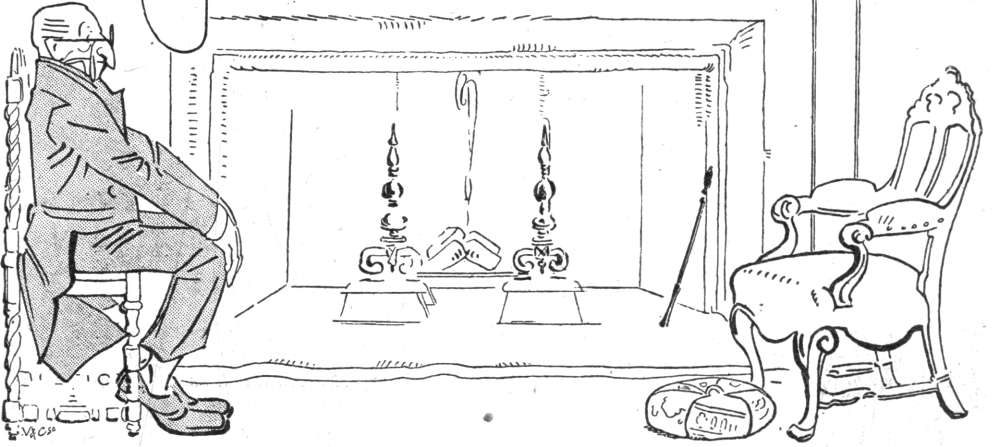
THOMAS WEDDERS.

all events, we are told the Yorkshireman expired, nose and all, as he had lived, in a condition of mind best described as idiocy the most abject.

THE WIDOWER AND THE PARROT.

Illustrated
by
J A Shepherd

cables



1.—A CERTAIN WIDOWER, IN ORDER TO AMUSE HIS SOLITARY HOURS, AND IN SOME MEASURE SUPPLY THE CONVERSATION OF HIS DEPARTED HELPMATE—OF LOQUACIOUS MEMORY—DETERMINED TO PURCHASE A PARROT.



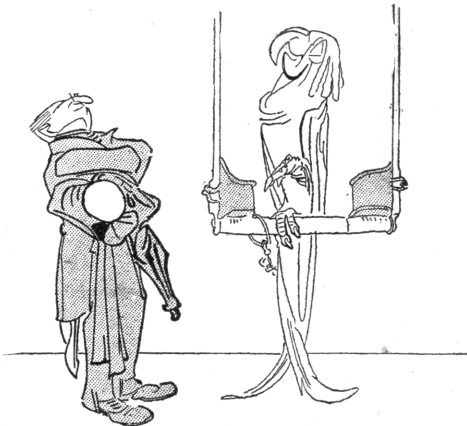
2.—PLEASED WITH THE NOTION—



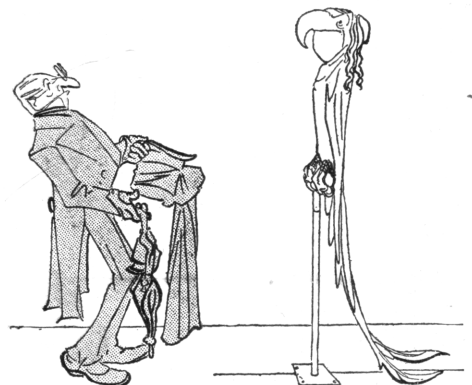
3.—HE APPLIED TO A DEALER IN BIRDS, WHO SHOWED HIM A JOB LINE IN COCKATOOS.



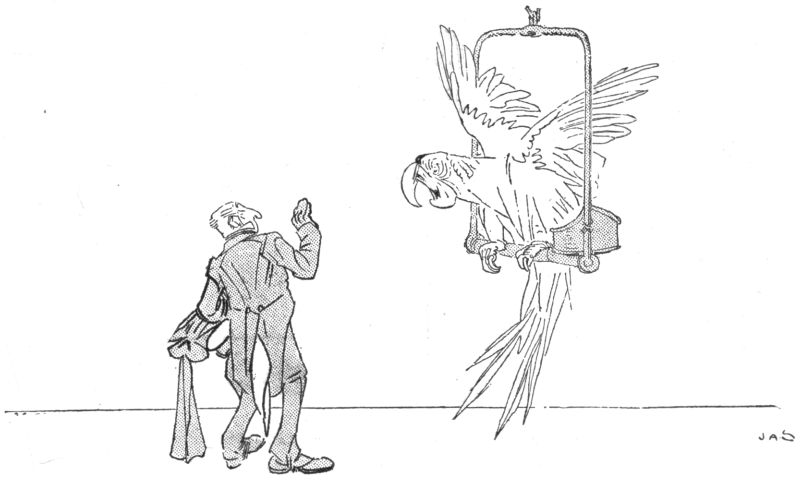
4.—IT WAS THE MACAWS, HOWEVER, WHICH HELPED TO RECALL THE MEMORY OF HIS DEAR DEPARTED.



5.—OUR WIDOWER FOUND MUCH DIFFICULTY IN SELECTING HIS FUTURE COMPANION—HERE ONE WAS TOO PATRONIZING—



6.—THERE, ONE WAS TOO SEVERE.



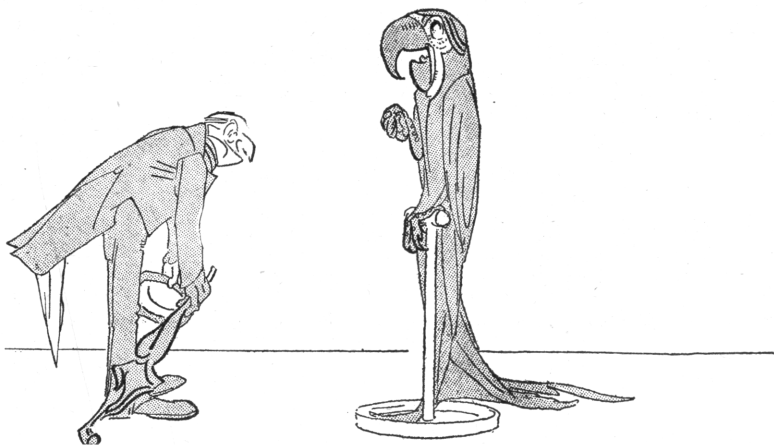
7.—WHILST THE LANGUAGE OF ANOTHER!!



8.—WHILE THEY WERE SCREAMING AND EXERCISING THEIR TALKATIVE TALENTS BEFORE HIM, HE OBSERVED A DARK PARROT PERCHED IN A THOUGHTFUL MANNER.



9.—“AND SO YOU, MY BRAVE BIRD,” SAID HE, “ARE QUITE SILENT?”



10.—TO WHICH THE PARROT REPLIED, LIKE A PHILOSOPHICAL BIRD, "I THINK THE MORE."

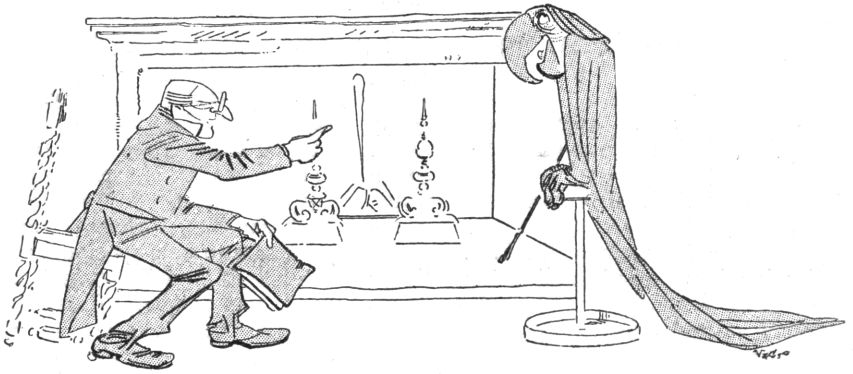


11.—PLEASED WITH THIS SENSIBLE ANSWER, THE WIDOWER IMMEDIATELY PAID DOWN THE PRICE—



12.—AND TOOK HOME THE BIRD, CONCEIVING GREAT THINGS FROM A CREATURE WHICH HAD GIVEN SO STRIKING A SPECIMEN OF HER PARTS.

J.A.S



13.—AFTER HAVING INSTRUCTED HER, HOWEVER, DURING A WHOLE MONTH, HE FOUND TO HIS GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT THAT HE COULD GET NOTHING MORE FROM HER THAN THE FATIGUING REPETITION OF THE SAME DULL SENTENCE: "I THINK THE MORE."



14—"I FIND," SAID HE, IN GREAT WRATH, "THAT YOU ARE A MOST INVINCIBLE FOOL; AND A BIGGER FOOL WAS I, FOR HAVING FORMED A FAVOURABLE OPINION OF YOUR ABILITIES UPON NO BETTER FOUNDATION THAN AN AFFECTED SOLEMNITY."



J.A.S

15.—EPILOGUE.

Gleams from the Dark Continent.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD.

VII.—THE BRIGAND OF KAIROUIN THE HOLY.

NIGHT, with heavy, velvety clouds blotting out the stars, held sway over Kairouin, Kairouin the mysterious, Kairouin the sacred city of Mohammedan Africa.

For five days we had wandered, practically unmolested, through the city girded with its white, crenelated walls. True, we were constantly spat upon, called dogs and Roumis, and once the Moorish gamins had playfully pelted us with stones ; but these were matters

Our presence at the open-air *café*, which was lit up by lanterns hung upon the city wall, was only tolerated because of a rumour which Hassan had sedulously put into circulation. It was, in effect, that we were travelling through Africa in search of a plant said to be a specific for blindness. As ophthalmia is so distressingly common among those who frequent Kairouin, the "Roumi doctors" were allowed to rest at a little distance from the group of true believers gathered round the story-teller.

"Tell us a story, O wise one," said a Bedouin, whose bronzed face was badly pitted with small-pox marks and whose picturesque attire was travel-stained.

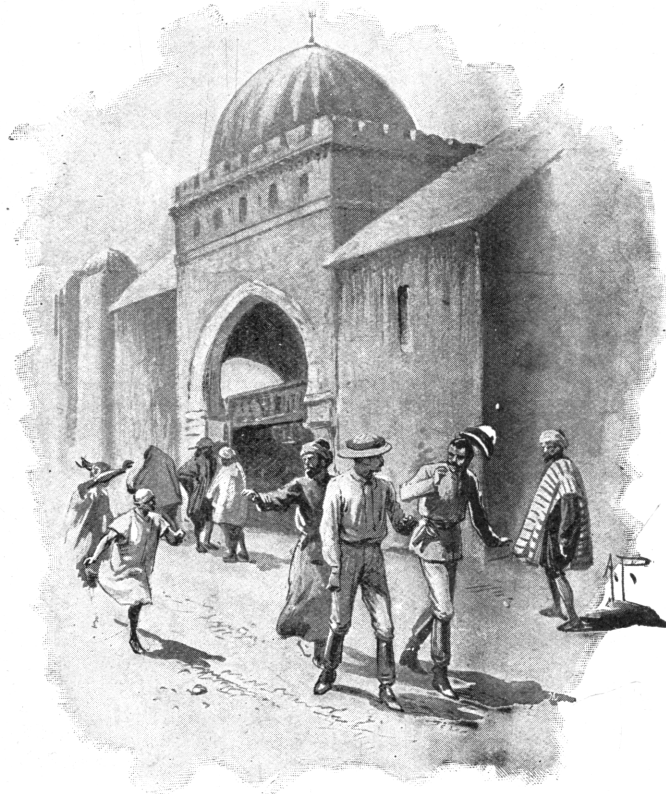
"Does the slave sing whose throat is dry and whose pitcher a camel has kicked?" the story-teller asked. The Bedouin took the hint, and ordered the Moorish servant to bring a draught of legmi, the sap of the date-palm.

"May your story not grow stale," said a Cadi, or magistrate, whose eyes impatiently watched the story-teller as the latter sipped his beverage with the air of a Pasha.

"Don't be hurried by a Cadi who trims his beard and verdict by the size of the plaintiff's harem," interposed a Moor. The Cadi glanced at the speaker angrily. The Moor had a handsome face of Jewish cast, black eyebrows, carefully pointed beard, and eyes that flashed as one of the lanterns flung its beams across the man's face. He

wore a crimson turban, yellow haik, brown djubba and saffron slippers, and was evidently a man of wealth. When the Cadi glanced at him he smiled scornfully, and returned a stare that made the Cadi shift uncomfortably on his mat.

"Sainted one," said the Cadi to the story-teller : "Son of the Prophet, thy slaves wait



"THE MOORISH GAMINS FELTED US WITH STONES."

of small moment, for they had their recompense.

Under the city wall, that night, we were reclining on esparto mats, drinking coffee, and listening to the unmusical strains of a Moorish guitar, played by a minstrel who was at once the dirtiest man and the most popular story-teller of Kairouin.

thy mellow words of wisdom." The story-teller, whose grizzled beard, dirty turban and baracan or robe, and the beads in his hand, showed that he aspired to be a saint as well, was moved by the Cadi's epithets. He finished his legmi, and stroked his beard thoughtfully as if for inspiration.

"They are strange spiders that weave golden webs of imagination in thy brain," said the Moor, approvingly; "but tell us something true, to-night, instead." He bent forward towards the story-teller, and indicated us by a gesture. "These Roudi doctors, Christian dogs, can't you tell us something about such—what about the Kairouin brigand? The Cadi here may never have heard all the story. He might like, when he has heard it, to go out single-handed and bring the fellow to justice. A fine sight it would be to see the Kairouin brigand kneeling in the square while that blunderer, Raschad, the executioner, hacked at his neck! Five times he struck at a thief yesterday before the fellow's waggish head rolled on the stone flagging. Tell the Cadi the story—by my beard, the rascal shall hear it if I have to bind and gag him with my turban the while!"

Everyone stared at the Moor. To beard the Cadi like that!

"The Christian dog and infidel!" cried the Cadi, ignoring the Moor's personal remarks. "By all means tell us the story—I have only heard it in fragments. One hack or twenty, what does it matter so long as the head is struck off? Besides, the crowd likes an execution to be interesting. If ever this brigand fall into my hands, I promise a stirring sight."

"What will you do, Cadi?" asked the Moor, derisively.

"Tell Raschad, the executioner, to shut his eyes each time he strikes with the double-headed sword," calmly returned the Cadi.

"If he were a true believer, I could wish him better luck," said the Bedouin; "but this brigand is a Christian—Allah blacken his face at the Day of Judgment!"

The story-teller took a coin which the Moor held out to him. He struck a note on his guitar as if to get the sing-song pitch of his voice which he favoured, and then began his story:—

"In the harem of Alipha Pasha, know, O true believers, were born two children, a son, the child of a Moorish Princess, and a daughter, the child of a Circassian slave. The son had his father's spirit, and beat every slave that roused his childish ire; Fatima, the daughter, had her father's courage, her

mother's beauty, her own gentle disposition, and was six years younger than her half-brother.

"One day, Alipha Pasha, who was in want of slaves, bade a dealer bring such wares as he had into the courtyard of his harem. The Pasha made no purchases: the slaves were not to his liking. This woman was ungainly, that one was too short, another showed all her teeth when she laughed. As to the eunuchs, they were too sleek to do aught but loll in the shade and consume the Pasha's tobacco.

"Bring me a slave more to my liking, fellow, by sunset to-morrow, or thy head shall part company with thy shoulders!" cried the Pasha.

"The trader took the hint. When he came before the Pasha, next day, he brought three maidens, with eyes like the houris of Paradise, necks like swans, and taper fingers, henna tipped. With them the trader brought a boy, of the age of the Pasha's son, a white-faced child, son of some Christian dogs, from whom the child had been stolen in the by-ways of fair Tangier. The Pasha bought them all; the girls for his harem, and the boy for his son to beat as an amusement."

"Good!" said the Cadi; "what are infidels but beasts to be beaten?" The rest of the little knot of listeners wagged approval with their beards.

"Fatima, the Pasha's daughter, child of a slave woman, mark you, O true believers and inheritors of Paradise, dared one day to interfere when her free brother was beating this infidel spawn, so he beat her as well while the Pasha looked on approvingly, for Fatima's mother was in Alipha Pasha's black books for having smiled at someone in the streets of Kairouin."

"A sack and the sea for a woman who acts so. Women's smiles must never stray from their own lords," observed the Cadi, as if uttering judgment on a prisoner.

"The Christian dog, who was twenty in years and forty in ingratitude to the good Pasha, wrenched the whip from the son's hand, and struck the illustrious Alipha Pasha himself a blow that left a livid mark upon his smitten face. The Pasha clapped his hands for help, and his eunuchs ran quickly into the courtyard. They held the Christian dog and beat him by turns till he fainted. Then the Pasha sent for the Cadi."

"I came at once," said the Cadi; "for know, O good and true followers of Allah and Mahomet His Prophet, when the Pasha could not manage the ungovernable Christian



"THE PASHA LOOKED ON APPROVINGLY."

beast, he sent for me!" The Cadi drew himself up a couple of inches higher on his heels, as he proudly glanced at the Moor to see what the latter then thought of his importance.

"The rest of the story I know," continued the Cadi; "it was the early part of it of which I was ignorant, for I asked the Pasha no questions."

"The Cadi sentenced the Christian dog to death," continued the story-teller, for the information of the others; "but that night he escaped from the prison into which he was flung."

"The Cadi was as stupid as a blind camel to let the rat get out of the trap that was shut upon it," said the Moor.

"Fatima was at the bottom of it all," said the discomfited Cadi; "I sentenced *her* to death, afterwards, but the Pasha refused to allow it, and fined me the price of three slaves for letting the dog of an infidel escape."

"After his escape," continued the story-teller, "the slave took refuge in the hills, and, gathering a band of lawless followers, plundered every traveller who went his way. One night the bandits got into this very city of Kairouin, someone having treacherously admitted them by the Skinners' Gate. Next morning every bazaar of note was found to have been looted. The Pasha and his son were found slain in the harem courtyard among a heap of dead on both sides; none

of the women were molested save Fatima—the bandits carried her off to the Ousselat Hills, to become the infidel's willing bride!

"The Sultan's troops have since swept down upon the outlaws and decimated them, but the Christian dog still lives; he, with Fatima and the remnants of his band, still lurks somewhere in their mountain fastness. Who meets them may slay them—would to Allah someone would!"

"Cadi," said the Moor, when the story-teller had ceased, "there is a chance for you to become illustrious—all you have to do is to catch the brigand of Kairouin."

"If, once the way be found into the mountain fastness, I will go after the brigand, and surely he shall die," averred the Cadi, stoutly.

"The Christian dog has a rather unpleasant way of hanging his would-be benefactors," laughed the Moor, drily.

"By the Koran I care not. Let me but find a guide and I will go—and take the infidel single-handed," boasted the Cadi.

"Cadi," said the Moor, quietly, "you have sworn by the Koran: you dare not break your word and so lose your eternal happiness with the houris of Paradise. To-morrow, when the sun rises, I will meet you at the gate of the city. I have discovered the way to this outlawed dog's hiding-place—I will show it to you."

"The brigand's doom is sealed, then," answered the Cadi; "I will take enough men with me to root out the entire nest of rascals."

"Stay, Cadi," replied the Moor; "you threatened to take the brigand single-handed. If you draw back from your boast, the story-teller here will tell through the whole city of Kairouin that its illustrious Cadi is a still more illustrious liar."

The Cadi was beaten at the game of brag. He was silent a few minutes, then answered:—

"The Cadi's word is his bond—I will meet you at daybreak to-morrow at the gate; the brigand's head shall roll from his shoulders within a week."

"Or the Cadi's neck be dislocated," said the Moor.

"Wait till I meet the brigand," said the Cadi, with a determined air.

"Wait till the brigand meets you," laughed the Moor, as he rose and went away, walking slowly and thoughtfully into the night.

II.

KAIROUIN was filled with an excited throng. Every street and crooked alley, every bazaar and open space, had its crowd of gossiping Moors, talking and gesticulating wildly. As we walked towards one of these groups, curious to discover what had happened, a cry of "Infidels! Infidels!" was raised. The gamins began stone-throwing in real earnest, while six or seven picturesque but fanatic Moors gathered round us and pressed upon us in a way that boded no good. A religious mendicant howled imprecations on our heads, whose utterances the crowd took up. Two or three dangerous-looking knives were drawn, and there was every prospect of our becoming the victims of a foreign mob, when Hassan caught each of us by an arm and dragged us within the shop of a friendly Moor. Passing through his little bazaar, we escaped into the next byway, and thence to where we were staying, without further molestation.

"What has happened? What was it all about?" Denviers questioned Hassan.

"The brigand is an infidel, and the sahibs are——" Hassan was too courteous to finish the sentence.

"The brigand!" exclaimed Denviers. "Has anything been heard of the Cadi, who went five days ago to take him single-handed?"

Hassan looked grave. "Sahib," he answered, "the brigand has captured the Cadi, and has sent a messenger into the city to demand a heavy ransom. Unless it is received in six days, the brigand declares he will hang the Cadi. The man who brought the message has asked that the ransom be carried back by someone from the city under his guidance. No one will undertake the task, and so the Cadi must be hanged."

"You say the brigand is an Englishman," I remarked, thoughtfully.

"The sahib perhaps is convinced of that, since he has met the brigand," replied Hassan.

"Met him, Hassan?"

"The Moor who promised to show the Cadi the way to the brigand's retreat was none other than the brigand himself in disguise!" answered Hassan, to our astonishment.

"Then I will take the Cadi's ransom to him," I said, for, somehow, the Moor's amusing air had quite attracted me to him.

"I will go instead," insisted Denviers.

"The latchet of the sahibs' shoes is ready to take the Cadi's ransom, if they will permit him," said Hassan.

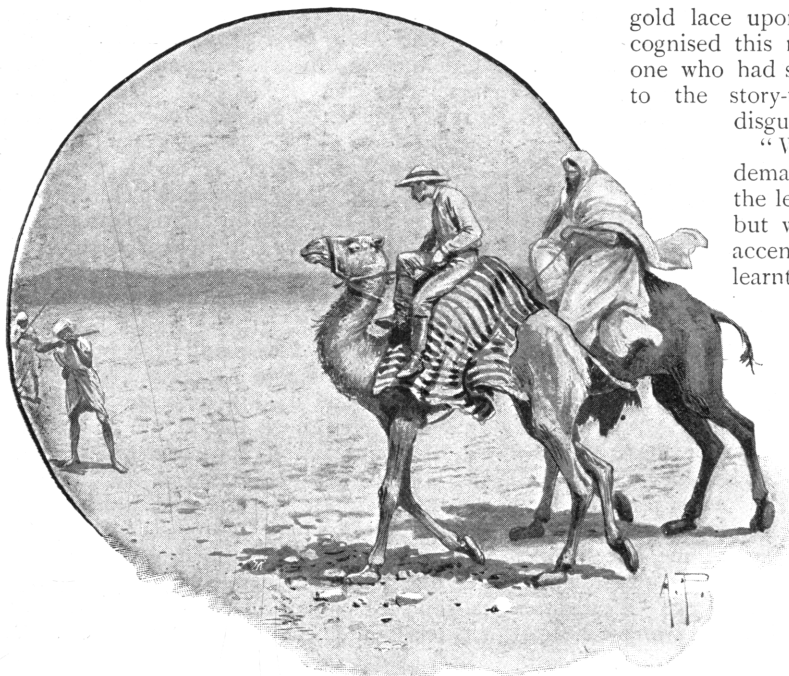
"I think one of us would fare better with the brigand than a Moslem would," I answered, "and as I first suggested going, I mean to keep to my intention."

Denviers demurred for some time, but, at last, Hassan was dispatched to the house of a wealthy Kairouini, who agreed to advance the Cadi's ransom.

Next morning I met the brigand's messenger, the Kairouini handed me the required ransom, Denviers and Hassan bade me an anxious farewell, and I started for the Ousselat Hills, mounted, as was also the messenger, on a camel.

Far in the distance rose the purple heights of the towering Ousselats; between us and the hills lay a sun-scorched plain. We followed a track for some time, then came upon a wide stretch of sand, over which the camels went, up and down, like a ship plunging into the trough of high-backed waves. Long before the day was over I was heartily wearied of the long, heaving motion of the camel. At sunset my new-found guide gave me a handful of dates and a drink from a water-skin; we rested for a few hours, but were travelling on our way again before the sun had risen.

On the third day after my departure from Kairouin, we came within near view of a spur of the hills. Pushing steadily on, I was surprised to see a number of armed men suddenly spring up from the desolate plain. These men, who were armed with modern rifles, were some twenty yards apart. The nearest instantly levelled his rifle at my head and curtly bade me dismount. Without demur I did so, as the camel knelt upon the burning sand. My guide dismounted also and led his camel; his companion led mine. Halting at some distance from my destination, I submitted to be blindfolded. A cord was then adjusted from my wrists to the camels on either side of me, and in this fashion I walked or stumbled along over the sand for an hour or more.



"THE NEAREST INSTANTLY LEVELLED HIS RIFLE AT MY HEAD."

I could tell by the frequent straining of the cord upon my wrists that our course was continuously eastward; then the camels were taken away, and guided solely by the brigand's messenger, I wound up a steep ascent. I frequently heard footsteps as some of the brigand's followers passed me; indeed, many a rude jest was bandied at my expense, from which I gathered it was conjectured I had been captured by my guide who was leading me to the brigand's retreat.

I passed through a passage, as I supposed, lit up by flaring torches, the light of which fell upon the bandage across my eyes. My companion halted.

"You will swear to say nothing in Kairouin of what you see here?" he demanded. I answered in the affirmative. I was then led forward again and found myself standing on a soft carpet, while the sound of several people talking in low tones struck upon my ears.

The bandage was removed from my eyes, and I discovered myself facing three men, who sat at a table regarding me curiously. My guide advanced and whispered something to the one who sat on the left, a dark, military-looking man, some forty years of age, and dressed like a German officer, as were also his two companions, save that he who sat middle of the three had a profusion of

gold lace upon his coat. I recognised this man instantly as the one who had sat listening with us to the story-teller in Kairouin, disguised as a Moor.

"Who are you?" demanded the man on the left, speaking English, but with a strong foreign accent. I subsequently learnt that his name was Leitner, and that he had recently taken service with the brigand, being responsible for the military training of the latter's followers.

I explained how it came about that I had visited Kairouin.

"You speak plausibly," he retorted, coldly.

"Of course, with your knowledge

of Africa, you would have no difficulty in tracing for us the route by which you have travelled from Zanzibar, as you declare?"

"I am quite equal to the task," I answered, curtly, for the tone of my interrogator's voice seemed to challenge the truth of my statement. He smiled, and rising, placed in my hand a wand of willow.

"Most renowned traveller," said Leitner, with biting sarcasm, "the Continent you and your friend have crossed is well shown above your head. Be good enough to trace out your way for our satisfaction."

I glanced upwards as Leitner waved his hand. To my surprise, I observed that the entire ceiling of the rock-cut room was occupied by a map of Africa, in relief, the material used to show the depressions and mountain heights being some kind of stucco, while the positions of river courses and lakes were indicated by means of silver-backed glass. The exactness of the work, its beauty, and the tediousness of the labour, which must have taken years to accomplish, all astonished me.

"You are struck with admiration, friend!" said the brigand. "It is, no doubt, excellent work; it occupied its designer eight years. We generally make use of the talents of those whom fortune sends our way."

"Point out the route you traversed," com-

manded Leitner, taking little notice of his chief's interruption.

I obeyed the behest. I could not help noticing the glances which they gave each other as, with the willow wand, I traced out the route Denviers and I had taken.

"Of all the extraordinary pieces of good luck!" ejaculated Leitner, to his chief, aside.

"We must not let it slip away from us," said the brigand. He turned to me.

"How came you to undertake the task of bearding the brigand of Kairouin on behalf of this miserable Cadi?" he asked.

"Your messenger may best explain that," I answered, quietly.

"There was not a native dog of Kairouin who dared venture his skin by coming here, even to ransom a Cadi," said the fellow, pleased to have an opportunity to speak.

"There is the Cadi's ransom," I said, placing a heavy and well-filled bag upon the table. Leitner passed it to the third of the trio who sat at the table. He unfastened the sealed cord about its neck and weighed the coins by means of a pair of scales standing in a recess.

"The money is full weight," he said, with evident reluctance. "I wish with all my heart it were not so. That rascally Cadi has been the cause of the death of a good many of our brave fellows. I am convinced he had a hand in bribing the man who led the Sultan's troops into our former stronghold; besides, to our definite knowledge, he has had five of our number executed within the last three months. It is folly to accept a ransom for such as he."

"We must have money," said the brigand: "he is beggared by paying such a ransom as this."

"When your heel is on a snake's head, crush it out of shape," said Leitner.

"We must be just, however much it costs," said the brigand: "the people of Kairouin are on our side, for they know that only their oppressors suffer at our hands." He nodded to my guide to approach: "Bring the Cadi," he said, shortly.

A few minutes afterwards the Cadi was brought in, guarded, by two armed men. A more crestfallen-looking being than the Cadi, it would be impossible to imagine. His garments were torn and dirty, his turban awry, his beard thick with dust, his limbs shook as though ague had seized him.

"Cadi," said the brigand: "you have not taken me prisoner yet—how is that?"

The unfortunate Cadi declared that Allah

had bowed his face to the dust for his presumption in making such an idle threat.

"Cadi," asked the brigand, "have you any choice in the manner of your death? Shall we behead you in the slow way which you so much favour, or shall we hang you?"

"Hang me, hang me!" pleaded the Cadi, whose face had assumed an ashen hue, and whose teeth chattered audibly.

"It seems a pity to refuse such a boon," said Leitner, drily, to his chief.

"Cadi, your ransom has been paid. Promise that you will never hurt another of my followers, and you shall be set free," said the brigand, unexpectedly.

The Cadi promised with alacrity. His joy was beyond expression. When he learnt that I had procured his ransom, he embraced me with a fervour that disconcerted me.

"There," said I, thrusting him gently away, "you see even a Christian dog is good for something, occasionally."

The brigand gave my guide some further message. The man was absent for a considerable time. When he came back he gave the Cadi a small pack of dates and a skin of water; then delivered some message to the chief brigand.

"The Cadi will depart alone, and on foot," said the brigand to me; "you may have the pleasure of witnessing our farewell greeting to him." The other two, who sat at the table, laughed.

Accordingly, I was once more blindfolded and led away. When the bandage was again removed from my eyes, I saw that, besides the Cadi, the three brigands who had sat at the table, and a number of armed retainers, a double line of women and children, armed with willow wands, had been drawn up. Shouts of laughter greeted the Cadi as the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he saw what was in store for him.

"The women and children have come to wish you farewell, Cadi," said the brigand. "Your way lies there!" He pointed between the lines of the expectant women and children.

The Cadi looked round, but saw no other way of escaping. He drew his breath, and then, carrying the provisions, which were scanty enough for his long journey, he ran the gauntlet. At last the Cadi had passed completely through the lines of his tormentors, who then pursued him over the sandy plain till they were tired, afterwards returning to their mountain retreat.

I was led back again, where I demanded my camel and leave to depart unmolested.

"You are my guest," said the brigand, courteously but firmly. "Travellers with your knowledge and experience do not come our way every day. You shall see something more of our resources before you depart."



"HE RAN THE GAUNTLET."

My demur was coolly passed over; before long I understood that the brigand was holding me as his prisoner!

My host conducted me through the extensive encampment, which was situated in a spot protected with great natural defences. On three sides of the valley rose sharp mountain slopes, the fourth side opened funnel-shaped upon a long, winding pathway between precipitous rocks, leading to the plain far below. This entry was commanded by several guns; indeed, the place was fortified so thoroughly that it seemed to be impregnable. The disaster which had come upon the former encampment had had its lesson for the outlaws.

Caves of various sizes, most of which were occupied as dwellings or store-places, ran into the rocky sides of the valley. In one of these orifices I had been examined; in a second the Cadi had been held a prisoner; a third, into which the brigand conducted me, was evidently the armoury. There, rifles of the most modern European pattern stood in

stacks, tiers of them rising one above the other, so that I calculated many thousands of rifles were there. Leading from the main room in which the rifles were, were several smaller orifices. In these latter were men, stripped to the waist, working at their own

particular branch of gun-making. In a large cave apart from the rest the ammunition was manufactured. Passing through one of these caves I saw a prisoner chained to the wall.

"Our discipline is naturally stern," said the brigand, as he saw me glance pityingly at the prisoner; "men who carry their lives in their hands cannot afford to be squeamish." I grew silent and fell to wondering what was the prisoner's offence.

In the afternoon the main body of the

brigand's followers were put through some military evolutions in the valley, and I was permitted to be present. Leitner, the German officer, for such I heard he had been, displayed remarkable abilities in handling the men. The precision of their movements and the way they manœuvred convinced me that the men were occasionally used for other purposes than mere defence.

On the second day of my perforce stay with the brigand, a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was placed upon camels after being concealed in unsuspecting bales of merchandise. While I was watching the men loading the camels, the brigand came up.

"Do you understand us any better now?" he asked, with a smile.

"I understand this much," I retorted: "you have a vast organization of men engaged trafficking in arms. I can understand now, easily enough, how arms of European pattern get into Africa and are disposed of to the tribes. You are directly responsible

for arming the natives who resist the influence of the various European spheres."

"Yes, we arm unwilling slaves against their masters—is that a great crime?"

"About as bad as chaining a man to a wall till his hair turns grey," I retorted.

"Hark you," said the brigand, in no amiable tones, "my scheme is what it is. When injustice drives a man to the hills to die or herd with brutes, small wonder that he sides with and assists those who are oppressed and down-trodden. You can be of great service to the cause I am helping forward: you have made friends with a number of important chiefs and headmen. There is that Kwembi, for instance, the Englishman you mentioned who rules a most important tribe of Africans. Consider how you could help me to dispose of arms among those tribes with whom at present I have no dealings. I will treat you liberally enough—be sensible, and join us."

I was startled by the proposal.

"Not for worlds," I answered, promptly. "Nothing would ever induce me to do as you say."

"We shall see," the brigand answered, with a flash of fire from his kindling eyes as he drew close together his brows. "Of one thing I am determined, you shall not go back to Kairouin again."

"Do I understand that I am a prisoner?" I asked.

"You are singularly clear-headed," he said, raising his brows.

"What ransom do you demand?" I questioned.

"It is not a case of ransom. I accepted one for the Cadi because we are always in need of such a large sum as he paid, and in a year or two I mean to recapture him and hang him—there is really no hurry; the Cadi is quite safe in my hands; I have a hundred spies in Kairouin at least. What I want from you is your promise to join us; until that is given you may consider yourself a prisoner."

"But I will give no such promise; after detaining me in this way, I can put no trust in anything you say. I will escape, I warn you, if a chance occur."

"Then you may trust what I say to the latter part of that remark," the brigand said, knitting his brows darkly again; "for I swear if you are caught trying to escape, I will hang you on the spot."

"If you catch me, you may," I said, walking off in dudgeon, for I felt my hardihood in venturing to take the Cadi's ransom

had been ill repaid. From that hour one thought was uppermost in my mind—how to escape from the brigand of Kairouin.

III.

I TRIED to bribe more than one of the brigand's followers to connive in my proposed attempts at escape, but the shrewd fellows took my bribes and then failed to assist me at the critical moment. Every hour I expected that El Hamam, the brigand, would hear of my doings and promptly hang me.

Nothing occurred, however, and, finding it useless to approach the men directly on the subject which was uppermost in my mind, I ventured to mention the matter to one of the Moorish women who wandered freely about the camp. She sympathized with me, but declared that escape was well-nigh impossible; El Hamam, the brigand, was all eyes and ears. Still, I spoke of the matter several times to her; indeed, it served as a convenient subject for converse whenever we met.

One day, as I stood idly dropping stones into a natural fountain which sprang up in the valley, I saw Fatima, for so I learnt the Moorish woman was named, approaching me. There was unusual animation in her dark eyes as she drew near me.

"Christian dog," Fatima said, but in no unkindly tone: "I have thought of a way by which you may escape."

"Tell me how!" I answered, excitedly.

"Not now, not here," she said, hurriedly, for several of the other women were approaching with envious glances. "To-night, while the camp sleeps, do thou be wakeful—I will send one who shall show thee the way to escape."

A minute after, the Moorish woman had left me and was joining heartily with the others in the epithets which it pleased them to hurl at me whenever they saw me and thought I could hear.

When night came, I lay down on the mat which was spread in the cave I usually occupied, and waited anxiously for Fatima's promised visitor. Hour after hour wore wearily away without anything transpiring.

It was about an hour before dawn, when, as I lay there half-asleep, I saw someone enter the cave and stoop over me. The light of a Moorish lantern flashed in my face, and, glancing up, my eyes rested upon the face of a young Moor. He motioned to me to follow him, and at once I did so.

We passed out of the cave into another of considerable length. At the end of this latter my guide removed, with my assistance, a



"HE MOTIONED ME TO FOLLOW HIM."

piece of rock covering a hole. He disappeared through the orifice and I quickly followed, replacing the stone from below.

Our way lay along a narrow, excavated passage in the rock, which slanted upward. After we had proceeded in silence some considerable distance, my guide stopped to rest for a minute and to explain.

"This passage is the scheme of Leitner," he said; "it leads to the powder magazine. The latter has a secret entry and exit; follow me closely and watch each footstep you take." The Moor held the lantern so that its light fell upon the floor of the rock-hewn passage, and well it was he did so, for countless abysmal traps for unwary feet were visible at each few yards we advanced.

More cautiously than ever my guide advanced, until we came to where the rocky path had an abrupt end. The Moor held the lantern aloft.

"See," he whispered, as if afraid of the gloom through which the rays of the lantern struggled; "there is the basket by which the powder is raised from the magazine." I glanced up and saw a great wheel fixed in the rock above our heads; a basket with a long rope was attached to it.

At my guide's request, I lowered him into the depths below, the light from the lantern

gleaming like a firefly in the dark, as the basket to which it was attached descended lower and lower.

A sudden jerk told me that the basket had reached its destination. I let down the great length of rope; my guide caught it from beneath. The basket was raised and I entered it, to be lowered down, down, into the darkness below.

As I stood once more upon the solid rock, I held up the lantern and glanced round. Barrels of powder were ranged in rows that seemed endless, while heaps of cartridges and cannon-shot showed

from alcoves in the walls.

"I will show you the way of exit," said my guide; "then you must raise me by means of the basket to the passage above. Returning, you can easily make your escape. Allah bless you, and grant that you may become a Moslem and kiss the Holy Kaaba before you die."

I pressed his hand fervently as we went on towards the exit I sought. We had reached it, and were digging our fingers into the crevices to remove a stone which blocked its small orifice, when I chanced to hear a slight sound. I looked up, and as I held up the lantern, its rays fell upon the brigand's face!

"El Hamam," I gasped, in astonishment.

"You are lost!" cried my guide. "Lost! While I—I——"

"You are a traitor, and shall be hanged likewise!" answered the brigand.

I glanced round to see if there were others to face. I could see no more. Before El Hamam suspected what I would do, I flung myself upon him, and we rolled upon the floor struggling for the mastery. He was strong beyond the strength of a man, it seemed to me; his hands gripped me like the claws of a pair of steel pincers, so that my struggle to overmaster him was in vain.

Then the overwhelming coolness of the man brought him victory over us both. He pinned me down with one knee, and, seizing the lantern which was lying close by, he broke its thin sheet of horn, and held the flare right over an open barrel of powder.

"Traitor," he cried to the Moor who had conducted me there, "take off my turban and bind this fellow!"

The Moor hesitated.

"I will blow the three of us to perdition if you hesitate another second," the brigand insisted.

My guide uttered a cry of fear. Coming forward, he unwound the brigand's turban and bound me fast with it. El Hamam then removed the stone covering the orifice, and I was forced through. My guide, too terrified to escape, followed, the brigand coming last.

Once we were in the open air, the brigand fired a pistol-shot, the sound of which brought half-a-dozen of his followers upon us. El Hamam explained to the excited knot of listeners what had happened.

"What is your will?" asked one of the fellows, a half-naked muleteer, who carried a rifle like the rest of the brigand's outposts.

"Hang them both to the nearest tree!" answered El Hamam. I saw there was no hope of escape for me. My guide apparently had not known how rigidly the retreat was surrounded day and night by outposts. He had led me into certain capture.

"El Hamam," I said, when I stood beneath the tree, with the rope adjusted about my neck, as was also the case with my companion: "for myself I ask nothing, but this Moor who guided me is a mere youth: set him free at least."

"Nay, I do not desire it," cried the Moor: "El Hamam, who has always been called The Just, means to hang a fellow-countryman, as you are, innocently!"

Something in the Moor's voice startled the brigand.

"Fellow, who are you?" El Hamam asked, roughly. The Moor did not reply.

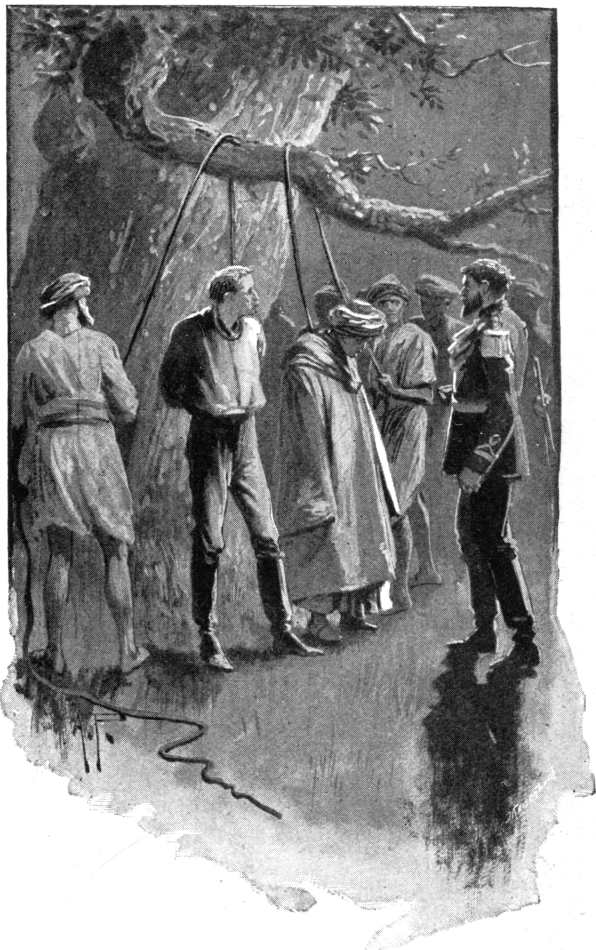
"Take off his turban!" cried the brigand.

He stared incredulously as the turban was removed. "Fatima!" he cried, blankly. It was the brigand's wife! She had failed to induce anyone to assist me, and so had disguised herself and personated a Moorish soldier in order to help me herself.

"Take the rope from her neck!" said El Hamam, eagerly, for he loved the woman beyond measure, and her reproof for his unfairness towards me unnerved him.

"From both or neither!" insisted Fatima.

The brigand finally agreed, but with no good will. The next day my camel was given back to me, and one of El Hamam's



"SOMETHING IN THE MOOR'S VOICE STARTLED THE BRIGAND."

followers accompanied me part of the way to Kairouin, which I reached in safety after so prolonged an absence.

Ladies of the Households of the Princesses of England.



HE Princesses naturally have smaller Courts than that of Her Majesty, whose Ladies formed the subject of an article in our last August number, and there are other differences.

The most noteworthy of these differences is that no Princess has a Maid of Honour. The Princess of Wales has, like the Queen, Ladies of the Bedchamber and Bedchamber Women, but the other Princesses have "Ladies-in-Waiting" who are not necessarily possessed of the prefix of Lady or even Honourable. These Ladies-in-Waiting combine the duties of Ladies of the Bedchamber and Bedchamber Women. The Princess of Wales has an "Extra Bedchamber Woman"; several of the other Princesses have "Honorary Ladies-in-Waiting," the Duchess of Connaught has two Honorary Ladies-in-Waiting, and the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) one. The Princess Christian has, in addition to three Ladies-in-Waiting, one being "Extra," three Honorary Bedchamber Women.

The following are the various ladies who

have kindly allowed us to reproduce their portraits.

THE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

Lady Mary Frances Grosvenor, second daughter of the second Marquis of Westminster, by his wife Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the first Duke of Sutherland, was born in 1821. In 1842 she married, as his second wife, the sixth Earl of Macclesfield. The first Earl of Macclesfield was a celebrated lawyer, who was created Lord High Chancellor in 1718. Lady Macclesfield was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales on the marriage of the latter in 1863, and has held that office ever since. Lady Macclesfield is sister to the present Duke of Westminster, and great aunt of the present Duke of Sutherland.

MISS KNOLLYS.

Elizabeth Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late General the Right Honourable Sir William Thomas Knollys, K.C.B., Privy Councillor, Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, was appointed Bedchamber Woman to Her Royal



COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.
(Lady of the Bedchamber to the Princess of Wales.)
From a Photo. by J. Thomson.



MISS ELIZABETH KNOLLYS.
(Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales.)
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.



THE DUCHESSE D'OTRANTE.

(Extra Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales.)

From a Photo. by Selma Jacobsson, Stockholm.

Highness the Princess of Wales about twenty years ago, and still holds that office. Her brother is Sir Francis Knollys, Private Secretary and Groom-in-Waiting to the Prince of Wales. There is a coincidence of some historical interest in the connection of two members of this family with the Court of the Princess of Wales. Only two Princes of Wales have been married at Windsor. The first of these was Edward the Black Prince, at the head of whose household was Sir Robert Knollys; the second Prince of Wales married at Windsor, after an interval of more than six centuries, was the present Prince, at the head of whose household was Miss Knollys' father, the late Sir William Knollys.

THE DUCHESSE D'OTRANTE.

The Honourable Mrs. William Grey (Hélène Theresa Catherine), daughter of Major-General Count Stedingk, Inspector-General of Cavalry in Sweden, married in 1858 the Hon.

William George Grey, son of the second Earl Grey, who died as an Attaché to the British Embassy at Paris in 1865. Mrs. Grey, who had been appointed Bedchamber Woman to the Princess of Wales in 1863, married in 1873 the Duc d'Otrante, when she resigned her post as Bedchamber Woman, but was appointed Extra Bedchamber Woman. The Duc d'Otrante is the grandson of the notorious Joseph Fouché, Napoleon's Minister of Police, who was created by him Duc d'Otrante. His son settled in Sweden when Bernadotte, the favourite of the French army, ascended the throne of that country, and the second wife of this son was also a lady of the house of Stedingk. The present Duke is a retired captain of Swedish cavalry, and was at one time Equerry to Charles XV., son of Bernadotte.

LADY MARY WENTWORTH FITZ-WILLIAM.

Lady Mary Grace Louisa Butler, born in 1846, is the daughter of John, second Marquis

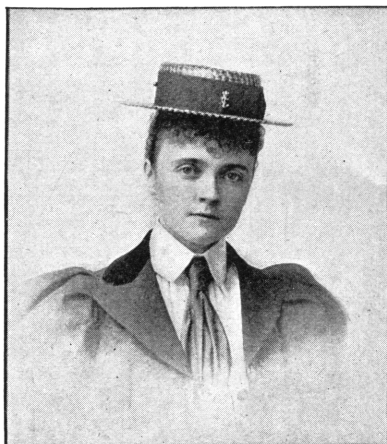


LADY MARY WENTWORTH FITZ-WILLIAM.

(Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Saxe Coburg-Gotha.)

From a Photo. by E. Uhlenkuth, Coburg.

of Ormonde, by his wife Frances Jane, daughter of the late General the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B., of Peninsular fame. The Marquises of Ormonde are descended from Theobald Fitz-Walter, who accompanied Henry II. to Ireland. He was created by that King Chief Butler (sometimes called Le Boteler) in Ireland, and his son assumed in consequence the surname of Butler. The sixth of the race was created Earl of Carrick in 1315. Among the other ancestors of the Marquis of Ormonde was the great Duke of Ormonde, who played so conspicuous a part in Irish history during the seventeenth century. Lady Mary married in 1877 the Hon. Henry Wentworth Fitz-William, son of the sixth Earl Fitz-William. He was M.P. for Wicklow 1868-74, for the Southern Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire 1880-1885, and for the Doncaster Division 1888-92; and has just been elected for it for the present Parliament. The family of Fitz-William date back to the eleventh century. One of the early heads of the family erected, in the High Street of Sprotborough, a cross bearing the following quaint and hospitable inscription:—



MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.)
From a Photo. by Debenham, Southsea.

Who so is hungry and likes to eat
Let him come to Sprotborough
to his meate,
And for a night and for a day
His horse shall have both corn
and hay,
And no man shall ask him
when he goeth away.

Lady Mary was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh on her marriage in 1874. Lady Mary resigned in 1876, when she was appointed Extra Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Imperial Highness.

MRS. COLIN KEPPEL.

Henrietta, daughter of Major-General Richard Blundell, married, in 1889, Lieutenant Colin Richard Keppel, R.N., Equerry to His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She is Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Lieutenant Colin Richard Keppel is the son of Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B.

LADY EVA
DUGDALE

is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Warwick by his wife Anne, eldest daughter of the eighth Earl of Wemyss. The Grevilles—the family name of the Earls of Warwick—trace their ancestry back to the reign of Edward III. and the Barony of Brooke to 1620. The first



LADY EVA DUGDALE.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York.)
From a Photo. by Alice Hughes.

Baron Brooke caused to be inscribed on his monument in the great church of Warwick :—

Servant to Queen Elizabeth,
Councillor to King James,
And friend to Sir Philip Sidney.

The Grevilles ought to be an opulent family, for they have four times married heiresses or co-heiresses. Indeed, the first Lord Brooke married a lady who was supposed to be one of the richest heiresses in England. Lady Eva was an intimate friend of the Duchess of York, and when the latter married, Lady Eva was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness. On the 20th July last year she married Frank Dugdale, Esq., second son of the late James Dugdale, Esq., J.P., D.L., of Wroxall Abbey, Warwickshire.

LADY ADELA MARIA LARKING.

Lady Adela is the daughter of the second Earl of Listowel, by his wife Maria Augusta, second daughter of Vice-Admiral William Windham, of Felbrigge Hall, Norfolk, and widow of Thomas Wyndham, Esq., of Cromer Hall, in the same county. Lady Adela married, in 1864, Lieut. - Col. Cuthbert Larking, D.L., J.P., who was formerly an



LADY A. LARKING.
(Lady of the Bedchamber to the Duchess of Connaught.)
From a Photo. by Maull & Fox.



LADY COLLINS.
(Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany.)
From a Photo. by Lombardi, Pall Mall East.

officer of the 13th Light Infantry and 15th Hussars, and in 1877 appointed Lieut.-Col. of the West Kent Militia and Equerry to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn. He is the eldest son of John Wingfield Larking, D.L., J.P., of The Firs, Lee, Kent. Colonel Larking is, in addition to being Equerry to the Duke of Connaught, also Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber to Her Majesty. In 1879 Lady Adela was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, which post she still holds.

LADY COLLINS.

Mary, daughter of the Rev. Henry Wightwich, Rector of Codford St. Peters, Wilts, married in 1875 Sir Robert Hawthorn Collins, K.C.B. Sir Robert, who was born in 1841, is the fourth son of the Rev. John Ferdinando Collins, of Betterton House, Wantage, Berks. Sir Robert, a B.A. of Oxford, was called to the Bar of Lincoln's Inn in 1865. In the following year he was appointed Private Tutor to the Duke of Albany, and on His Royal Highness becoming of age in 1874, Comptroller of his household. On His Royal Highness's death in 1884 Sir Robert—he was created K.C.B. in that year—became Comptroller of the Household to the Duchess of Albany, a post which he



LADY KNIGHTLEY.

(Extra Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Albany.)
From a Photo. by Fred. Kingsbury, Knightsbridge.

has held ever since. Lady Collins is Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness.

LADY KNIGHTLEY.

Louisa Mary is the only daughter of the late General Sir Edward Bowater, K.C.H., a most distinguished officer, who served with the 3rd (now Scots) Guards in the Peninsula and Waterloo, and was wounded at Talavera and Waterloo. Soon after the marriage of the late Prince Consort Sir Edward was appointed Equerry to His Royal Highness, and in 1846 a Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. In December, 1861, Sir Edward died at Cannes, where he had been sent in charge of His Royal Highness Prince Leopold. In 1869 Miss Bowater married Sir Rainald Knightley, third baronet, born in 1819, and M.P. for South Northamptonshire from 1852-1892. In the latter year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Knightley. Lady Knightley is and has been for many years an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany.

LADY AGNETA MONTAGU.

Lady Agnetta Harriet Montagu is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Sandwich by his wife Susan, sixth daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth. In 1867 she married Captain the Hon. Victor Alexander Montagu, R.N., retired—now a retired Rear-Admiral—son of the seventh Earl of Sandwich by his wife, Lady Mary Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey. The first Earl of Sandwich was killed in the sea fight off Southwold Bay in 1672, and the fourth Earl, known by his contemporaries by the nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher," was First Lord of the Admiralty in the early part of the reign of George III. Lady Agnetta has been for many years an Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian. Lady Agnetta's elder sister, Lady Elizabeth Philippa Bidulph, is an Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen; her elder brother, the late Hon. Eliot Constantine Yorke, was Equerry to the Duke of Edinburgh; and

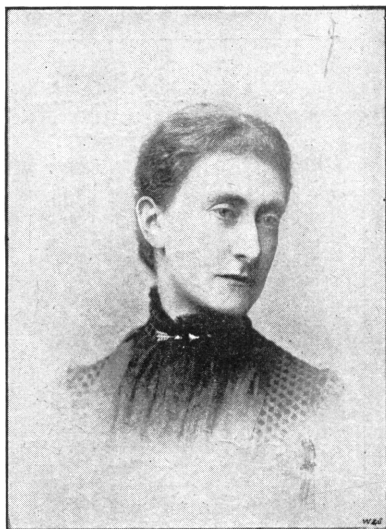


LADY AGNETA MONTAGU.

(Extra Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian.)
From a Photograph.



BARONESS VON EGLOFFSTEIN.
(Woman of the Bedchamber to Princess Christian.)
From a Photo. by Aurig.



MISS LOCK.
(Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Christian.)
From a Photo. by Carl Backofen, Darmstadt.

another brother, the Hon. Alexander Grant-ham Yorke, was Equerry to the late Duke of Albany, and afterwards appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. It will thus be observed that Lady Agneta's connection with the Court is very great.

BARONESS VON UND ZER EGLOFFSTEIN.

Elizabeth, Baroness von und zer Egloffstein was, in July, 1891, appointed a Woman of the Bedchamber to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian.

MISS EMILY LOCH.

Emily Elizabeth Loch is the daughter of the late George Loch, Esq., Q.C., Attorney-General for several years to

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In January, 1883, Miss Loch was appointed a Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian, which post she occupies at the present time.

MISS ANNE ANNETTE MINNA COCHRANE

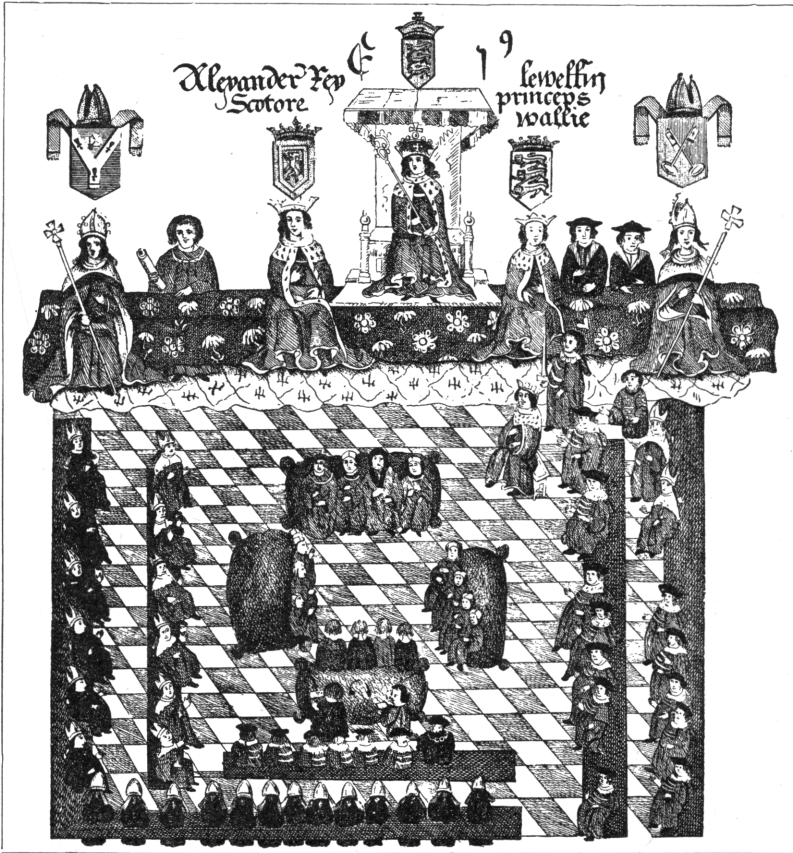
is the second daughter of the late Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, grandson of the eighth Earl of Dundonald, by his second wife, who was the third daughter of Sir J. D. Wheeler-Cuffe, first baronet. Miss Cochrane's eldest brother is the first Lord Lamington. She was appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice in 1885.



MISS MINNA COCHRANE.
(Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Beatrice.)
From a Photo. by Mullins, Ryde.

The Evolution of Parliament.

BY S. J. HOUSLEY.



HOUSE OF PEERS, ABOUT 1274.



On the 27th of November, 1895, our Parliament completed its six hundredth year. It has at any rate escaped the doom pronounced upon all those of whom the world in general speaks smooth things. Mr. Froude himself has not hesitated to pour sarcasm on the poor Englishman's adoration of the British Constitution, and to compare it to the Spanish peasant's infatuation for his *bambino*. With due respect to the great historian, our veneration for the principles of our government is too sanely deep-seated to be dislodged by ridicule. And, in spite of all blemishes in practice, we may subscribe to the words of another great writer, who places the tendency of our form of government among the highest influences of civilization, when he says: "It is the predominant yet wisely tempered influence of public opinion in England that gives an intellectual and a moral value to English liberty, which, though we may

mention it last, we assuredly rank not as least among the blessings of our Constitution. Our country is the peculiar domicile of mental authority."

Edward I.'s finances were at low-water mark. Now, like other generous folk, the English nation has always resisted encroachments upon its liberty—"I don't mind giving a shilling, but I refuse to be swindled out of a halfpenny." Wise rulers have been far-sighted enough to take advantage of this characteristic; they have asked nicely for their shilling, and prudently refrained from the forcible exaction of the humbler coin.

Sir Edward Creasy has maintained that the English Constitution is as old as the English people. There is, however, a point at which we can say that our present form of government was almost exactly anticipated. The Parliament which assembled on Nov. 27th, 1295, to consider the King's requirements, was as representative of the various

classes of the kingdom, practically speaking, as the present Houses of Lords and Commons. Industry and commerce had attained a position of such importance that the King thought it advisable to ask the consent of their representatives to the imposition of taxes. Hence the appearance of the "two knights from each shire, two citizens from each city, and two burgesses from each borough" in this Parliament. The arrangement was not without precedent. Edward had the wit to appropriate the political as well as the military schemes of Earl Simon de Montfort. It would be a mistake to suppose that the representatives of the constituencies of those early days looked upon their political duties in the light in which historians and moralists of this century regard them. The M.P. of the Middle Ages knew little of civic enthusiasm; he expected wages; he shirked attendance when possible; his constituency, too, not infrequently petitioned to be allowed to remain unrepresented, and keep its representative's wages secure in its own pocket. Truly, the mighty plant of the Constitution grew out of an earthy soil.

One result of this callousness was that the more important events of history—as we regard them—did not receive their due share of contemporary attention; and consequently no representation of the complete and model Parliament of 1295 is forthcoming. The drawing reproduced at the head of this article shows a "Parliament," as almost any assembly at Royal command was then called; it was made in the fifteenth century, and represents the House of Peers, with Edward on the throne, supported by Alexander of Scotland and Llewellyn of Wales, as it was supposed to have sat on some comparatively obscure occasion in the year 1274.

The first Speaker whose name

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SIR THOMAS HUNGERFORD, THE EARLIEST SPEAKER KNOWN (1376).

appears in the Rolls of Parliament was Sir Thomas Hungerford. It is said that Peter de la Mare had filled the office previously. De la Mare is recorded as filling the post in 1377, while Sir Thomas as certainly was elected to the office in the preceding year.

The English seems to have been the most precocious of all growing peoples. We early developed a strong capacity for regulating our rulers. One of those momentous passages in the life of Parliament, though by no means a solitary instance, the deposition of one King and the popular election of another, is recorded in the accompanying illustration. Of the full

significance of their act the people were probably ignorant. No historical explanation, such as we are accustomed to, was forthcoming. On the contrary, the high Tories of the day, supporters of Richard II., did not scruple to write down the assembly at "Westmonstre" as "evil-minded," while his opponents confused the issue with recollections of ancient prophecies and saws of the most absurd nature, the greater number being, of course, ascribed to Merlin. Among the regalia, for instance, were the golden eagle and the cup said to have been dis-



THE PARLIAMENT WHICH DETHRONED RICHARD II. (1394-5).

covered during the last reign. According to the current fable, these treasures had been presented by the Virgin Mary to that worldly saint, Thomas of Canterbury, during his exile from England. A scrip found with them affirmed that "with the oil of this vessel good Kings of the English will be anointed, and one of them will recover without violence the lands lost by his parents, and he will be great among Kings, and will build many churches in the Holy Land, and will drive all Pagans out of Babylon, where he will build more churches," and so on. The ecclesiastical imagination of that day revelled in flights of fancy, unrestricted by geography, international diplomacy, and Board schools. And the chronicler asserts that Henry wore the golden eagle tied round his neck, to insure victory.

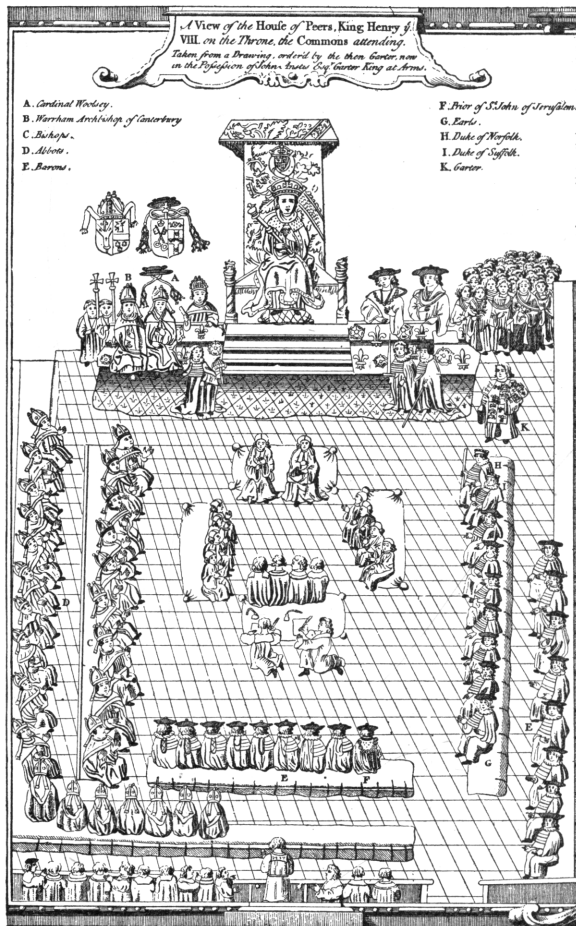
Some of the costumes in the original picture are truly gorgeous. Henry of Lancaster stands at the back, in that wondrous, tall, black hat. The Earl of Northumberland, the figure standing on the right, is in blue and gold, lined with white, and red sleeves. Immediately to his left is a truculent-looking nobleman, in purple and gold, with a green cap and red hose. Others are arrayed in similar taste, even the Church permitting her servants the vanity of a crimson cowl.

It appears from several entries in the Rolls of Parliament during the early part of the reign of Edward III., that after the open-

ing of Parliament in the presence of Barons, clergy, and Commons collectively, these three estates frequently sate each separately, and afterwards delivered a joint answer to the King. The eventual separation of Parliament into the two Houses, with which we are familiar, was the result of a gradual process, the stages of which we are unable satisfactorily to trace. It seems that the instances referred to above were the lingering remnants of an older custom which had disappeared before the end of the reign.

Parliament is assembled on a day fixed by Royal Proclamation. The Commons are

then called to the House of Lords to hear the cause of summons, and are directed to proceed to the election of their Speaker; a time is also appointed when they will be required to attend and present their Speaker for the Royal approval. This drawing represents the first Parliament of Henry VIII. upon that occasion. The Speaker presented was Sir Robert Sheffield. Money was wanted to conduct the war with France; Parliament assembled on the 4th of February, 1512, and eagerly granted the desired supplies. A sermon formed part of the opening ceremony, and was delivered by



PARLIAMENT OF HENRY VIII. (1509-1546).

Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Curiously enough, he chose as his text, "Justitia et pax osculae sunt," "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

From the reign of Edward IV., through this period, down to the time of the Restora-



PARLIAMENT OF EDWARD VI. (1549).

tion, our Constitutional Parliament was somewhat under a cloud. Much of the work of government was carried on by the King in Council. And one of the greatest struggles of the people with the Crown was directed to the attainment of power to regulate the constitution of this Council. Its lineal descendant, the Privy Council, "has ceased to exist as a constitutional factor in the government." Its living and active offshoot is the Cabinet Ministry of to-day, which the people has succeeded in making completely responsible to the country for its acts. This sketch was affixed to the title of the "Book of Common Prayer," published in 1549, the precursor of that at present in use. It gives the young King a prominence which is, perhaps, more than his due, for, at this time, he was still linked to the apron-strings of the sixteen executors appointed by his father. Indeed, he was not yet twelve years of age. The accounts of the debates in Parliament on the institution of this prayer-book are interesting, as being the earliest reported speeches extant of those delivered in that assembly.

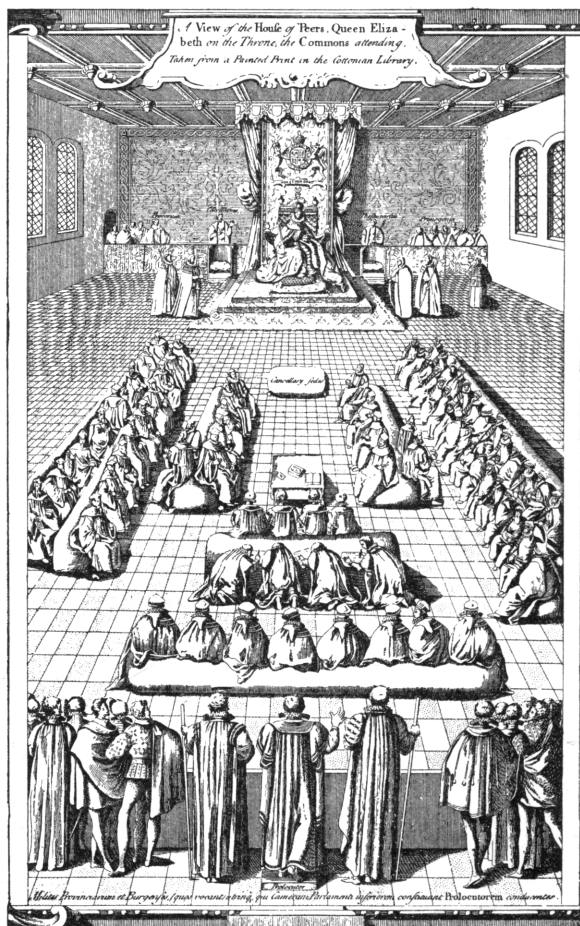
Here is yet another representation of the Commons presenting their Speaker-elect for the approval of the Crown. One very noticeable difference between this picture and that of the Parliament of 1512 is in the costume of the clergy. On

of almost immemorial tradition, and is as follows:—

At the hour appointed the Houses as-

the right sit the peers, in robes not much different to those of earlier or later years; opposite to them sit the representatives of the Church; the mitre of Rome has been exchanged for the severer head-gear of the New Religion.

The modern procedure of the presentation of the Speaker is



PARLIAMENT OF ELIZABETH (1558-1603).

semble in their respective chambers, and the Speaker-elect takes the chair in the Commons. Presently appears the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, who conducts the Speaker-elect to the House of Lords. The Speaker then informs the Crown—usually represented by the Lords Commissioners—that, “in obedience to Her Majesty’s commands”—in Elizabeth’s time it was “your Highness’s commands”—“Her Majesty’s faithful Commons, in the exercise of their undoubted right and privilege, have proceeded to the election of a Speaker, and as the object of their choice he now presents himself at your bar, and submits himself with all humility to Her Majesty’s gracious approbation.” On two occasions only has the “gracious approbation” been withheld. Usually the Lord Chancellor assures him that “Her Majesty most fully approves and confirms him as the Speaker.” Having received the Royal assent, the Speaker proceeds to lay claim to all the “ancient and undoubted rights and privileges” of the Commons, which it is part of his duty to maintain. The claim having been granted, the Speaker retires from the House of Lords, and holds the post throughout the Parliament for which he was chosen.

One almost needs to be reminded that newspapers are not one of the breakfast-table blessings conferred upon us by the science of the nineteenth century, nor even of the eighteenth. Papers containing accounts of the deeds of Parliament sprang into being in considerable numbers during the stirring times of our Civil War. In November, 1641, for instance, the month of the Grand Remonstrance, there appeared a weekly paper styling itself “Diurnal Occurrences; or, the Heads of Several Proceedings in Both Houses of Parliament.” The period was exceedingly fertile, and produced many “Diurnals,” possibly also ornamented with headings as quaint



HEAD OF A NEWSPAPER, TIME OF CHARLES I.

as this. These “rags” hardly deserve the title of newspapers; their news was very meagre, and their paucity of comment was hardly compensated by the virulence of its scurrility.

When Charles I. had exhausted the pockets and the patience of England, the Commons resolved, on December 6th, 1648, that whatever was enacted by them had the force of law, without the consent of the King or the House of Lords. On February 6th, 1649—not a month after the King’s execution—they declared that the House of Lords was “useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished.” The next day a similar fate befell the system of monarchy. Finally, on May 19th, the Commons, by a solemn Act, declared and constituted the people of England a Commonwealth and free State. A great seal, the reverse of which

is here reproduced, was struck by order of the Commons alone. Act and seal are equally significant of the temper of the Commons. The obverse was a map of England and Ireland, with the legend, “The Great Seale of England.” The reverse tells its own tale here; it has no place for a King or a House of Lords.

Our next illustration brings us to an era of Ministers. The people has gained two



THE GREAT SEAL OF THE COMMONWEALTH (1652-57).

great points. James II.'s folly afforded Parliament an opportunity to reassert and act upon its ancient right to choose its King, while the inability of George I. to speak the language of the country he came to rule gave birth to the office—or call it what you will—of Prime Minister. In fact, during the reign of the two first Georges, the Crown ceased absolutely to be an active factor in the government. Not only did the Kings do no wrong, but they did nothing at all. "Both were honest and straightforward men, who frankly accepted the irksome position of constitutional Kings. As political figures, the two Georges are almost absent from our history." The year 1755 was that in which the Duke of Newcastle came into controversy with the genius of William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. Pitt was then Paymaster of the Forces; and, having refused on technical grounds to pay certain subsidies, he was dismissed. The next year the Seven Years' War broke out,



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS (1755).

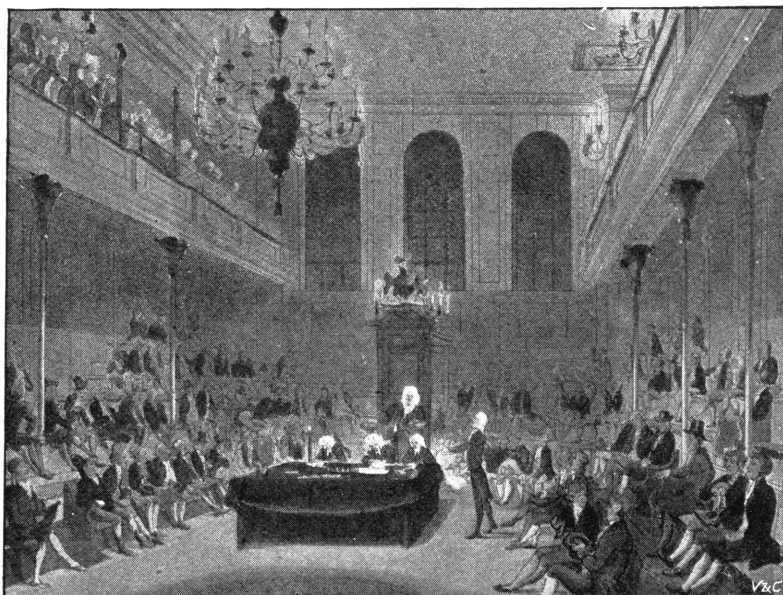


THE HOUSE OF PEERS—GEORGE II. ON THE THRONE (1755).

and Pitt became Secretary of State nominally, though actually the first Minister in the kingdom.

At the prorogation of Parliament, the Commons are called to the bar of the Upper House, just as at its opening. The Speaker addresses the Crown, presents the Bills of Supply, and adverts to the most important measures that have been passed in the Session. After giving the necessary sanction to such Bills as still await it, the King reads his speech to the Houses, either personally or through the Lord Chancellor. Finally, the Lord Chancellor, instructed by His Majesty, declares Parliament prorogued.

From the days of the Earl of Chatham we pass to the year in which his second son, the younger William Pitt, undertook the task of government, which proved the last of his brief but glorious life. Trouble was brewing across the Channel, and England, resolved to strike the first blow, had declared war against Napoleon in May,



HOUSE OF COMMONS (1804)—REIGN OF GEORGE III.

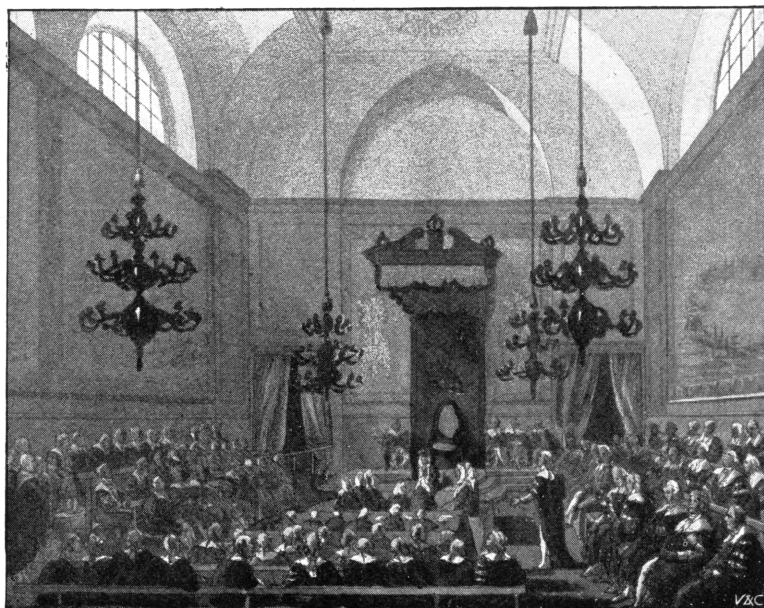
1803. Those were anxious times. In the following year 100,000 men were gathered at Boulogne, within sight of England's white cliffs; a fleet of boats was in readiness to convey them across the water. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours," said the great Napoleon, "and we are masters of the world." Englishmen hastened to join the new force of volunteers, and prepared to defend their country. Pitt literally wore himself to death in the execution of the military duties he undertook. All danger, however, of an invasion disappeared when it was known that the French and Spanish fleets had been defeated at Trafalgar. The orator speaking in the House of Commons may well be intended for William Pitt. The long, angular figure, the curious gesticulation, are characteristic of the great states-

man. "His action as a speaker was vehement and ungraceful, sawing the air with windmill arms, sometimes almost touching the ground."

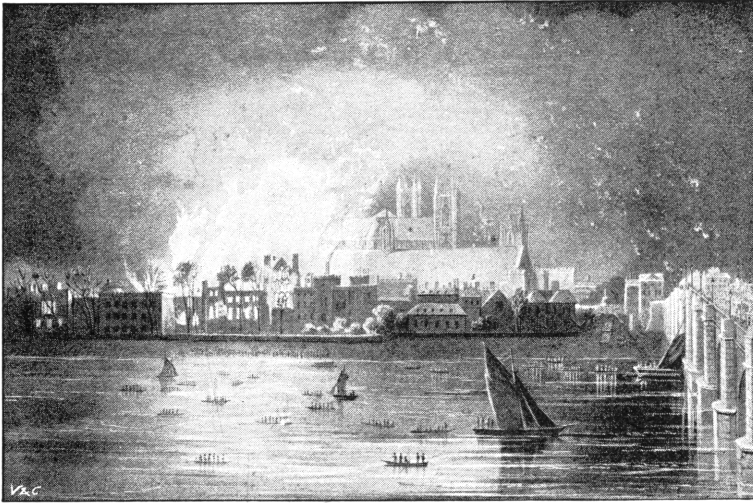
For many years, until that scourge of Europe, "the Little Corporal," was safely lodged in St. Helena, England had a thorny path to tread. But the work which Pitt died in doing was brought to a worthy issue. "When the last shot had been

fired at Waterloo, Great Britain was indisputably the first Power in the world." Pitt's beloved country had entered upon an era of unprecedented power and prosperity; which permits us to return to the story of the Houses of Parliament.

The old Houses, says the *Courier*, were not "valuable in an architectural sense, for a less sightly and more inconvenient place for



HOUSE OF PEERS (1804).

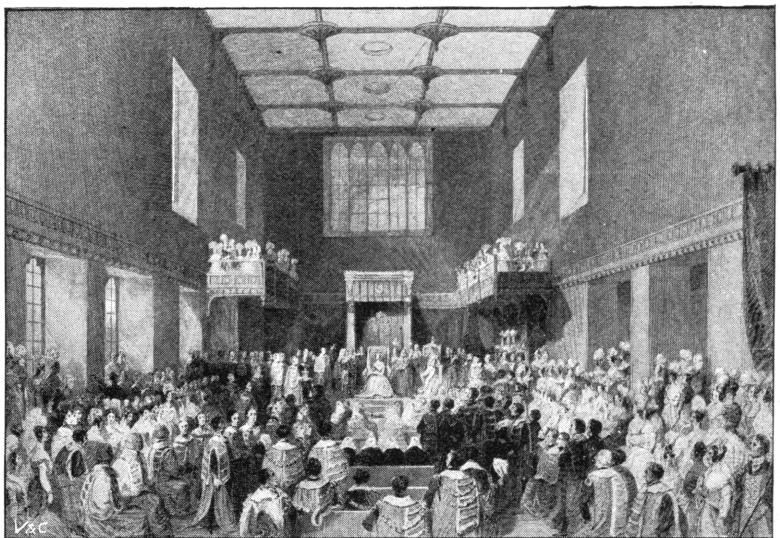


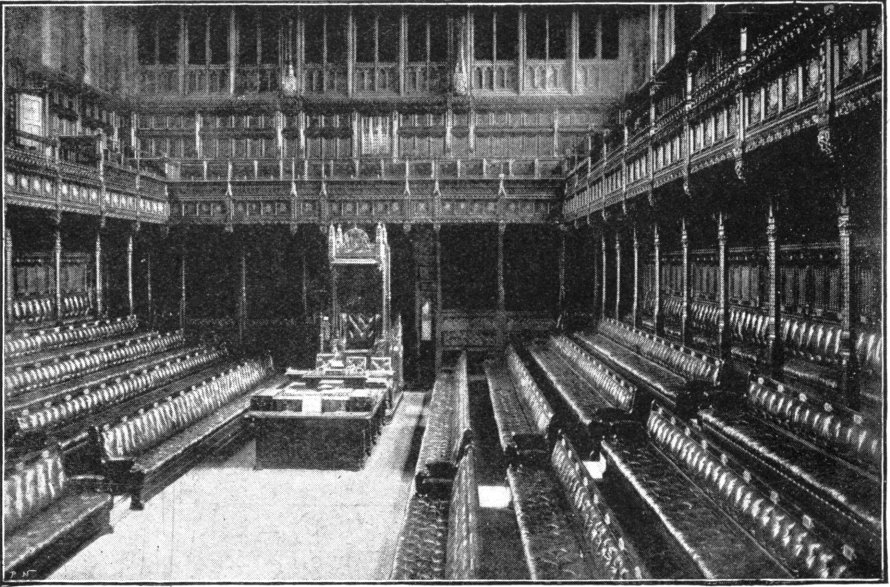
BURNING OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (1834).

business could scarcely be conceived." Consequently it received with qualified grief the news that both Houses were almost entirely destroyed by fire on October 16th, 1834. How the fire really originated remains doubtful. It is said that the heating apparatus became red-hot through the quick burning of the old wooden "tallies," on which accounts were formerly kept in the Exchequer. If that were so, the "tallies" exacted a sufficient revenge for the indignity heaped upon their ancient heads. The fire broke out at twenty minutes to six in the evening and was not totally extinguished until two or three in the morning. There was the usual crowd, whose levity seems to have shocked the reporters of that day. "There goes a bit of the Poor Law Act," they cried; "there is the Reform Bill," and so forth. They were wrong; the Acts of Parliament were not kept in the Parliament office: they enjoyed an *alibi*. That the contents of the library had escaped was made known in the fol-

lowing poster: "St. Margaret's, Westminster. Notice is hereby given, that in consequence of the dreadful calamity which has befallen the Houses of Lords and Commons, a great portion of the books, records, etc., having been placed in this church for safety, Divine service cannot be performed in this church on Sunday next (tomorrow)."

The Library of the House of Peers, which had the fortune to escape, was fitted up as a temporary House; and here the Lords and Commons attended for the prorogation of Parliament—the Lords seated on one side, the Commons on the other; an unusual arrangement. Temporary accommodation was soon provided, and in March, 1835, a Select Committee was appointed to take the necessary steps for the rebuilding of the Houses. In 1840, out of many competitive drawings, the design of Mr. Charles Barry was adopted. The new Houses, complete, excepting the Victoria Tower—which a sarcastic journalist

QUEEN VICTORIA OPENING PARLIAMENT.
TEMPORARY APARTMENT OF HOUSE OF LORDS (1845).



From a Photo. by]

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS—PRESENT DAY.

[Frith & Co.

of the day hoped to see at its full height “in some dozen years or so”—were opened by Her Majesty the Queen on February 3rd, 1852, on which occasion also the architect received the honour of knighthood.

Since that date the House of Commons has met with a serious mishap. A more successful attempt than that of the notorious Guy Fawkes was made to blow it up. This

time dynamite was used, and damage to the extent of £10,000 was effected. The outrage was perpetrated in January, 1885, so that the annual investigation of the offices, which occupy the place of the old cellar, on the eve of the Fifth of November proved a fruitless precaution.

The present appearance of the two Houses is shown in the accompanying illustrations.



From a Photo. by]

THE HOUSE OF LORDS—PRESENT DAY.

[Geo. Newnes, Ltd.



BY THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER.

HAVING been much gratified at the notice which has been taken of my short story, entitled "A True Ghost Story," which was published in the last July Number of *THE STRAND* MAGAZINE, and even more so at the many letters I have received concerning it, from unknown friends, who, one and all, seemed struck by the stamp of truth which they kindly assert is impressed upon the narrative, I have ventured to offer to the public another curious experience, which, though shorter and less sensational than the "True Ghost Story," is, I beg to assert, equally true and, to my mind, equally mysterious.

In the year 1847, we—that is, my mother, my step-father, myself, and my younger sister—were living in Dresden. We had come to that quaint and picturesque town a year before, for German masters, and with the object of generally finishing our education—that is, my sister's and mine; for we were very young then—I being just sixteen, and my sister a year younger.

We lived at the *Hôtel d'Europe*, in the *Alt-Markt*—an hotel which, I am told, still exists. We occupied the first floor, and my sister and I slept together in a room at the back of the hotel, which looked into a courtyard, round which all the bedrooms were built.

It was a great amusement to my sister and myself at that time to sit at our sitting-room windows and watch the country-people, in curious costumes, who, twice a week, tramped miles and miles to the market, carrying thither all kinds of commodities, and in-commodities, too, one would think—for one day we saw a peasant woman carrying a dead bear (!) in her *chiffonnier*-basket on her back, while her husband walked, quietly smoking, by her side!

The articles for sale in the market were not always very pleasing to the olfactory organs, for *sauer-kraut* (in pails!) and roe-deer *fleisch* were there! Mercifully, both articles were very popular among the peasants, and were soon sold out, in fact, quite early in the day.

One night I had a dream. I did not remember the next morning (nor could I ever remember afterwards!) *what* I dreamt. I could only bring to mind, with a shudder, a *Man's Face*, and do what I would, I *could not* forget it! When I rose from my bed in the morning, my sister (we were most tenderly attached) remarked I looked very pale; and she asked, was I ill? I answered no, but that I had had a bad dream.

"What did you dream about?" asked my sister.

"I don't know! I can only remember a *Man's Face!*"

"What was it like, to frighten you so?"

"Well! It was like—a *Man's Face*! A nasty, wicked, malicious face!"

"But, bless me! Child! *Who* was it like? Come! Tell me, darling! *What* did you dream about it?"

"I can't recollect!"

"Oh!" quoth my sister, impatiently, "what a dull, stupid, uninteresting dream!"

Nothing more was said about it then, and the day's avocations put it out of my head for the time; but that night, and two or three following nights, I dreamt again and again of the *Man's Face*—and told my sister so.

Soon afterwards we left Dresden. There were few railroads in Germany at that time, so we travelled in our own carriage, accompanied by a *fourgon* for the luggage, in which vehicle the servants rode.

On one never-to-be-forgotten day we crossed the beautiful Stelvio and entered smiling Italy!

That *was* a pleasant time, and calculated, one would have thought, to charm away all grisly fancies. We visited most of the principal Italian towns—Milan, Venice, Florence, in which latter place we remained for a month before settling in Naples, to which enchanting spot we travelled by sea from Leghorn.

At Naples we lived on the *Chiaja*, our abode there (No. 127) being known as the "*Casa Corby*," it being the property of an English lady, a Mrs. Corby. We lived on the *Primo Piano*, and we had a charming balcony, looking out upon the *Chiaja* (with the *Villa Reale* Gardens beyond), whence we could (after the approved *dolce far niente* fashion) watch the Neapolitan *élite* driving, riding, and otherwise disporting itself.

In those days, everything English was much the fashion among the Neapolitan aristocracy; the carriages, horses, and even the coachmen were generally English; and one afternoon, as I was sitting working on the balcony, I beheld the greatest novelty I

had yet seen, in the form of an English four-in-hand. It was coming at a great pace towards us. My sister chanced at that moment to have gone, for some reason, into the drawing-room, so, calling her hastily, I said: "Make haste, dear, or it will have passed, and you won't see it!"

"See what?" from within.

"A four-in-hand! Do come!"

She dashed into the balcony, and we both stood eagerly watching, as the vehicle came clattering by.



"WE BOTH STOOD EAGERLY WATCHING."

As we leant over the balcony, the driver, evidently a gentleman, leant forward in a marked manner, and looked steadily at us.

"What a horrible face!" exclaimed my sister, and as she spoke she looked round at me.

"Darling!" she said, tenderly, "what is the matter?"

But I had nearly fainted, and a cold, sick shudder came over me. "Oh! M—," I ejaculated, "that is the *Man's Face* in my dream!"

I was so terrified that we both left the balcony, and for the rest of the day I was cold, and deadly sick. I did not, however,

dream of the face that night, nor did I see it again in Naples, although I sat every afternoon in the balcony, conscious of a shrinking fascination in the thought that I *might* do so!

After stopping some months in Naples we went to Paris, where I was permitted (being by that time seventeen years of age) to mix a little in society.

Amongst the English residents in Paris that year, who were very hospitable, and entertained largely, were Mr. and Mrs. Tudor. The Tudors were rich and very kindly, and even now the memory of their hospitalities is kept green in the French capital.

One night they gave a ball, and as I was standing by my mother, waiting and looking eagerly for my partner amid the crowd, I saw—at the other end of the room—the *Face* which had so strangely haunted me! The eyes were watching me, and the man approached me, as though I were his one aim and object! I felt faint and very cold, and I saw Mr. Tudor coming towards me.

“The *Duca di* — is anxious to know you.”

I scarcely had the presence of mind to bow. I heard the man say something about a dance, but I turned to my mother and said:—

“Mamma, take me away! I am ill!”

I could not walk unassisted out of the room, but Mr. Tudor gave me his arm, and as we were waiting for the carriage, I

saw the man still looking at me with evident amusement; and I heard Mr. Tudor tell my mother that it was a pity I would not dance with the Duke—that he was the head of one of the oldest Italian families—that he had been much struck by me, and that he was very anxious to obtain an English wife.

But I never saw the man again, either in dreamland or in everyday life; we were told, however, that he started for England the next day, and soon afterwards we heard of his death. He was succeeded by his son, who also, eventually, developed a wish for, and obtained, a beautiful English wife, whom he treated, we were told, with but scant kindness.



“I SAW THE FACE WHICH HAD SO STRANGELY HAUNTED ME.”



him a glass of brandy (contraband) and ask him if he had heard of Uncle Sambuq while on the other side.

The sailor, probably out of politeness, and in order to please Trefume

and his wife, informed them that he had a distinct recollection of having on several occasions met an individual (on the quays of New York) who was undoubtedly very wealthy indeed, and was the exact image of Sambuq. That settled the matter; there could no longer be any doubt that Uncle Sambuq had reached America and made his pile, as any other reasonable person would do.

On the following day Trefume again met the sailor—or perhaps it was the sailor who made a point of meeting Trefume; be that as it may, the result of the meeting was another glass of brandy for the sailor, further questions about Uncle Sambuq, and a confidential communication to the effect that the stranger in New York was really the long-lost Peter, for he had spoken to the mariner concerning his relatives, and had dropped mysterious hints as to his intentions towards them.

The Trefumes became the envied ones of the neighbourhood. Uncle Sambuq and his fortune—especially his fortune—were the chief topic of conversation for many a day among the inhabitants of the whole district. The Trefumes lived happy and contented, patiently awaiting the time when they would have their share of the millions amassed by Peter Sambuq.

A few months passed away. One morning, when he was least expecting it, he



TROPHIME COGOLIN, generally known in the district as Master Trefume, had so often related the story of Uncle Sambuq and his fortune that he had finally come to believe it himself. The simple truth of the matter was that Peter Sambuq, a ne'er-do-well who had given his parents no end of trouble, had shipped as an ordinary seaman on a three-master one fine day in the year of grace 1848, and had never been seen or heard of since. These hard facts were too ridiculously simple for the worthy friends and relations of the vanished Peter; they could not understand how anyone could set out for America without reaching that continent and making his fortune; so the worthy people gradually evolved the idea that Uncle Sambuq had gone and done likewise, and would one day return rolling in riches—of course, to die in due time and leave his fortune to them.

So the years rolled by, and Uncle Sambuq's fortune grew bigger in the imagination of his people. The older relatives died, and Master Trefume became heir to his uncle. Now, it happened one day that Trefume met a sailor whose acquaintance he had made a year or so previously. This man had just returned from a voyage to the States, and Trefume seized the opportunity to offer

received a letter from New York. The letter bore the seal of the French Embassy. Trefume carried that precious letter about with him all day, without breaking the seal, in order to show it to his friends. Not till the evening, in the presence of his wife and children, his hands trembling with excitement, did he venture to open it. It was somewhat bulky—probably it contained bank-notes. The papers were carefully taken from the envelope and proved to be—Sambuq's death certificate and a brief note from the Embassy.

"So he is dead?" said his wife.

"Of course he is," replied Trefume; "doesn't the Ambassador say so?"

There was silence. None of them had known the dead man, but they had thought so much about him that it seemed as though they had been on intimate terms with him, and they were able to squeeze out a tear.

"The Ambassador doesn't say anything about the fortune," observed Trefume's better half, wiping her eyes.

"I suppose you want him to tell us all about it straight off before the man is fairly dead," replied Trefume, sarcastically. "We can wait, and he knows it. He'll write again in a day or two."

He looked again at the envelope and noticed that it was addressed to "Monsieur Sambuq or Monsieur Cogolin." As all the Sambuqs were dead and he was the only Cogolin, it was natural that the letter should have been delivered to him, and the vagueness of the address did not inspire in the simple man any misgivings as to the fortune any more than did the brief note from the Embassy.

But, strange to say, the Ambassador omitted to write that other letter. As the time went on surprise deepened into anxiety; a veritable fever—a gold fever—took possession of them; they lost interest in everything, they could think of nothing but Sambuq's millions, and wonder what had become of them. At length their anxiety reached such a pitch that Trefume announced his intention of undertaking a journey to New York—a decision which met with the full approval of all concerned.

"I sha'n't be away more than a month—or two," said Trefume, "and the boy can look after the boat. A few hundred francs won't break us; besides, I know I shall be ill if I don't go and see what's going on over there."

I have said that everyone approved the decision. I may add that had it been otherwise it would have made no difference. When Trefume got an idea into his head it wanted some getting out.

He travelled to Havre and embarked on a vessel bound for New York. He knew absolutely nothing of the great city which he was approaching; he could not speak the language—he was as helpless as a child in a



"HE EMBARKED ON A VESSEL BOUND FOR NEW YORK."

wood. He began to get very anxious, and looked around for somebody to confide in and obtain assistance from. He tried the understeward, a fellow-countryman, but the latter was too busy to be bothered. Trefume, however, refused to be shaken off, and the understeward, in desperation, glanced about for somebody to whom he could refer the persistent fisherman, and so get rid of him.

"Here!" he said, pointing to two of the passengers; "those are the men to help you. They know New York so well that they could find their way blindfold anywhere in the city. Try them!"

Trefume looked at the men and thanked his compatriot heartily. He was delighted at the thought of meeting two people who were so well acquainted with New York. They were two shifty-looking Yankees, who had been left very severely alone on the voyage. He went towards the two passengers, who, after exchanging a word or two between themselves, walked away before he could reach them. Trefume walked after them, but

they still avoided him and began conversing earnestly together. The fisherman hesitated; he thought they had something private on, and he did not wish to intrude. It never entered his head that they were avoiding him. He did not intend to lose his chance, so he continued to walk after them at a respectable distance. Two or three times, when he thought the moment opportune, he approached them hat in hand and attempted to speak to them in his best French, but was met with a scowl and a growl which made him retire. He put it down to American—or English—manners, and with a sigh he withdrew for a few minutes.

The two Americans were evidently much perplexed at the strange conduct of their fellow-passenger; they were worried about it, too; so, finally, they spoke to the under-steward concerning Trefume. The official was more busy than ever, but he was fond of a joke, and thought he might as well enliven the routine of the day by a little fun.

"You know that there has been a big robbery in Paris?" he said, in a confidential whisper. "Well, I wouldn't mind betting that this man is Jean Ernest, the cleverest detective in France, who is on the track of the thieves and has disguised himself as a fisherman from the South."

The two men looked at each other, thanked the under-steward, and dived into their cabin, from which they only emerged when the ship was actually alongside the quay. Poor Trefume looked for them in vain; they got off the steamer unobserved by him, and he was left to find his way about New York as best he could.

How he went through the rest of that day, where he lodged at night, he never knew. He began again on the following day, looking for the Embassy, asking the way in his provincial French, and being laughed at and treated with contempt as an impostor, until, sick at heart, and thoroughly discouraged, he sat down on a doorstep and began to cry. Uncle Sambuq might have journeyed to his native country to die, and thus have made things easier for his heir!

After a few minutes he plucked up courage and determined to try

again. He had just reached the end of the street when he saw one of the Americans to whom the under-steward had referred him on the steamer. He had changed his clothes and cut off his beard, but Trefume was positive that it was the same man.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" he cried, running towards the man.

Whether the man heard the words or not, he took to his heels as soon as he saw the Frenchman running.

"What!" said Trefume to himself, in an indignant tone. "This man knows New York as well as I know Endoume, and he won't help me! I'll see about that."

Away they went, the American and Trefume. In vain the former doubled this corner and that; his pursuer stuck to him until, thoroughly exhausted, the American took refuge in a bar and awaited the arrival of his pursuer.

"So I have you at last!" exclaimed the



"THE TWO MEN DIVED INTO THE CABIN."

Frenchman. "Why did you run away and give me all this trouble? Now you must——"

"Hush!" interrupted the American, turning pale in spite of the violent exercise. "Don't make a fuss," he continued, in excellent French; "that will be of no use. Come and sit down in this corner."

"Ah! that's better," thought Trefume. But he simply looked knowingly at the man and took a seat.

"I know what you have come to New York for," said the man.

"Good again!" thought the fisherman; but before he could speak, the American continued:—

"We can arrange this little affair, can't we, without further bother?"

"Of course we can!" exclaimed Trefume, thinking still that the man was talking about Uncle Sambuq's fortune.

"That's agreed. Now, how much do you want?"

"My fair share, of course!" replied the Frenchman.

"I'll give you this pocket-book—it has one hundred thousand francs in French notes—I have not had time to exchange them for American money. They are good, you need

not be afraid that they are bad or stopped. Will that satisfy you?"

One hundred thousand francs! It was an immense sum; but was it a fair share? How much was Uncle Sambuq worth?

"Is that my fair share?" asked Trefume, doubtfully.

"How much do you expect?" asked the other, irritably. "It was a good thing, but it wasn't a gold-mine, and there are several to share it. It's either that or nothing!"

"Well! I'll take it!" said Trefume, beginning to fear that he might lose all.

"Very well! Now, you have this on condition that you go back in the *Bretagne*, and the *Bretagne* starts in two hours. And remember, you have never seen me!"

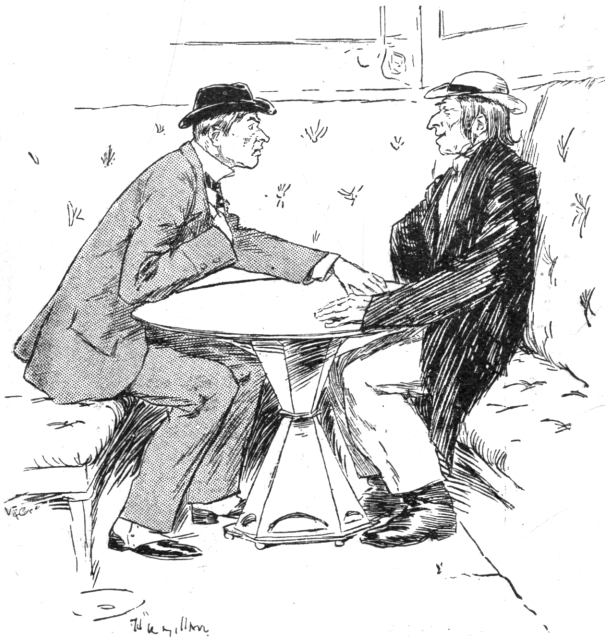
"Done!" exclaimed Trefume.

The pocket-book was handed to him, and he scrutinized the notes. They were all right. He tried to explain it all to himself; he was not clear on some points; but the more he tried to think it out, the more confused he became. Only one thing was clear: he had succeeded in getting a good slice of Uncle Sambuq's fortune and was now a rich man.

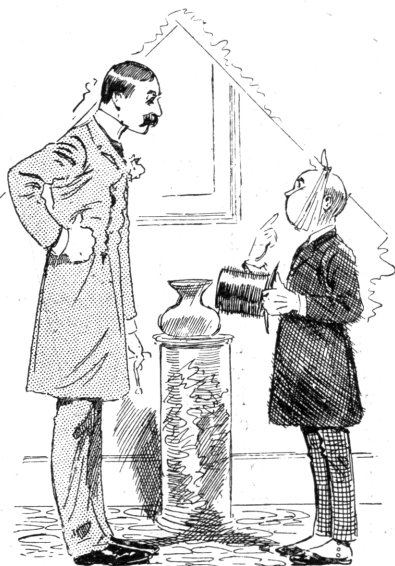
They remained where they were for an hour, then the American went with him to procure a ticket, saw him safely on board, and watched him until the ship started on its voyage across the Atlantic.

Thus it came about that Master Trefume, having had the good fortune to be taken for a detective, became the heir of Uncle Sambuq, who had died penniless in a hospital a few weeks before!

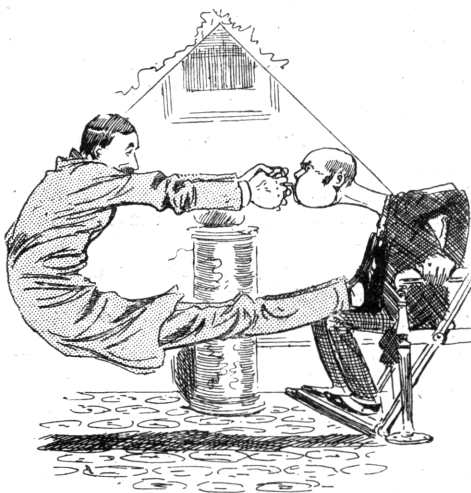
As to Trefume, he was never able to arrive at any proper understanding of the affair, but he did not worry himself much on that head. Later on, when he had given up work and donned a frock-coat, he used to shake his head and declare, with much gravity, that in business matters those American fellows were far ahead of any other people. See how quickly they settled that little matter of Uncle Sambuq's Fortune.



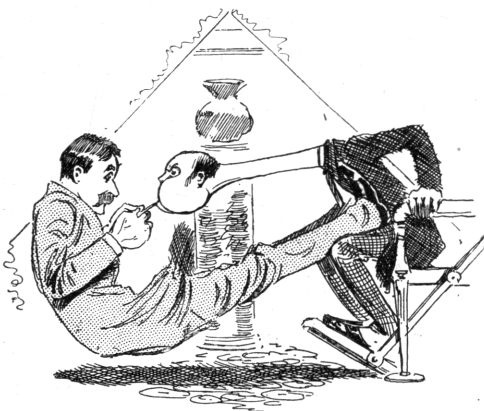
"HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?"



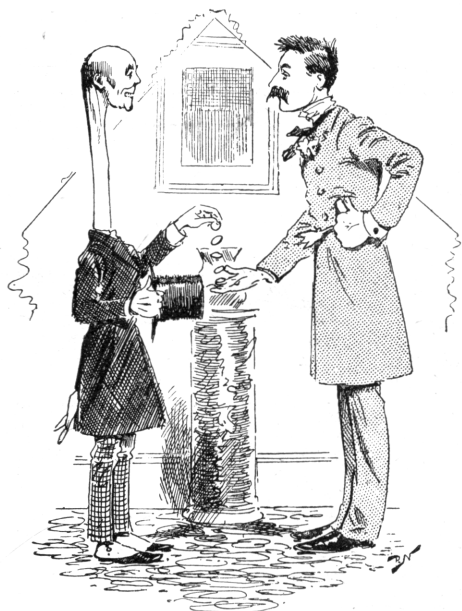
1.—“BAD TOOTHACHE; NOBODY CAN TAKE IT OUT—WILL YOU TRY?”



2.—“A LONG, LONG PULL—AND—”



3.—“A STRONG, STRONG PULL!!!”



4.—“PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE?—WELL, I PULLED STROKE IN A 'VARSITY CREW THREE YEARS!!!”